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THE STUDIO

Vol. 27

1902 - 1903

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THE STUDIO

A COSMOPOLITAN PAINTER:
JOHN LAVERY. BY JAMES
STANLEY LITTLE.—PART I.

It may be asserted with confidence, that the professional critic who wraps up his appreciation of an artist or his admiration of a work of art in a mass of words has no special or exclusive right to pass judgment on the one or the other. Divine right, an almost played-out trick of the monarchical trade, is becoming day by day a more and more discredited pretence in the domain of art and literary criticism. Many an amateur and connoisseur who would be at a loss to set forth in the language of the schools the faith that is in him is, nevertheless, better qualified than any mere art critic to pronounce, definitively and authoritatively, on artistic production. The connoisseur—by which term, of course, the real connoisseur is intended, not that spurious brand of art patron who buys at the dictation or direction of the dealers, or because a picture or other artistic product enjoys recognition at the hands of powerful cliques and monopolies—backs his judgment with his money. In any case the true art critic, in common with the true amateur or connoisseur, is endowed by nature with that peculiar innate faculty, a rare enough gift, which, for lack of a better name, may be called instinct; a faculty

which enables him to hunt out works of real artistic excellence and to recognise his quarry the moment he gets on the scent of it. Of course, this inborn faculty needs to be sharpened by training and steadied by experience. Possibly, seeing that in his case the commercial instinct is allied with it, the faculty reaches its highest development in the much-despised dealer, though obviously this very instinct prevents the dealer—save, perhaps, the few of great faith; the few who, having the courage of their opinions, plus perhaps some little of the



"A LADY IN BLACK"

BY JOHN LAVERY

milk of human kindness, are prepared to buy work which they will need to put by for a quarter of a century—from being of much use to painters of parts at the outset of their careers. I am moved to make these remarks because John Lavery, in common with one or two other painters of high distinction I might mention, having achieved his position outside of the ordinary channels, and irrespective of official sponsorship, has little or nothing to thank the critics for—so far, in any case, as any of the fashionable critics of this country, whose word is law with the groundlings, go. It is simply astonishing how absolutely silent these superior persons are until they find it is safe to speak. One laughs in one's sleeve at their belated discoveries. When a variety of causes has at last conspired to make a neglected painter, they are ready enough to acclaim him. But let

fine work by an unadvertised man be hung in an obscure gallery, or in a bad room or bad place at the Academy, let us say, the betting is a hundred to one that nearly every critic will pass it by unnoticed.

A knowledge of these elementary facts, and the repugnance a sincere critic must feel increasing to the business of art criticism as a business, with all its pedantry and superfine insincerity, tends, years advance, to render him inarticulate; inarticulate, that is to say, to this extent: he is more and more inclined to accept or reject the art of his day and generation without comment, or if with comment, with comment of the kind the connoisseur, dealer, and amateur—the modest amateur, let it be understood—employ. Either a work of art is good or it is bad; so far as the real art-lover is concerned, art must be very good not to be bad. He cares nothing at all for your middling per-

formance, nothing at all for a picture—to confine the remarks to pictures, though of course, the critic, using the word in its highest sense of any kind of artistic, musical or literary work in a like case—which does not possess in the first instance two essential qualities. It must have individuality; that is to say, it must be expressive of a powerful and distinct personality; it must have style; to put it another way: and it must be executed with consummate technical skill. In other words, the man behind the picture must be sharply differentiated from other men, and that difference must take the form of accentuated power, accentuated virility; a remarkable appreciation of what is essentially beautiful, and a perfected command over the technicalities of his craft. To say this is not merely to say that the great painter must be a fine colourist and draughtsman, though the general statement necessarily



"THE VIOLIN PLAYER"

BY JOHN LAVERY



(In the Modern Gallery, Venice)

"MOTHER AND SON"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY JOHN LAVERY

covers this particular one. But it covers a great deal besides. Exactly what this is, it is very difficult to write or speak about without dropping into the commonplace. What man of taste is there who can set forth lucidly why, of two fabrics or wall papers, let us say, one is impossible, and the other is beautiful? To those who cannot see the difference, nothing in the way of rhetorical demonstration will appeal.

The conditions premised as to what constitutes a great painter are in any case satisfied in the subject of this article. If anyone should be disposed to question this—that is to say, if anyone should think that something more than the mere assertion is demanded—let him consider the matter from a point of view which ought to carry conviction with it. John Lavery has achieved what he has achieved—and what that is may be

presently shown—entirely off his own bat. He has not relied upon any of those aids to distinction and success, and assuredly he has not benefited by any of them, which nine in ten British artists of any kind of position, and ninety-nine in a hundred successful artists, using the word successful in its popular sense, have relied upon. To the Royal Academy, I think I am right in saying, he has not sent for some half-dozen years. Of no time can it be said that he owed anything material to the favour of that institution. Presumably his attitude towards it is an attitude of benevolent indifference—that, however, need not concern us. It is the attitude in any case of the majority of the men forming the “school” widely known as the Glasgow School, to which John Lavery belongs. In common with other men of this artistic fraternity who have since shown themselves to

be painters of parts—James Guthrie, D. Y. Cameron, James Pater-son, J. E. Christie, George Henry, to name a few of the more conspicuous among them—no doubt Lavery, in the earlier stages of his career, did derive artistic stimulus and moral support from close association with men of high artistic aim; men who, however diverse they have since proved themselves in achievement, were at least animated by a common ambition—the determination to study and interpret Nature unfettered by any control other than that which sprang from within; the control, that is to say, imposed upon them inherently, as the inborn artistic instinct came under the sway of their own quickened artistic consciousness. In this regard the Glasgow men, about whom it is not the purpose of this article to write in detail, differed not at all from any other school, ancient or modern.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES FITZMAURICE KELLY, ESQ.

BY JOHN LAVERY



But the Glasgow men, unlike certain "schools" of recent years, rarely incurred the reproach of painting by syndicate. The bond which held them together was, in truth, somewhat more definite than that which united the so-called Barbizon painters; but their habitat, so far as a body of globe-trotters can be said to have had one, was not, as in the case of the Newlyn school, let us say, a small, out-of-the-way village. On the contrary, it was one of the most progressive and intellectual cities of the British Empire. Undoubtedly the fact, well known to every one who has concerned himself about the art development of our country during the last two

or three decades, that among the citizens of Glasgow men were to be found who, from one cause or the other, became the possessors of, or in any case offered, in the way of loan exhibitions, temporary hospitality to, the works of those French and Dutch painters, who since the comparative decline of art in Great Britain—a decline which may be said to date from the time when the race of giants terminating with Constable came to an end, a decline which was not arrested until Cecil Lawson made his appearance—had kept alive on the Continent the finest traditions of art, did exercise a distinct influence, and obviously a stimulating and elevating one, over that remarkable coterie of painters loosely banded together in that busy city of commerce on the banks of the Clyde.

It is to be noted, however, that in the case of John Lavery, at all events, the naturalistic ideals of Bastien Lepage, the painter answerable for the Newlyn School, were the ideals earliest followed rather than the more idealistic realism of the Romanticist School. Lavery's earlier work may be said to have shown distinctly the influence of the French painter. At the present time there hangs in the dining-room of his house in Cromwell Gardens, sentinelled on either hand by works of different periods, a picture representing a bridge, in which the flat treatment and somewhat depressing colouring of the British *plein-air* school is conspicuously exemplified. This work represents spring, but, frankly, it is spring without its joyousness and sparkle. It is astonishing to the present writer how different was the impression created by works of this period when seen by him at the time they were painted. In 1885 the impression they left on the mind was not only agreeable, they moved one to enthusiasm. Still, the reason is not far to seek. They marked a distinct breaking away from those worn out conventions which, during the previous quarter of a century, had satisfied the current taste of the great bulk of artistic amateurs in this country; when mere prettiness, the superficial treatment of a few stereotyped effects, was the beginning and end of the landscape painter's aim. On either side of this picture,



"FRAULEIN HERTHA VON G."

BY JOHN LAVERY



"THE BRIDGE AT GRÈS"

(In possession of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg)

BY JOHN LAVERY

valuable as evidence of the artistic emancipation of its painter—and let it be added that what was satisfying to John Lavery in 1884 was satisfying to that small band of critics who were working in the cause of the emancipation of art—hang two little pictures, which may be taken as representative of the painter's transition period and of his mature style respectively. The little picture representing a yacht race on the Clyde was painted some twelve years since. Grey it is; but the vessels move; we feel the wind driving

their sails, and the greyness has a certain sparkle about it; it is in fact a living, in contradistinction to a dead-greyness, and is entirely in the sentiment of the subject. It is of course wholly a mistake to imagine that when a painter or critic speaks of colour, he necessarily has in mind bright or vivid colouring; there is as much beauty and distinction in a subdued and neutral harmony as there is in a canvas aglow with vivid and brilliant pigment. As a pendant to this comparatively early study hangs a joyous bit of colour: a rapid impression of a scene in Hyde Park, painted with great breadth of treatment—the horses move and the trees are alive, and the whole thing is an alluring chromatic effect. The 1884 picture of a bridge shows how far Lavery has travelled from those early days, when he was under the influence of a painter, great and noble as he was, for above all Bastien Lepage expressed his own temperament, until the time when he found himself; and in finding himself was not afraid to recognise and give full play to his own strength and individuality. It is distinctly as a colourist Lavery establishes his claim to a high place among the artists of his day and generation. Perhaps to say this is merely an indirect way of saying that John Lavery is a great artist, since, assuredly, the practitioner, whose principal stock-in-trade is paint, cannot be considered to have established any sound claim to pre-eminence, unless he can use that medium attractively.

It was not for long, however, that the young Glasgow painter permitted himself to be dominated by any particular master, ancient or modern

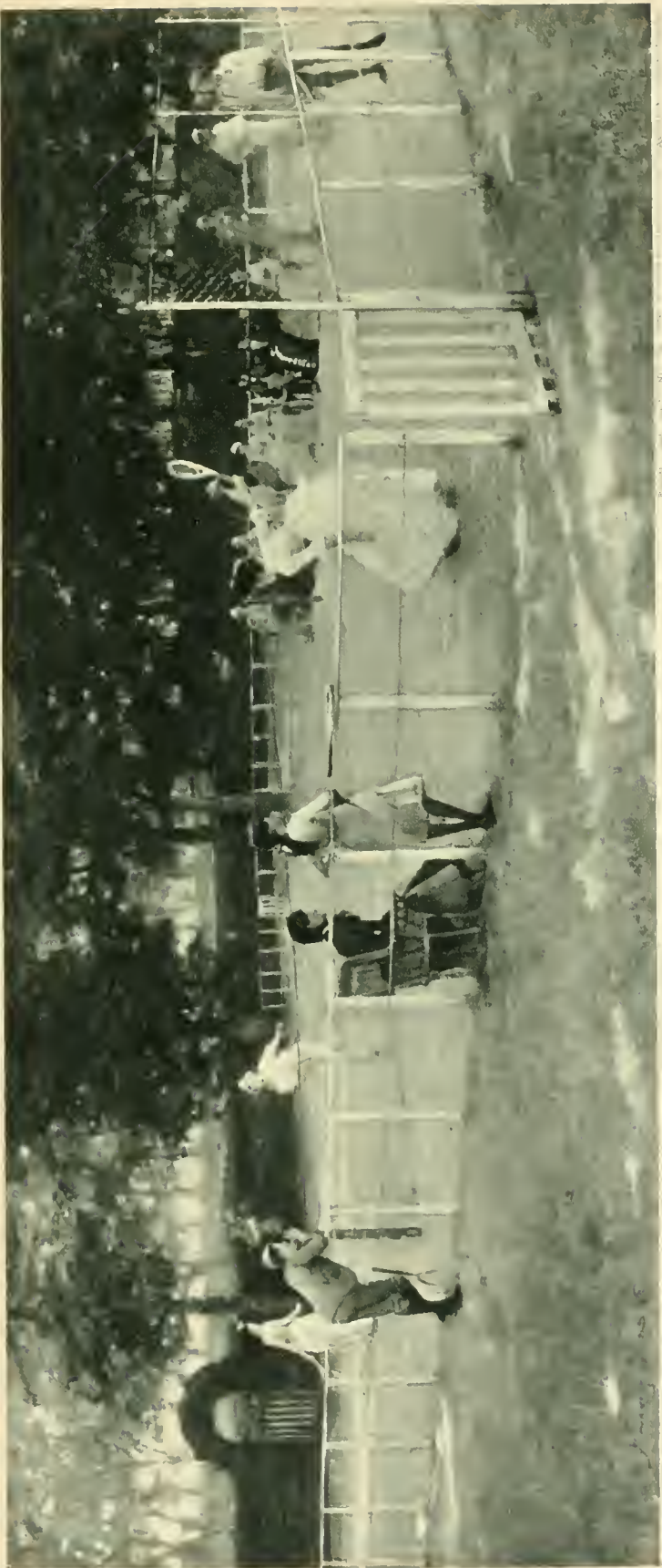


"A LADY IN BLACK, NO. II"

BY JOHN LAVERY

(In the National Gallery, Brussels)

JOHN
STANLEY
1905



To be strictly correct, one should speak of Lavery as an Irish painter, for he is a Scot only by self-adoption. He was born in the North of Ireland, and, being of Irish ancestry, no doubt the theorists who believe that all good things in British art and letters come from the Celtic element in the British nation, will claim him for their own. Again, it cannot be said of Lavery that he continued, in any binding sense, to be influenced by the ideals and shibboleths of the artistic fraternity with which, in his early days, he was associated. It is ever thus with painters of marked individuality and power. Strong painters cannot continue to march in flocks, save, indeed, in the sense that a strong painter may lead a flock. The tendency to herd with one's fellow-workers is, of course, a wholesome one in youth. It is, unquestionably, one way, and a healthier way than the art school commonly supplies, of learning one's business. But the individual artist, sooner or later, and better sooner than later, has to "gang his own gait," and play for "the great lone hand." To say of Lavery, that soon after he broke away from the somewhat depressing influence of the naturalistic school—the school of grey shadows and feeble contrasts—he fell under the spell of James McNeill Whistler, is to say nothing. Every young painter of to day worth his salt has felt the influence of this remarkable artist's individuality; as every painter who immediately followed Rembrandt or Velasquez, Reynolds or Constable, Diaz or Corot, felt the influence of those commanding personalities.

But it is easy to see, and the painter himself admitted as much when the issue was directly presented to him, that he is wedded to no particular school of painting; no particular style or method. The discussion as to the respective merits of impressionism, realism, naturalism, romanticism, classicism, and all the rest of it, which even yet causes wide divergences of opinion in many a studio soon came to have no personal interest for him. With Lavery, as with all great artists, the result is conclusive. Any method which eventuates in a strong and pleasing effect is legitimate. As an illustration of this, though of course the particular instance is comparatively trivial, involving no great principle fought for by the pedants, his practice of adding effects or suggesting emendations to his unfinished works, by painting them on the glass covering them, may be mentioned. But the more particular consideration of the painter's methods, and the registration in detail of his achievements, must be reserved for a subsequent article.

(To be continued.)

DESIGNS FOR COTTAGES: SOME REMARKS UPON THE RESULTS OF "THE STUDIO" COMPETITION A XXVIII.

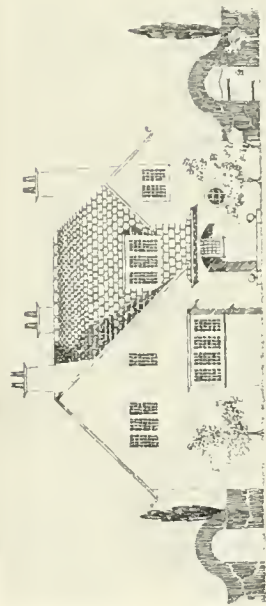
THE response to this competition has been a large one, and, after leaving on one side those impossible and inept designs which are inevitable—but are curiously few in the present instance,—there remains a body of work of a very interesting nature. The competitors will, we are sure, recognise that sheer considerations of space prevent notice of each one of the works submitted, and we hope they will understand that, if their own does not come under mention, it by no means implies that it belongs to the category of those of which silence is an adequate criticism.

There is amongst the various sets and sheets of drawings an extraordinary divergence of feeling as to the best and most effective method of setting forth the various designs, and there is a sliding-scale from the feeble and amateurish to such strong, and individual work as "Ovon," and such effective and workmanlike drawing as is shown by "Bunny Hutch," "Twentieth Century," and "Brush."

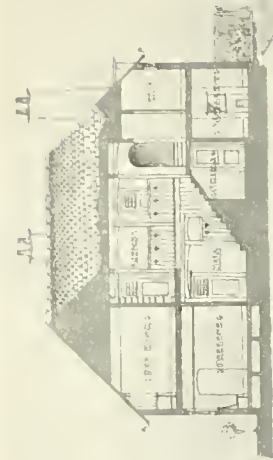
Fortunately, the misleading "architectural perspective," with its elements of what the draughtsman knows as "fudge," is not very largely present, and the competitors prefer to rely upon the more veracious, if properly understood, plan, elevation, and section.

The architectural thought exhibited is interesting, and the subject set them was a well-chosen test, inasmuch as, of all buildings, such small houses as these give an opportunity of manifesting the individual tastes and preferences of a proprietor or client, as expressed in architectural terms. The amount to be expended clearly indicated that the cottage to be designed was not intended for occupation, at a remunerative rent by an artisan, a workman, or a farm-labourer. It rather meant that the building was to be of the nature of what have, of recent years, near London and other large cities, been known as "week-end cottages." These retreats, where the tired city doctor, barrister, or merchant finds occasional holiday and rest in the simpler life for which such buildings are adapted, and under the blue sky, and in the purer air in which they are built, are a distinct feature in our life of to-day. Round London, especially in Surrey and Sussex, are many of these pretty little

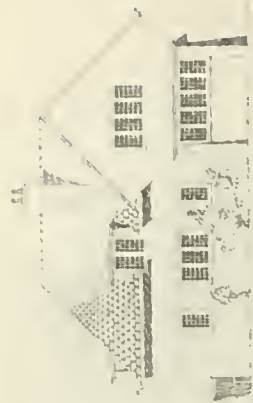
(Continued, page 24)



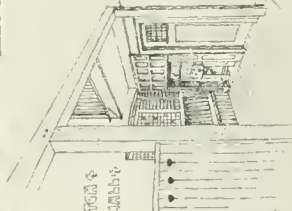
FRONT ELEVATION



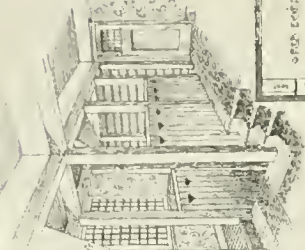
SECTION A.A



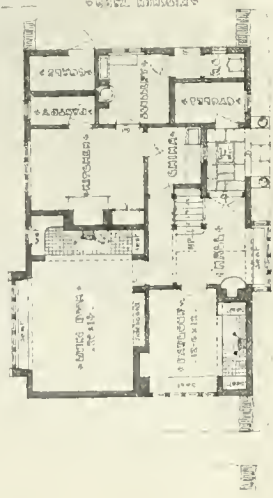
REAR ELEVATION



SECTION B.B



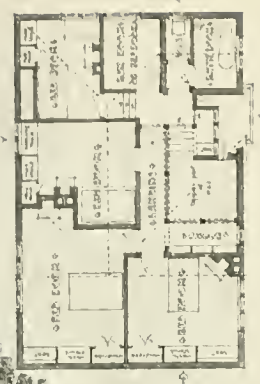
SECTION C.C



GROUND PLAN



SECTION D.D



REAR ELEVATION

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE
(FIRST PRIZE COMP. A XXVIII)
BY "JACK PLANE."

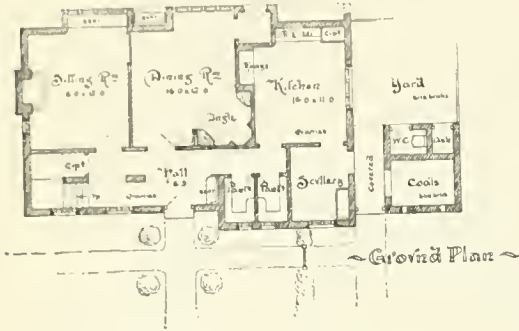
Designs for Cottages



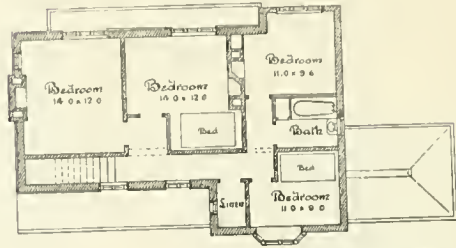
~ Elevation ~



~ Section ~



~ Ground Plan ~



~ First Floor Plan ~

~ Scale ~ 0 5 10 15 20 25 30 Feet ~

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE

BY "GLEESON"

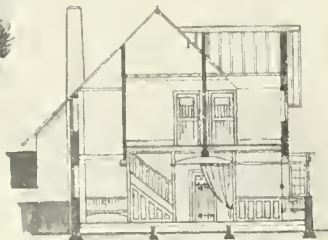


~ SW ELEVATION ~

A COUNTRY COTTAGE BY BRUSH



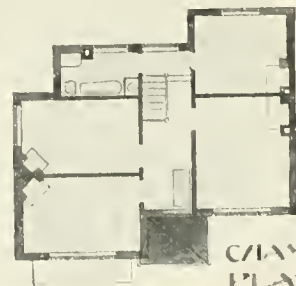
~ NE ELEVATION ~



A SECTION THRO
LIVING ROOM



GROUND
PLAN

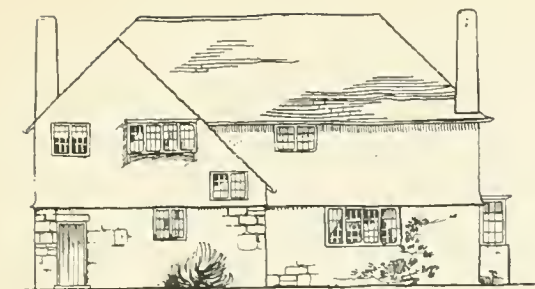


CLIMBER
PLAN

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE

BY "BRUSH"

Designs for Cottages



N.E. ELEVATION

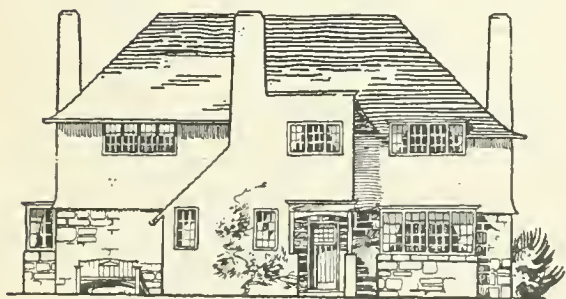


N.W. ELEVATION

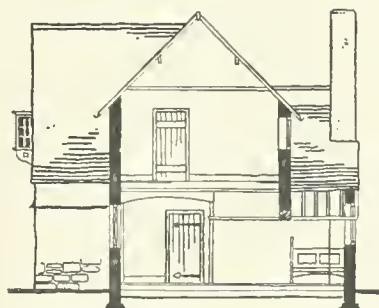
A COUNTRY
COTTAGE



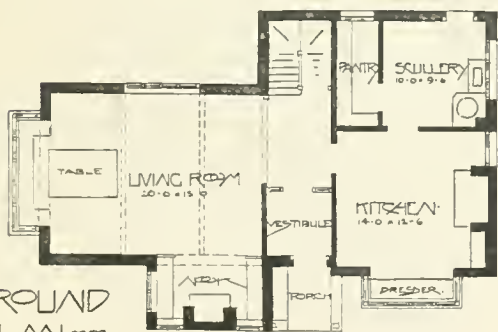
SKETCH



S.W. ELEVATION

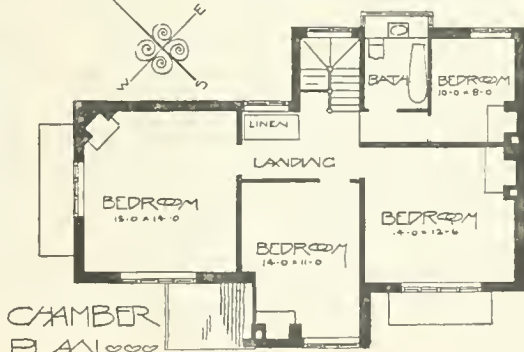


SECTION THRO LIVING RM.



GROUND
PLAN

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE



CHAMBER
PLAN

BY "BRUSH"

I



ENTRANCE FRONT

II



GARDEN FRONT

III



REAR



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY COTTAGE

SCALING IN = 8 FT.

20/100 ESTIMATE
OF COST

18746 CUBIC FEET AT 90 PER FT
= £740.0.0.

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE (COMP.
A XXVIII) BY "CURLEW"

This drawing being reduced in reproduction
the scale noted upon it is naturally incorrect

Designs for Cottages



DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE

BY "SIMPLISSIMUS"



South Elevation



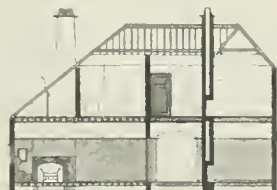
North Elevation



East Elevation



West Elevation



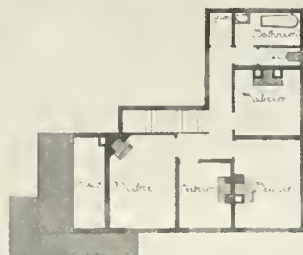
Section on AA



Section on BB



Ground Floor Plan



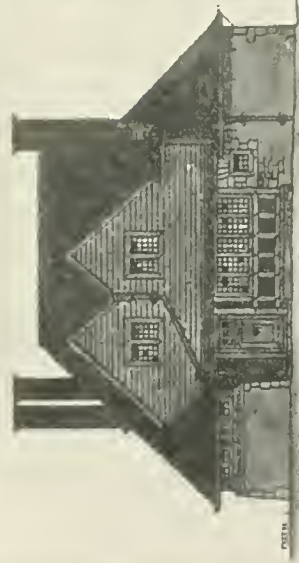
First Floor Plan



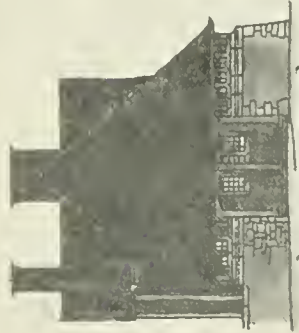
Roof Plan

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE

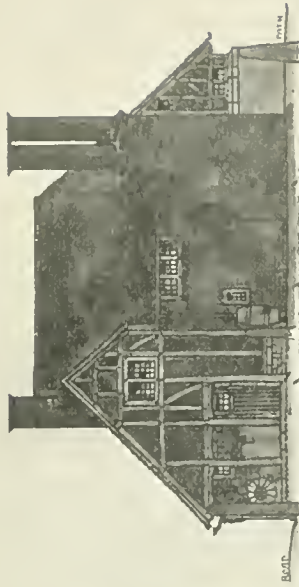
BY "SIMPLISSIMUS"



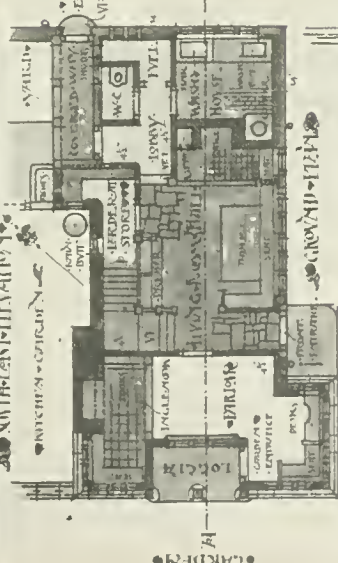
FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION

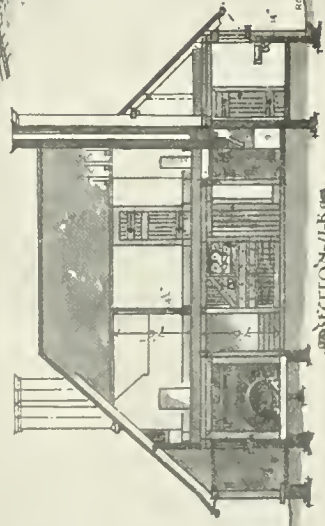
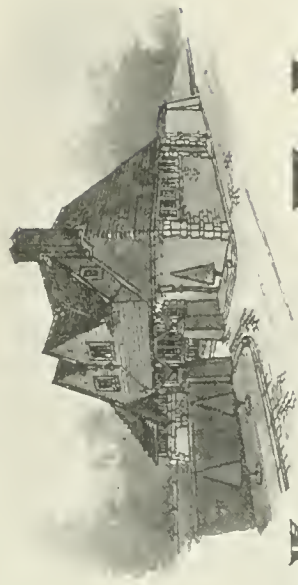


REAR ELEVATION

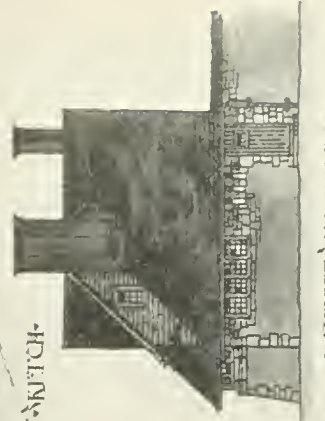


FLOOR PLAN

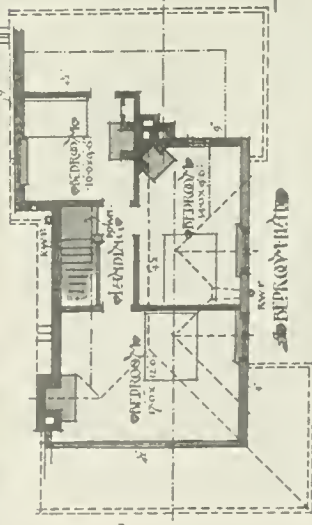
DESIGN FOR
A COTTAGE
BY "OVON"



SIDE ELEVATION



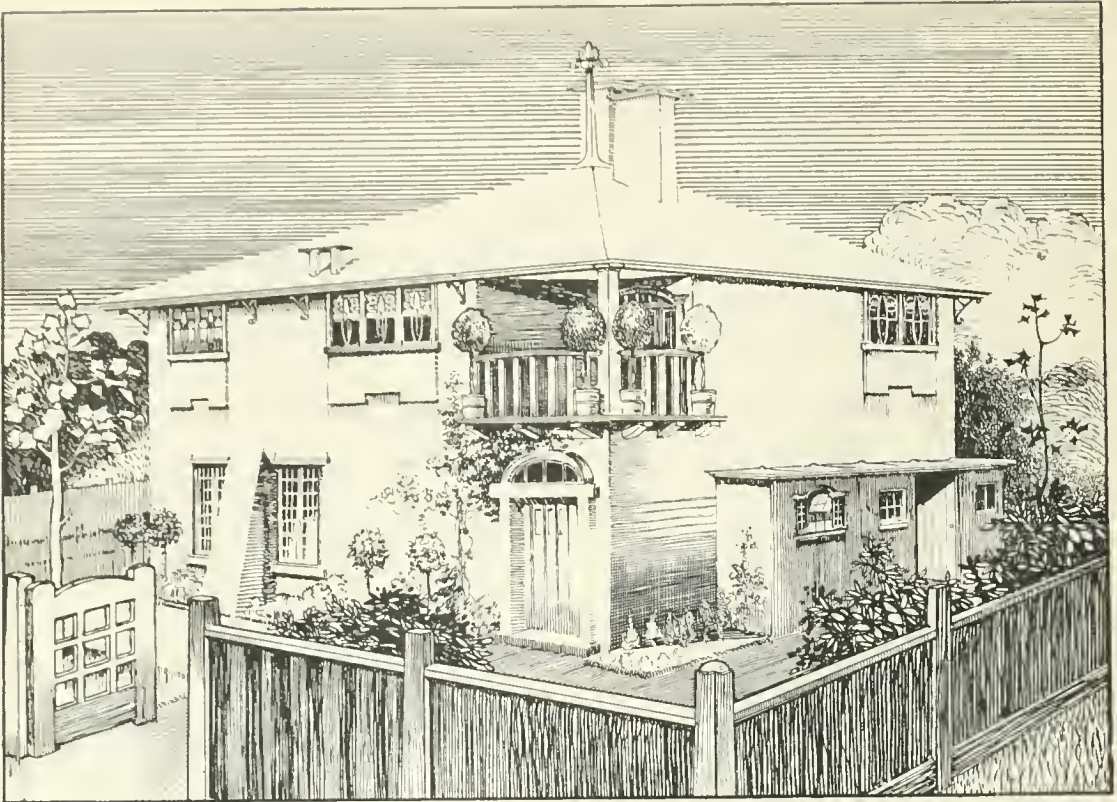
REAR ELEVATION



FLOOR PLAN

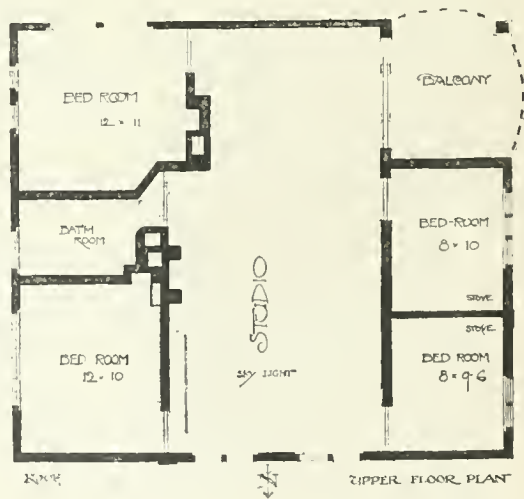
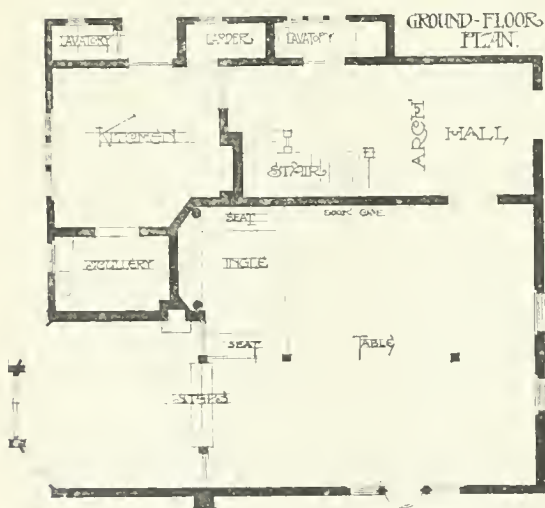
DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE (COMP. A XXVIII). BY "OVON"

Designs for Cottages



DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE

BY "KILLIKRATES"



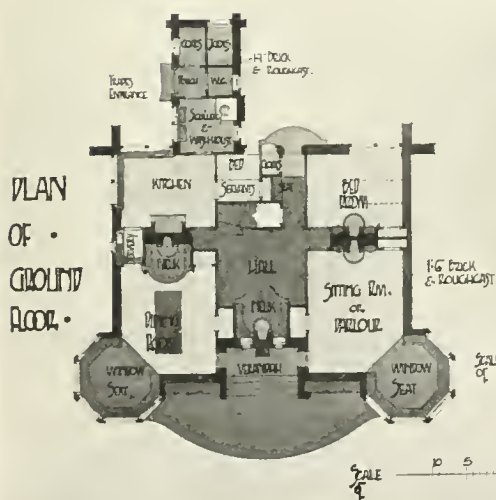
PLAN OF A COTTAGE

BY "KILLIKRATES"

Designs for Cottages

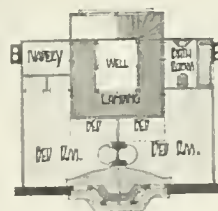
DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE BY THE SEA

BY "GOBO"



DESIGN
FOR A
COTTAGE
BY THE
SEA..

cost £750
or thereby.
Accommodation
5 Rooms -
Kitchen -

PLAN
OF
CITY

PLAN
OF
UPPER
FLOOR.

SCALE

50 80 30 40 SET

July

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE BY THE SEA: PLAN OF UPPER AND GROUND FLOORS

BY "GOBO"

Designs for Cottages

homes, each inhabited, as M. Gabriel Mourey says in *La Revue Illustrée*, by "un *professional man* qui vient s'y reposer, du samedi au lundi, selon la coutume Anglaise, du fracas des affaires, et du mouvement de la cité." It is evidently for such as he that most of the competitors have catered.

There is, however, amongst them considerable difference of opinion as to the requirements of such a client, and this especially shows itself, as it should, in the plan which is to meet his needs. Thus in some cases a large "living room" or "house place" is given him instead of the dining room and drawing room, as in the designs of "Stand Sticker" and "Brush." In some, again, he is provided with three large bedrooms, or alternatively with, say, five smaller ones, of the latter of which arrangement good examples are shown in the sets of "Mamarbashi" and "Tabby." This, moreover, seems the more advisable arrangement, as does also that of the majority of the planners, who introduce, as a main feature in their design, a hall provided with a fireplace, and so spacious as to serve as an additional sitting room.

The monetary limit, which was £750, has been treated with a good deal of elasticity by the competitors, and, for ourselves, we naturally find it difficult to adequately diagnose the probable cost of a given building, as the anonymous nature of the competition makes it impossible to be certain as to the particular district, or even country, any designer has in his mind. The difficulty, in considering cost, as affected by locality, is the greater when dealing with plans for buildings in different parts of France, England, Ireland, and Scotland.

And, finally, the word cottage has been taken to have a right of application to simple small buildings of one sitting-room, equally with those which it would perhaps be juster to call villas, or even small country houses. As a general rule, however, the plan shows a hall, usually with a fireplace, and two sitting rooms. Of course, the compelling condition is the number of bedrooms required. For it is manifest that five bedrooms on the first floor may, unless thoughtfully treated, dictate a larger ground floor than would otherwise be necessary.

A defect from which many of the plans suffer is the narrowness of the dining-room. Competitors hardly seem to realise that, in the narrow rooms shown in certain designs, the space required for a dining-table, with occupied chairs on either side,

leaves but poor room for any kind of attendance during meal times, especially when the possibility of other furniture, such as sideboard, sofa, or settee, is considered. Thus, for instance, the clever and vigorous sketches of "Chelsea," which show a dining-room of 17 ft. in length, restrict its width to 12 ft., which, indeed, the ingle-nook still further reduces to only 9 ft. 6 ins. (In considering this design, by the way, as well as some of the others, one wonders what is the exact rationale of the battered buttress introduced on the elevations. Without being too much of a formalist, one may well consider that the function of a buttress is to specifically resist a thrust.) The plan of "Gleeson," again, shows a dining-room 12 ft. wide; and gives, moreover, occasion to the remark, which has a wider application than to his set of drawings alone, that a separate scullery in a cottage is an expense, and hardly a necessity. A recessed portion of the kitchen, which finds room for a sink, adds materially to the cubical space of the kitchen, and gives all the accommodation needed. The arrangement of stairs in the last-mentioned design is effective, and would work out prettily. "Limestone" also gives too much importance to his scullery, and unduly restricts his kitchen. "Simplissimus" submits a cheap and simple building, though the direct entrance into the hall, with only one door between it and the outer air, would be found objectionable in wintry weather. The living room of 18 ft. by 14 ft., together with the den, 13 ft. 6 ins. by 10 ft., give an excellent proportion of sitting-room accommodation. "Gobo" sends a set of drawings, for which the plan especially would seem to speak a Scottish origin. The servants' bed-cupboard, which is only 6 ft. 6 ins. by 7 ft., and leads directly out of the kitchen, is, to our thinking, a flaw in an otherwise original design; nor can we quite make out from the plan whether the front door is placed at the back, or whether the two small external doors leading directly into living rooms are to be taken as equivalents for one ordinary front door! The cost is stated to be "£750 or thereby." We hope the "thereby" is a word of considerable elasticity. "Curlew" sends a simple and effective elevation, but—his dining room is only 10 ft. wide. We have here the inevitable ingle-nook, but the plan makes it somewhat difficult for those in either the parlour or hall to benefit very much by the fires. We wonder, again, why "Twentieth Century" has provided an ingle-nook in his staircase. One does not go about a house sitting down at various odd and unexpected corners; and by means of the very pleasantly arranged long, narrow hall, with a

fireplace at the end, the designer has already given us an excellent opportunity of "sitting round the fire." The £750 limit would exhaust itself on the design, comprising, as it does, so much external stonework, and would leave but a poor chance of "panelling the hall in English oak." The cottage of "Ailsa," which, apart from the name, apparently also comes from Scotland, *might* perhaps be built *there* for £750.

"Restraint" sends a good design of a stone, stucco and green slate treatment, effectively set forth. The stout piers to the drawing-room window would be simple and effective.

The drawings sent by "Jim the Penman" form a gaily-coloured set; but it seems a noticeable defect that not one of his first-floor walls, or rather partitions, rests on the brick walls of the ground floor. The straight line of the ridge in "Queen of Heart's" drawings is a pleasant indication of the simplicity of plan. We notice here the wise provision of accommodation for bicycles—a need which has escaped the notice of other competitors. The connection between dining and living rooms is a good point. The only distracting feature in the charming set, prettily touched in in colour, contributed by "Bunny Hutch," is the disproportion of the staircase window.

"Killikrates" sends drawings representing a studio house—a little, maybe, out of the category. Perhaps the house has already been built, and under circumstances which made it permissible for the bedrooms to open out of the studio; but we cannot imagine any special conditions which sanction the omission of w.c.'s throughout the house! This, of course, could be easily arranged for, leaving then what would be, in special circumstances, a pleasing and original plan, with a living room 24 ft. by 20 ft. (apart from its deep bay 12 ft. by 12 ft.) and a large studio on the first floor.

"Quercus" sends a sensible and thoughtful design, but leaves us to wonder in what part of the country—even when "local stone," as is suggested, is employed—such a building can be produced at 6*d.* a cubic foot; and the same question arises in connection with the design of "Oceanic," a well-drawn set, but a little too reminiscent in style. "Ferry's" feature of throwing the dining room and parlour into one, and of arranging his screens, is a good one, as is that of the stairs leading, in old-fashioned manner, out of the parlour; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to a bath-room 4 ft. 6 ins. and a w.c. 2 ft. 6 ins. wide, especially as the space in front of the linen cupboard afforded an opportunity of a

more thoughtful arrangement here. "IK" (in a circle) shows a typical Continental treatment of a small house—indeed, a villa. It hardly, however, comes within the category of cottage planning, as may be judged from the fact that it is three stories in height. At all events, it is commendably free from the pseudo half-timbering and the wood trimmings that characterise most small country houses of this kind in France.

"Ovon" sends a most striking set of drawings, but surely it has escaped his notice that the greater part of the parlour is only 7 ft. 6 ins. wide, and that the plan, generally, is too fussy, and too generous a use made of ingle nooks, dresser spaces, and recesses. A cottage, of all things, should breathe simplicity, directness, and restraint. His drawings, however, are masterly, especially in the vigour and boldness of their colouring, and we only regret that their depth of tone prevents their being adequately reproduced.

"Carlo" sends a set the antithesis of the last, daintily drawn, of a simple and effective plan, and showing a building which one need not despair of carrying out within the limit assigned. "Pooh-Bah" sends a good plan and an ingenious one, in which the two living-rooms and the kitchen portion radiate in a three-rayed star from an octagonal hall. The first-floor gallery would, however, prevent most of the light from the upper window reaching the hall, which would then, as shown, be dependent on the glazed panel in the entrance door.

"Mamarbashi" sends a plan not very dissimilar to the last, but with two limbs in place of three. The living room is a good one, being 20 ft. by 16 ft., but the entrance to this and to the "den" are inconveniently cramped, and a little more liberality might have been shown in the dimensions of the porch. There are two sets submitted by "Brush," of which the pen-and-ink one is superior to the design not very convincingly set forth by coloured perspective. "Jack Plane" offers us a very agreeable and thoughtful little house. The plan is convenient and economical. The elevations are simple, show good proportion, and are without fuss; and the treatment of the staircase would work out well.

SOME NOTES ON INDIAN PICTORIAL ART. BY E. B. HAVELL.

It is to be regretted that the pictorial art of India, affording as it does a field which, though its limits may be small, is yet rich in artistic,

Indian Pictorial Art

historical, and archaeological interest, has attracted so little attention from European *savants*. This is the more unfortunate because the destructive agencies which are always at work in India are continually narrowing the possibilities of investigation. In India itself the very existence of an indigenous school of fine art is hardly recognised, but appreciation of the unique artistic resources of the empire has never been a prominent virtue either of the Anglo-Indian administration or of Indian patrons of art. The earliest of the existing examples of Indian pictorial art are the well-known fresco paintings in the Buddhist cave-temples at Ajunta, in the Bombay Presidency, which date from the sixth century. Though they are the only extant examples of this period, they are sufficient to show that the Indian painter, when emancipated from the restraint imposed by the rigid formalism of Hindu artistic canons and

from the restrictions of Mahomedan bigotry, can interpret and enjoy to the full the infinite poetical suggestions of Indian life and Indian nature. The painting of that period, besides being strongly impressed by the humanising influence of the teachings of Gautama, was greatly affected by the artistic traditions of Greece, introduced by the followers of Alexander's army who settled in Northern India. When there came the great religious revulsion which restored the power of Hinduism throughout the greater part of India, some of the Buddhist monks who fled through the passes of the Himalayas into Tibet and China brought their religion and their art into Japan. This is the explanation of the existence at the present day in some of the oldest temples of Japan of paintings, treasured as the most precious relics and rarely shown to Europeans,

which closely resemble the Greco-Buddhist art of India.

So the school of Ajunta carried its nature-loving traditions into the congenial atmosphere of far-off Japan, among a people whose artistic sympathies were entirely in the same direction. With the almost total annihilation of the Buddhist religion this remarkable school of painting became extinct in India. In the Hindu caste system the profession of a painter ranks among the lowest of all the artistic crafts. For temple decoration the Brahmin priesthood always preferred the art of the sculptor. The scruples which kept the low-caste painters out of the temples also prevented their employment in embellishing the sacred writings of the Hindus; so after the disappearance of the Buddhists there is an interval of about nine centuries before painting as a fine art took root again in India. The Moguls re-introduced fresco



"IN THE ZENANA" BY ABANINDRO NATH TAGORE

painting, and brought with them Persian artists to illuminate and illustrate their historical writings, their classic literature, and their sacred manuscripts. Down to the time of Akbar the Great, or about the middle of the sixteenth century, the works of these Persian painters followed entirely the traditions of pure Persian art, and bore little trace of their Indian environment. Saracenic art, which was established in Northern India, was very largely influenced by the strict letter of the Mahomedan precept, which forbade the artistic representation of nearly all living creatures, including humanity. Akbar, who took charge of the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of his subjects, perceived with his keen artistic instinct how such a restriction fettered all higher artistic inspiration, and promptly swept the restriction away. With the whole wide field of Nature thus



restored to them, the Court artists were free to exercise their talents under the most favourable auspices.

Under these stimulating conditions a new and characteristically Indian school of pictorial art began to graft itself upon the traditions imported from Persia. The early work of Akbar's reign follows to a great extent the archaic and highly conventionalised style of the old Persian school, but towards the end of his reign the great ruler's genius had impressed itself upon the art in which he took so enlightened an interest. The new school was realistic in the sense that it went direct to nature for inspiration, but it did not, like some modern European realists, fling artistic tradition to the winds. The Mogul artists added to the wonderful technical qualities and the strong decorative instinct of the Persian school a greater anatomical precision in the drawing of the figure, and an almost Holbein-esque power of delineating character in their portraiture. Under Jehangir, the son and successor of Akbar, who inherited all his father's taste, these new ideas continued to bear fruit, and gave fair promise of the development of a really great school of Indian painting. Though Shah Jehan's artistic interests inclined more to architecture than to painting, there is nothing to show that he actively discouraged the artists whom his father and grandfather had patronised so liberally. But the bigotry of Aurungzebe, the successor of Shah Jehan, wrecked the fair prospects of the Mogul school of painting. He enforced again the strict observance of the Mahomedan law, banished from his Court the artists who had impiously disregarded it, and mutilated or defaced all the sculpture and paintings which were deemed to be irreligious.

This was the beginning of a period which has

been most disastrous to all art progress in India. The traditions of the Mogul school were continued by artists who settled at Delhi, Jeypore, Lahore, Mysore, and elsewhere; but painting as a fine art never regained the position and dignity it enjoyed

under Akbar and Jehangir. Nevertheless, during the short period of their prosperity, and even afterwards under the successive blight of Mahomedan bigotry, political anarchy, and British philistinism, the Mogul artists produced a record of Indian life, manners, and history which has been almost entirely ignored, even by those who are interested in the art and archæology of the great Indian empire.

This brief sketch of the history of painting in India is necessary for the right understanding of the work of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, of Calcutta, which I now introduce to the readers of *THE STUDIO*. Mr. A. N. Tagore comes of an old Indian family distinguished for its literary, musical, and

artistic talent. One of his brothers, Mr. Robindro Nath Tagore, has won a great reputation as a Bengali poet and dramatist. Another near relative, Sir Sourindro Mohun Tagore, Mus. Doc., has earned a European name as the chief authority on Indian music.

It speaks much for Mr. Tagore's genuine artistic instinct that he has not allowed his talent to be misled by the many snares which beset the path of the Indian art student. It is often made a reproach against the present generation of Indians that so few have shown any originality in artistic or literary thought. The reproach should rather be levelled against our educational system; for if the system had been expressly contrived for the stifling and crushing out of all originality, nothing could have been better adapted for the purpose than what is called "higher education" in India. Original artistic



"THE TRAVELLER AND
THE LOTUS"

BY ABANINDRO NATH
TAGORE

talent is rare in Europe, as it is in India. It is only necessary to walk through some of the numerous modern art exhibitions which are held annually in the chief European capitals to be convinced of this fact. Only in Europe the facilities for the painters of pictures and the makers of busts and statues are infinitely greater than they are in India. A Bengali student, who, amid the most soul-depressing surroundings, has learnt by heart, for want of a better system, the infinity of text-books which form the dreary mental *pabulum* provided by the European colleges, will hardly gather an impression that there is anything worth studying in Indian literature and art. Among the "educated" of his fellow-countrymen all that is beautiful in Indian life and Indian art is distinctly unpopular. The tall hat and frock coat are to them the symbols of culture and civilisation. Neither will the Indian art student be much better off if he turns to the European community for light and leading. The majority of Anglo-Indians live a semi-nomadic life, in which there is very little room for art. Their chief æsthetic gratification consists in a Fine Art Exhibition, a kind of artistic picnic, not to be taken too seriously, held annually at Simla, Madras and Bombay. There is so little artistic authority in India that it is generally regulated by the "Order of Precedence," the Anglo-Indian *Almanach de Gotha*.

I first made Mr. Tagore's acquaintance when I was beginning to form a collection of Indian art for the Government Art Gallery in Calcutta. The Gallery at that time possessed nothing but an assortment of European pictures, which to Indian students could only convey the most bewildering impression of European art. It was surely the most curious *pot-pourri* of picture dealer's art that a public gallery ever contained. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who worthily represents modern English art in the new Order of Merit, would probably be astonished to learn that, as a typical specimen of his life-work, the Gallery exhibits to the Bengali art-student a study of a maidservant holding a teacup! During the last six years I have got together a collection of miniature paintings of the Mogul School, which is not only of great artistic interest in itself, but should be far more useful to Indian art-students than any European collection.

The popular belief, unfortunately largely shared by those who take upon themselves to advise Indian art-students, has been that there is no fine art in India, and that the taste for it has to be created. The infinite harm which the same idea

might have caused to the indigenous art of Japan has happily been averted by the artistic sense of the Japanese people. It is hardly surprising that few Indian art-students have been able to overcome the disadvantageous conditions of their environment, for while Indian art during the last fifty years has been at a discount in India, the country has been ransacked by European collectors for all that is portable of its art-treasures, so that to study Indian art one must go, not to the museums of India, but to the public and private collections of Europe. The Japanese, with their usual acuteness, have kept their best things for themselves.

The broad and easy, and undoubtedly the most popular, way for an Indian art student is to ignore the art traditions of his own country, and to go through the same academic mill which supplies pictures and sculpture to the European market, though certainly every true artist would wish him a better choice. Mr. Tagore has happily been proof against the temptation to allow his artistic individuality to be cast in a common European mould. He has found in the work of the Mogul school exactly the material to help forward his artistic development. At the same time he is not a mere imitator of an extinct style of art. The Indian artist who is strong enough to choose the right path has a bountiful reward, for there lies open to him a splendid storehouse of unexploited material such as no other country in the world affords.

There must necessarily be a note of unreality, even insincerity, in the work of a European artist of the twentieth century who tries to adopt a mediæval style or manner. But the India of to-day, outside the semi-European cities, is in all essentials the India of five hundred years ago. The traditions of the Mogul school of artists are living traditions. In following them Mr. Tagore is not, as it were, putting back the hands of the clock. While he is as yet far from achieving the marvellous certainty of line and the daintiness of finish found in the best Mogul work, there are a poetic charm and sentiment in the treatment of the old-world stories he delights to illustrate which are peculiarly his own. Even when, as in the plate entitled *In the dark Night*, which is an illustration to the "Ritus-anghar," or "Seasons," of Kâlidâs, the great Sanscrit poet, Mr. Tagore obviously suggests a Pompeian *motif*, he has contrived to give it a distinctive note by the sincere Indian feeling he brings to all his work. With the traditions of the Ajunta school as a precedent, there is nothing incongruous





in an Indian artist borrowing from Greek art. The drawing entitled *The Traveller and the Lotus* is another illustration to the "Seasons" of Kâlidâs, which shows the unconscious grace and *naïveté* of feeling which are so attractive in all Mr. Tagore's compositions.

The same qualities are exhibited in a still higher degree in the *Buddha and Sujâta*, which illustrates the scene in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," where Sujâta, mistaking Buddha for the wood-god, brings to him her votive-offering of curds and milk in a golden bowl.

Mr. Tagore has expressed the serene dignity and spirituality of Buddha with the same simplicity and depth of feeling he has given to the grace and sweetness of Sujâta's adoration. His fine sense of colour is well shown in the domestic scene, *In the Zenana*. The subject of *Princess Lotus* is taken from Sir Richard F. Burton's "Tales of Hindu Devilry," and illustrates the scene where the Princess, through the medium of flower language, declares her love for the Prince.

Mr. Tagore has also executed a very interesting series of illustrations to the Râmâyana, and I believe he is contemplating another series for the other great Hindu epic, the Mâhabhârata. He has also made several very successful essays in fresco work. It is to be hoped that he will find further opportunities for developing his talent in this noble medium, because the re-establishment in India of the proper relations between "fine" and "decorative" art, as they were universally understood both in India and in Europe in the greatest art epochs, instead of an unintelligent craze for cabinet pictures, would give the surest promise of a genuine art revival. For some years past, in the Calcutta School of Art, I have been attempting to revive the old Indian process of fresco, which was in imminent danger of becoming a lost art, but it is now being practised successfully by many of the students. The process is well worth the investigation of experts in artistic

chemistry, as it differs from the European process in several important particulars. It is at least as permanent as Italian *fresco buono*, probably more so, for it possesses a great advantage in a highly polished surface which keeps the painting free from dust, and enables it to be cleaned easily. Both in its artistic and technical aspects Indian pictorial art affords material for further study and investigation.

E. B. HAVELL.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE QUARTIER LATIN, PARIS. BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE Artist Quarter of Paris—the famous Quartier Latin, skilfully depicted in the pages of Murger and somewhat travestied in those of "Trilby"—few who enter it, and get to know it, leave without regret, and the fond hope of once more returning to its good fellowship and, on the whole, cheery optimism.

"*Ars longa, vita brevis est!*" Though Hippocrates reversed the order originally of this truest of all aphorisms. It is to Paris—wonderful Seine side Paris—with its treasures of art, its freedom for the exercise of instincts in pursuance of the painter's craft and for the untrammelled development of talents, that the true student turns with longing. A year or two at Julian's, the Beaux Arts, or Colarossi's, is worth a cycle



LIFE CLASS AT COLAROSSÌ'S

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND

of South Kensington, with all its "correctness" and plaster casts.

The student arrives in the Quarter, perhaps, in the springtime. The friend—that friend who has been at Julian's for a year past, and has obligingly offered to show him round—does not think it necessary to meet the train. The cab from the Gare St. Lazare, engaged after an interchange of almost incomprehensible French and little less incomprehensible English, rattles away towards its destination along the wide boulevards, through by-ways, across the river, and up a seemingly endless street, narrow and picturesque, to an *impasse* near the Luxembourg. Then, when the box, easel, and odds and ends have found temporary lodgment with the *conciérge*, and cabby has been paid what seems (and is) an extortionate fare—the octroi his kind levies on all *nouveaux* entering the French capital—five flights of stairs must be climbed to reach Johnson (for so let us call him), who, the *conciérge* remarks, as it is only a little after eight in the morning, may not yet have risen.

But it proves not to be an "off" day with Johnson, and so a knock on the door, on which his card is nailed with a tack at each corner and one in the middle, produces an "Entrez!" To be candid, Johnson is at his toilet, but evinces no astonishment. He had forgotten for the time being that he was expecting any one, but that is to be looked for in the Quarter where one often forgets to get up till the afternoon.

The room is very much like those of scores of other students. It combines within its four walls the sitting-room, studio, bedchamber, and kitchen, with—as was once wittily remarked—the peculiar features and disadvantages of all these. It is fairly commodious; for rooms, except *mansardes*, rule large hereabouts. In many cases they are those of historic hotels (palaces), still retaining in panelled walls and decorated ceilings more than a memory of the high estate from which they have fallen. On the walls of Johnson's *atelier*, as he liked to call it, hang sketches innumerable; nudes from Colarossi's, with a vividness of flesh tints worthy of a freshly-copied Rubens; landscapes, with figures of an impressionist type; charcoal "time" studies, most of them smudged by the hands of admiring or critical friends; snapshot—also impressionist—photographs of friends, models, groups in

the *bois*, and other odds and ends, the subjects of which appeal most to the artist who is a camera man as well. Against the walls are stacked a score or so of canvases, a discarded easel or two, and a few packing cases;—the latter because Johnson could really paint decently before he came to Paris, and sends over a picture now and then to an accommodating dealer in the purlieus of the Haymarket, who used to give him five-and-twenty per cent. of what the work fetched, tell his patrons they had a bargain by a rapidly-rising young artist, and coolly inform Johnson himself that if he could not do better he needn't send over any more!

In the far corner of the room stood a stove, on which the owner does (or some obliging model does for him) his cooking, stews his afternoon tea when giving an informal five o'clock, and brews his matutinal coffee. The bed occupied one corner; a bachelor's bed, which looked as though it was never properly "made," and the untidiness of which was after midday disguised by a travelling rug thrown across it. In a word, this *chambre garnie* was very typical of scores of others in the Quarter.

Johnson quickly dressed, found his hat, and then out went *nouveau* (for such he will be called for a time) and mentor into the clear springtide air of the sunlit street in search of rolls and coffee. Hard by was the little *crêmerie* which the *étudiants* of the neighbourhood patronised—a quiet little place, where a roll and *café au lait*, almost *ad lib.*, made a hole in but half a franc. And where, in times of leanness, madame had a smile and—what was of infinite more importance—a trustful heart,



"THE LUNCHEON HOUR"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND



"A MODEL"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND

and still *un petit déjeuner* for those who could not pay.

A *nouveau* by madame's regular *clientelle* was always regarded much as one would suppose a missionary is by cannibals; only, of course, he has no mission, and they don't eat him. But in a day or two, when vouched for by such an old *habitué* as Johnson, if he has no "side," and no very pronounced views upon art—these come later, and often very soon—he passes into the circle of good comradeship, and is fairly launched on the sea of Quartier life.

"Say, do any of you fellows know of an *atelier*?" questions Johnson at length. And after a pause some one suggests, not without a gentle sarcasm, that D—'s studio is at liberty in the street at the back of the Rue de la Grande Chaumière.

There is a roar of laughter, because D— is one of the most famous

exhibitors at the Salon, and his *atelier*, discarded in favour of one he has built over near the Parc Monceaux, is such as only D— would require.

In the end a Beaux Arts student suggests something small and cheap in the old Rue des Fourneaux (now renamed after the sculptor Falguière), and Johnson and the *nouveau* set off through a bewildering set of by-streets, the last of which debouches into the Rue de Vaugirard, leading to the Hôpital des Enfants Malades, opposite which the Rue Falguière turns down.

They find one of the many *ateliers* has been empty some time, and the *concierge* of the whole block is instructed to let it at what would be in England called an alarming sacrifice. So a bargain is struck. It is a bit far out, or at least so the *nouveau* thinks; for he is not yet used to the Quarter, and anything half-a-mile from the Boul' Miché seems in the wilderness. And consequently he resisted all Johnson's persuasive eloquence that he should go yet further along the endless Rue Vaugirard to a nest of studios which usually let at two-thirds the rent asked for the one in the Rue Falguière.

Two hours later he "moved in," assisted by Johnson and the *concierge* and scrutinised by a couple of bright-eyed little models who had finished their morning's pose and were out to take the air.

"V'là un nouveau!"

"Mais, oui. Il est gentil, ça!"



"A TYPICAL STUDIO"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE HOLLAND

And then came a burst of laughter as Johnson "blagues" back.

The *atelier* is not *garni*, and so by direction of the *conciérge* they sally forth in search of the marvellously cheap but excellent bed and bedstead, which can be purchased close at hand in the Rue Vaugirard, and the few odds and ends of furniture which are required. Johnson has a model coming at half-past one, and so he departs when the purchases are completed, and promising to look in during the evening leaves the *nouveau* to "fix up" the place and get settled in.

The studio is not large, that is, as studios go, but it seems a vast place to the owner, in which his bag, cabin trunk, box, and odds and ends tied together with a rug strap seem lost. There is just a twinge of home-sickness too, which the song of an artist at work over the way and the laughter of the two girls who are returning up the passage from their *déjeuner* at a little restaurant hard by do not dispel. So this is the Quarter, he muses somewhat sadly,—the far-famed Quarter in which every one is *gai*, according to those who write books and have never lived there.

A rumble up the passage, a knock at the studio door. The bed and bedding have arrived. They are placed on the floor amidst a flow of compliments and good wishes for "M'sieu's" success and future happiness, which, unfortunately, "M'sieu" only partially—very partially—understands.

Then the door is closed, and the *nouveau* left again to his own devices. In a neighbouring studio someone is singing "Down by the old Swanee River," and away up above someone else is whistling an accompaniment. The *nouveau* regards his property fixedly for a few moments longer, and then sets to work.

A couple of hours hard at it, and things begin to look more shipshape. He doesn't put out any of the sketches he has brought with him, and few of the photographs. The former (compared with Johnson's) are too academic, the latter too sacred. Towards half-past three he suddenly discovers he is hungry. There is nothing for it but to sally forth and seek some quiet restaurant, where for a franc and a half—which Johnson has told him ought to purchase a *déjeuner* good enough for any one—he may appease it. There is a little *café*, pretty clean, and with the enticing legend upon the plate-glass door, "*Déjeuners depuis, 75c. Diners depuis, 1.50, vin compris,*" just about 200 yards from his studio. He enters, and a *garçon*, smiling because Mr. Nouveau is a fresh customer, and such are rare in this particular corner of the

Quarter, comes forward, and pulling out a chair at one of the little white-topped tables, which latter he dusts with a long sweep of his *serviette*, prays "M'sieu" to be seated. At another table is a girl in "bloomers," with a straw hat perched well over her nose, whose bicycle is outside against the kerb. She eyes the *nouveau* more closely than he has been accustomed to; but then he is not yet used to the Quarter. He recognises her as a "type" familiarised by an occasional perusal of *Le Petit Journal Pour Rire*, and other papers of a similar kind. And even this sense of familiarity is something to be grateful for on a *nouveau's* first day in Paris.

The half-bottle of "vin ordinaire rouge," for which he somewhat recklessly pays 50 centimes, in addition to a franc for a three-course lunch, is quite as good as that sold in a London restaurant for three times the money. He rejoices because he is not a teetotaler, and has been told that it is suicide to drink water in Paris.

The girl has soon finished her *plat*, emptied the last drain of her 20-centime *carafon* of wine, and adjusted the acute angle of her straw headgear in front of the dingy mirror. Then she goes out, bestrides her bicycle by means of the kerb, and away. And the *nouveau* somehow feels lonely;



"A MASSIER"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND



"A SCULPTOR'S WORKSHOP"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE HOLLAND

but he as yet does not know that had he smiled she would have sat down at his table, chatted in elementary Americanised English and fluent French, for she knew he was a *nouveau*, and she was a model with a day off.

True to his word, Johnson turns up at the studio about a quarter past six. He has a friend with him—a tall American who is painting Impressionist pictures with a good deal of red and blue about the ladies' hair. He shakes, and forthwith sizing up the *nouveau* with unerring judgment, and liking the estimate he forms, chums up.

Johnson makes a few suggestions whilst reclining on the bed, which he declares is better than his own, for which he gave more money, and then all three go out and away down the Rue Vaugirard, and along the Boulevard Montparnasse, to a little restaurant for dinner.

There are quite a handful of students there, and few other customers, for Madame here is as popular with *étudiants* as she of the *crémérie*. The talk was mostly of art, the schools, the studios, the models, and the latest gossip of the Quarter. One student from the *École de Médecine* enlivens the proceedings by details of recent autopsies and operations of the most ghastly character. Some of his stories have a grim humour of their own which makes them acceptable to an unsqueamish audience. Paul, the *garçon*, brings the sulphurous chips which a paternal Government miscalls matches, and soon the smoke from *caporal* hangs

heavy in the air—pungent *caporal*, cut coarse as hay. And so the evening passes—the first evening of the *nouveau* in Paris.

Next morning the sparrows twittering wake him, and he gets up. The man who occupies the studio above him is already astir. He has to put the finishing touches to his Salon picture, and try and rush through another in time for the Academy across the Channel.

After breakfast, which the *nouveau* manages to get by making a concoction yclept coffee on his stove, with which he washes down some bread—excellent Parisian bread—and butter,

which the *concierge* has obligingly taken for him, Johnson turns up to discuss the question of what school he (the *nouveau*) shall "enter."

Ultimately Colarossi's, in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, is decided upon. It is quite handy, and, moreover, several of Johnson's chums are



"ITALIAN MODELS"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND



"A FIVE-STREET, MONTMARTRE" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND

working there, and he himself looks in occasionally. And, in addition, the *nouveau* can put in a little time at the Beaux Arts as well, if he wants to.

"Besides," urges Johnson, who has stuck up manfully for his old school, "if you want to pick up a model at any time they are right there on the *carrefour*—heaps of them—Old Antonio, who sits for Shylock and old men; Paolo, who's just fine for St. John; that little devil of a Suzanne, who only comes when she feels like it; and a host of others."

So Colarossi's it is.

Space counts for a good deal at Colarossi's; and so when the *nouveau* a day or two later climbs the stairs with Johnson, who is going to act as sponsor, he finds them narrow, steep, and leading past a veritable nest of *ateliers*, located one above another. He has passed beneath the quizzical eye of the *massier*, who comes out intermittently from his tiny "lodge-like" lair to scrutinise each person passing by, with the disconcerting knowledge that, the scrutinised at least, he bears the stamp of *nouveau* all over.

The life class to which Johnson introduced him was cosmopolitan enough. An Englishman or two, a few Americans, a couple of Japanese, a coloured gentleman, Poles, Austrians, French,

Russians; girls and fellows all hard at work with the model posed, and just for the nonce too busy to gey the *nouveau*. Happy being!

In the Quarter acquaintances are soon made, and by the end of the morning's work several of the students had chummed up with the *nouveau* with the *bonhomie* which is by no means the least pleasing feature of workers in the schools.

The *nouveau* will find that he has a lot to unlearn when he crosses the Channel to plunge into the actuality of Parisian modern art. M. Raphael Collin will probably criticise his flesh tints and modelling, for criticism is of a severe type at Colarossi's. And much of the doubtless "sound" theoretical but unintelligent learning he has picked up will have to be discarded. In a short time he will, however, find his feet and method, and then he will work, if he is worth anything; and if he is not—well, the Quarter is not the best place in the world for him. There is always plenty of human wreckage floating about in the Quarter; and the tragedy of unfulfilled promise, unaccomplished hopes, is closely knit with student life.

The rivalry of a school like Colarossi's is keen



"IN THE LUXEMBOURG" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND



"NEAR THE ÎLE DE LA CITÉ"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CLIVE HOLLAND

and helpful, the discussions which take place when the light has grown dim, and the day's work is over in the studios, or later on in the evening, over the tops of little white tables in the favourite *cafés*, are worth hours of debate of a more academic sort, are more suggestive than mere teaching, more inspiring than the perusal of biographies of successful artists.

Then there is the American Art Association, with its genial secretary—popular, "cute" in Quarter ways, helpful to the *nouveau* and the old inhabitants alike—an encyclopædia of Quarter lore and Quarter celebrities, artistic, literary, and social. The *nouveau* will find the reading-room on the Quai de Conti, a harbour of refuge in his salad days a tender link with the world at home through the medium of paper and printing ink. He may not go there so often when he feels his feet, but he will always turn up occasionally, and regard the place with something akin to affection. "Papa" Bigelow is well known to the "boys," and the little Expositions he and the committee organise three or four times a year hold much that is good, exhibit the most modern trend in painting, are a welcome opportunity for even the "arrived," and a godsend to those who have not yet attained to that happy position.

That serious work is done by a large number of the students, either at the schools or at their own *ateliers*, is, of course, undeniable; but the Quarter, ever noted for its somewhat irresponsible gaiety, its *amours "impropres"*—shall we say, its "life"?—has changed in most of these things only in degree since Murger's time.

Still is the Boul' Miche made to resound with song and merriment late o' nights: still—though alas! altered—do the Café d'Harcourt and Taverne Lorraine give hostages to fortune at the Temple of Venus, and resound with songs and boisterous merriment toward the small hours. And Bullier's garish façade marks the Temple of Terpsichore patronised by the charming if errant Mimi Pinsons, Marcelles, Suzannes, Yvettes, and Maries of the Quarter life—*belles amies* many of them, sunshine or rain, if the right chord in their hearts has been touched. Bullier, still patronised by students, models, grisettes, artists who have arrived, and others, survives; and, on Thursday nights and Sunday nights, is one of the gayest spots in the whole of Paris, gay with good spirits and the

abandon of youth not yet crushed either by responsibilities or failure. But how dull to the outsider!—the tourist who comes expecting wickedness unheard of, and who goes away disappointed. It is only when one is within the magic circle of the elect, knows a little of the *argot*, is acquainted with some of the students, models, and *habituels*, that a dropped word or two unfolds a romance, tragedy or comedy, or it may be a mixture of both, such as exists in like form only within the precincts of this wonderful Quartier Latin, of which the *nouveau* so soon becomes a unit—nay, even a part.

Far different from the feverish delights of the dancing-hall are those of the Luxembourg Gardens—exquisite tree-shaded gardens, in which the students and their *amies*, models, *bonnes*, poets, and *bourgeoisie* gather of an afternoon to gossip, quizz their neighbours, and listen to the band. What student romances have commenced (and perhaps ended) there! How longingly the *nouveau* during his early *nouveau*-hood regards the merry little groups and pairs sitting under the shadow of the leafy chestnut trees. He will join them sooner or later, of course; perhaps the very afternoon following the engagement of his first model. Who knows? For models love sunlight, gaiety, and life, even though they pose at a couple of francs an hour (or less) for Henner-like *Magdalens*, *Sainte Genevièves*, "*Contemplations*," or "*First Sorrows*"; and the band in the Luxembourg plays well, and sets little feet tapping on the gravel walks beneath the trees, and Suzanne's or Marcelle's blood coursing ecstatically through her veins. So, after the pose, she will tie the artist's cravat, smooth his

coat collar, and away with him gladly enough to the sunshine of the garden terrace or the diapered shadow of the chestnut shaded walks.

In the winter, the late autumn, or early spring, the Café des Lilas (its full name was much longer) used to be a merry, low-ceiled spot. Now, alas! it is no more. Thick with *caporal* smoke, it held much that was interesting within its old walls of an evening. How many a *nouveau* has begun an upward or a downward course whilst sitting at those little tables. How many celebrities, and those to be, have drunk bocks whilst discussing art, politics (seldom), philosophy of a kind (often), and life always; whilst the admirable, the fictitiously admirable, *nouveau* works, always works, early and late, at the schools, and sports his oak—a rickety brass bolt, which would infallibly yield on pressure—so that he may finish a charcoal sketch by the light of a kerosene lamp.

But the kerosene lamp does not always burn, even for exceptionally industrious *nouveaux*, nor do these remain such for ever. There are days, as well as nights. Afternoons, when chums look in, when tea—save the mark!—is brewed by the proprietor of the studio or his model, who so naively does her share to add to the gaiety of the nations represented by the guests. Then are there also days in a boat at Nogent-sur-Marne, or Courbevoie on the Seine: or in the woods of Vincennes, Boulogne, or further afield at Colombes; or even a picnic amid the *rochers* at Fontainebleau.

And then, again, when Paris is shimmering with tropic heat, the Boul' Miché scorching, the Place de la Concorde like a Sahara, and the *cafés*—even favourite ones which play at being shady by means of oleanders or orange trees in tubs—seem no longer possible, is there not some paintable Breton or Norman fishing village, cheap, fresh, and quiet, to which all save the very poorest may flee, with Yvonne, or Marie, or Marcelle—pierrot and pierrette-wise—who will contentedly pose day in, day out, *en sable*, or in the

woods, as fishermaids or nymphs, for love of being for a time *en campagne*?

Away on the far horizon from this favoured spot student and model will imagine Paris still magnetic, though scorching; will talk of the distant Quarter, speculate concerning the fortunes of those left; and when the days get shorter, the sun less brilliant on field and shore, will gladly return to the Boul' Miché, the studio now so dusty, unless leased to a friend: the life of the well-beloved art highways and by-ways; the quaint, narrow, ill-paved streets, and all.

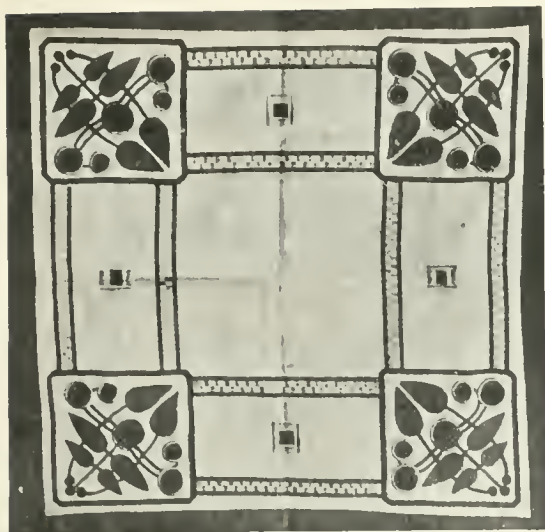
A N APPRECIATION OF THE WORK OF ANN MACBETH. BY F. H. NEWBERY.

THE association of the needle is with the woman's hand, and though the sewing machine may have robbed the expression of much of its truth and of all its sentiment, it may still be said, to paraphrase the words of a well-known dictum, that "the hand that holds the needle beautifies the world." And by this no disparagement is intended of that vast army of tailors whose office it is to clothe mankind. For the dress of the modern Occidental man knows no art in its composition, nor can decoration, however added, redeem it from its state of sad monotony. But happily the work



"EMBROIDERED TABLE CLOTH"

DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
WORKED BY CHRISTINE LESTER

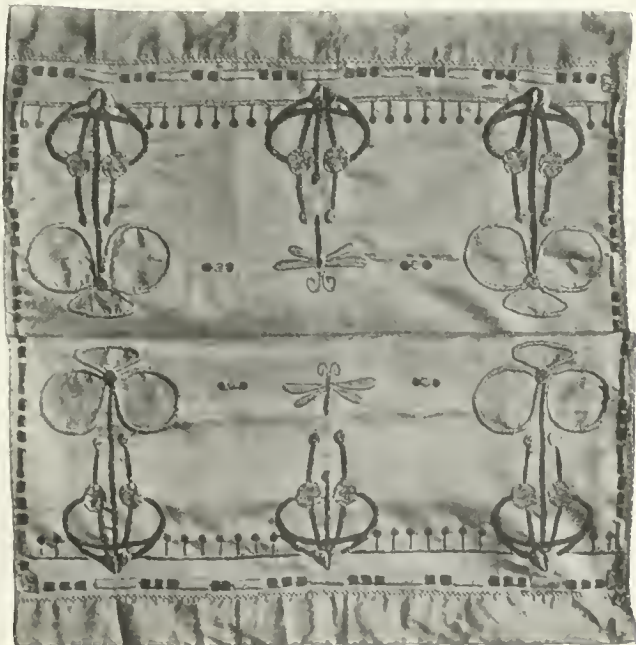


"TABLE MAT"

DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
EMBROIDERED BY CLARA BENTLEY

of the needle is not solely confined to the manufacture, or even the decoration, of garments, and in the hand of the woman it makes its appeal in poetry and has its place in art. As the plough to the peasant or the pen to the writer, so the needle lives in our sentiments as a personal effect of the woman—part of her physical belongings, as it were, and without which life would be incomplete, and the world a loser of a form of art which is almost coeval with the existence of mankind. And the needle bears with it a dignity of labour that, if it be not greater than the plough, is yet one that puts it into the same category of absolute necessities. For man, if he cannot live without the plough, can equally as little do without the labour of the needle. And, to make another comparison, much of the poetry which comes from the pen is not for a moment to be compared with those harmonies of form and colour which owe their origin to the art of embroidery—the art by instinct of the woman. And this instinct, whether primitive or inherited, remains with some women as a constant quantity—an artistic expression ever seeking outlet. And among such artists is Miss Ann Macbeth, whose works illustrate this article. With no one is the association of the needle and the hand more close or the results more precious than with her, and she may fairly be said to belong to that class of workers who claim

companionship with Penelope and find themselves at home in the company of those Mediaeval artists, whether ecclesiastical or lay, whose needles have made history and whose efforts are to be met with in the sacristy of the church, among the treasures of the castle and house, or more fully given to the world as forming part of the collections of our various museums. But we have in these latter days lost sight somewhat of that traditional use of the needle which in not very remote days brought a personal element to bear upon the beauty of household surroundings. The domestic supply that existed so fruitfully has been supplanted by the art needlework emporium. Formerly no young girl's education was judged to be completed until she had worked her sampler and had thus added her share to the accepted tradition of needlework, and carried it a generation farther on. For the sampler was a purely traditional piece of art needlework, whose stitches and ornament were a heritage transmitted from mother to daughter; it was rarely ugly, oftentimes was very beautiful, and bore on its face a standard of artistic value that makes it to-day one of the sought-for treasures of the antique collector. And the skill thus attained by the young worker was an abiding one, and her needle found employment in a hundred ways that to-day are either



"TABLE MAT IN SATIN"

DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
EMBROIDERED BY CLARA BENTLEY

The Work of Ann Macbeth

forgotten or are relegated to the shop or to the machine.

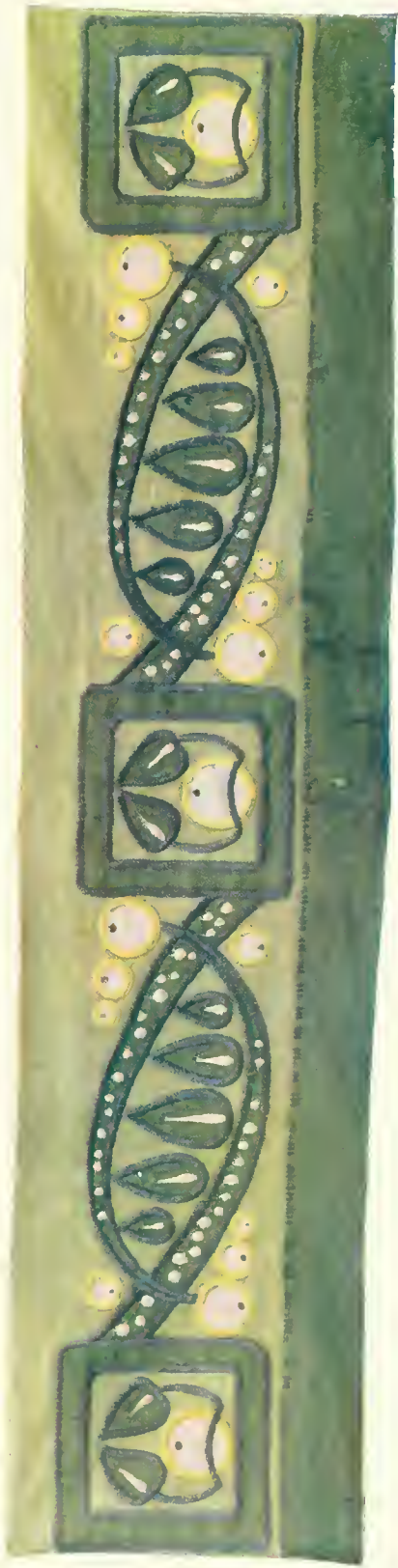
The pride of the bride used to be in her napery. Her dower chest was gifted her, that she might store those productions of the loom and needle that should beautify the bed whereon she was to sleep and the table at which she was to preside; and much of genius and a great deal of skill was brought to bear upon articles alike of use and for ornament, so that the everyday handlings of life were broidered with beauty and enhanced by art, even as the flowers of the hedgerow, the traveller's joy, and the vagrant honeysuckle, the hop, and the bryony broider the hedges of the English highroads. And no one questions the joy that comes from an environment of household wares that, compelled by use, are enhanced by art in their making. If the magic of beauty, the effect of temperament, can be added to the things we needs must have, must needs use, the having and using give sensations of absolute pleasure. And if this be possible, as indeed it is, then the objection that beauty is rare, and therefore dear, and, as a quality, must always remain a possession for the few, must be met and combated. Beauty is not for the few, but for the many, and that it is costly is no valid objection. It costs no more to create a beautiful object than it does to produce an ugly one, and ugliness incarnate is oftentimes dearer than beauty, although less may have been paid for the former. The price of the material in an ugly production is oftentimes more than that contained in a beautiful object. The purchaser of a picture does not pay merely for the tubes of colours used nor for the canvas employed, nor even for the mere time of the artist; he pays for that power that transmutes both pigments and time into beauty. And nowadays there is far too much money invested in the painted side of beauty, and not nearly enough given for that art that expresses itself through the table-cloth that covers our table or the towel upon which we dry our hands. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," left out of account those priceless treasures which we possess in our pictures—wealth that makes poor nations rich, and without which wealthy nations are poor. How

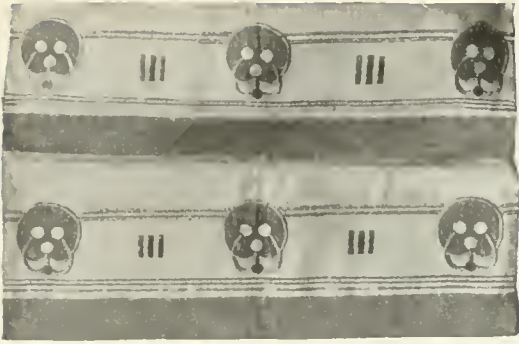
much more wealth could he have attributed to nations had he taken into consideration that inexpressible and untold value which the application of art to common things brings alike to maker and to user! And if this honour can be given to the articles that are thus treated, how much greater is the credit due to the worker who produces them! And to Ann Macbeth every commendation can be paid for the part she is taking in this addition of beauty to our daily surroundings. With her, the art of the needle is at once the object of her life and a means for the fullest expression of a nature that teems with artistic sentiments and ideas. And she has no false pretences as to the value of the good she may possibly be doing in the world. She is content simply to be a worker, doing practical and useful work, and finding for it a place in the market and by it a subsistence for herself. Coming of an artistic stock, and bearing a name that figures in more than one list of Royal Academicians, Ann Macbeth began life, if heredity counts for anything, with helpful instincts. But unlike so many art workers of the present day, who start designing before they draw, and claim credit for novelty of idea where workmanship would have been more desirable, Miss Macbeth kept her design aspirations in the background until she had made herself a competent draughtswoman, and had mastered the art of drawing, without which design



"EMBROIDERED TABLE CLOTH"

DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
WORKED BY CLARA BENTLEY





"TOWEL"

DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
EMBROIDERED BY CLARA BENTLEY

is as lifeless as a body without a soul. Like the old Italian masters she arrived at a knowledge of ornament through the practice of drawing from the figure: and when at length she turned her attention to traditional ornament, she found herself in a position to ignore it, and to start where the mediæval ornamentists did—namely, at and with Nature. By her education she had placed herself in the position of being a creative artist, instead of a follower of tradition, and this gave her a distinct advantage over the old sampler worker. For unless tradition in art be added to, be made to live, and be brought up to date as a living entity, there is a fear that it must die of sheer inanition, and history repeats this lesson. Ornament, to be worthy of the name, must be more than an aggregation of conventional forms to be used on occasion, like recipes taken from a cookery book. It must be a personal belonging, and have a distinct relation not only to the *ego* of the creator, but also to the period in which it was created. But this presupposes power to transform, talent to adapt, and, above all, genius to create; and herein comes the good of a sound education, such as Miss Macbeth possesses. To be original in any sense of the word is, first, to find out what has been done, and then to learn the further possibilities both of material and of treatment. Otherwise originality becomes a travesty, and creation (so-called) merely a borrowing. But the instinct that can trace the hieroglyphical forms on a Persian carpet back to the nature from which they were adapted can start again with that nature, and end at a point beyond that, it may be, which the Persian reached. And, what is more, the worker may finish with that touch of nature which the Oriental never had, and thus make a deeper appeal to our senses, because of the added comparison we

are able to make between means and ends. But with the possession of such power comes the application, and Miss Macbeth, instead of producing work which, though beautiful in itself, should, like the painted picture, be unrelated to ordinary surroundings, set herself steadfastly from the very first to execute work which should enter into daily life and have an interest because it was a part of our everyday surroundings. And in this endeavour she is much helped by her own very practical outlook on things. Thus, how dress and personal adornment could be simplified and at the same time beautified, early made a strong appeal to her. How stuffs, plain, yet of sound quality and of good colour, could be beautified by the addition of embroidery or other aids to



"AM I LUCKY?"

BY ANN MACBETH

decoration, led her to essay the art of appliqué and to endeavour to mosaic upon a ground an ornamental treatment in another colour, which should enhance the dress as a possession, without adding much to the original cost. Not that there is anything new in this. The dresses of the mediæval Italian women, as depicted by artists like Ghirlandaio or Botticelli, glow with appliqué and embroidery; but whereas precious materials, gold, silver, and jewels, entered into their making, with Miss Macbeth the setting of one piece of coloured cloth upon another, and the putting of a border of sewn thread or silk around it, gave the added piece all the appearance and value of a precious metal or of a jewel set among its surroundings. Further, these spots of colour, thus superimposed, are connected, and the design made into a whole, by spots and lines of colour or by ornament, chiefly floral, characteristically conventionalised from Nature. This class of work she applies with success to almost every article where its use is possible and permissible; and the plishings of the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the bedroom have all received attention. But

she has not entirely confined her energies to the decoration of articles of mere necessity. Her knowledge of the figure has enabled her to grapple with the possibilities of its use in design; and various needlework panels of figure subjects, some of which have been already illustrated in *THE STUDIO*, are the fruits of her work in this direction. Notably,

also, a coloured reproduction of one side of the British Association banner for the Glasgow meeting of 1901, and which appeared in *THE STUDIO* for January, 1902, is a charming example of

how heraldry may be utilised for the purposes of pageantry. Another fruitful field for art work—namely, designs for sewed book-covers, for which a tradition once existed in England—owes some progress to Miss Macbeth. And the attitude she stands in to her work is shown by her treatment of it. She does not feel that it is enough to merely design and let others execute. She believes that the artist who produces the design is generally the person best fitted to carry it out, and most pieces of work for which she is responsible owe their execution, either in part or the whole, to her own needle. And this is the true artistic position. To completely know how to design for any material, it is necessary to be a worker in that material. For there should be no real fixity of idea in a design that is being produced by the hand. It should be possible to make any change of intention as the work proceeds, and it may be that the best design is, in the long run, the one



"PORTRAIT STUDY"

BY ANN MACBETH

whose general scheme is understood from the beginning, but whose details are studied and carried out as the work proceeds. By such means artistic instinct is always kept on the alert, and the opportunity left open for the attainment of the best possible result.

And to show that this work of Ann Macbeth's is



one that by its influence is likely to improve current taste in embroidery, it should be mentioned that she is in touch with a world-known London firm, who have given a special name to her work, and are willing to take as much of it as she cares to send them. That she is kept busy in the supply is a practical testimony to the success of her efforts. As a further addition to her powers, Miss Macbeth possesses in no small degree the art of imparting instruction to others; and as one of the teachers in the Embroidery Class of the Glasgow School of Art she has found another channel whereby the influence of her work is extended. Glasgow decorative art is known outside the city on the Clyde, and a steady progress in the work of the class, especially in the branch of appliqué, has been noticeable since Miss Macbeth's accession to the staff of the school. It is by the cultivation of an all-round appreciation of the application of art to our common surroundings that we may hope for any raising of the standard of that curious quality called public taste. For if beauty be seen and felt in things lowly, there exist the possibilities of its further appreciation in higher things; and a city, whose citizens have beautiful things in their houses, may hope to exact from civic authorities a recognition of the truth that, as the house is, so shall the city be.

FRA. H. NEWBERY.

A N ITALIAN PAINTER: GAETANO PREVATI. BY ALFREDO MELANI.

GAETANO PREVATI is one of the most distinctly individual modern artists of Italy; for, in judging the work of painters, it is necessary to distinguish between those whose aim is to produce a purely material effect upon the spectator and those who are able to imbue their canvases with their own deeply poetic spirit. The name is legion of those who are able to delight the eye with fascinating line and colour, but those who can awaken really æsthetic emotion through the medium of painting are, indeed, comparatively few. Amongst them, however, the artist under notice is certainly entitled to rank. Born in Ferrara, a district with a glorious art-history in the past, Prevati began life in an inspiring art-environment. His predilection for the life of a painter was, however, opposed by his parents, whose ambition was to see their son develop into a successful merchant. As a matter of fact Gaetano received a technical education, such as was qualified to bring about

the result desired by his parents, but he did not succeed in achieving that result, simply because his heart was not in the matter.

It was not until after many entreaties that Prevati, senior, yielded a reluctant consent to his son entering the School of Art at Ferrara, conducted by masters who were by no means representative of Italian traditions; and it was in this little provincial school that Gaetano began to learn the language of form and colour—that is to say, began to draw in accordance with some distinct method. No longer a boy when he entered on the new course of instruction in art, Prevati was very soon compelled to abandon it, to serve his term as a soldier. Fortune, however, favoured the young Ferrarese even in his military career; for he was sent to Leghorn, a district contrasting no doubt unfavourably with his birthplace in some ways, for it is perhaps the least artistic in Tuscany, but endowed with an unique situation on a coast full of inspiration to every poetic spirit, and near to Pisa, the city beloved of Ruskin. Soon, however, Prevati left Leghorn for Florence, where he had, of course, great facilities for study; and, still eager to progress in painting, he frequented the studio of Amos Cassioli, a distinguished but not



G. PREVATI

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. E. GANZINI

very strong master, who, like all true artists, was an earnest champion of originality.

I do not know for what reason Previati addressed himself to Cassioli, but it is evident that when the young Ferrarese artist went to Florence he had as yet no very definite plans of his own, and he had certainly not yet made up his mind to rebel against old traditions. Moreover, when I have related a fact which I heard from the mouth of the artist himself, I feel sure that those who know Previati and his work will be very much surprised.

Gaetano assured me that what led to his leaving Florence to go to Milan was an oleograph after Bertini, *The Wave*. One day, when he was walking along the Via Cerretani, near the Lung' Arno, his attention was arrested by the reproduction of Bertini's picture exhibited in a

window, and he then and there made up his mind to go to Milan, with a view to following the footsteps of the painter of *The Wave*. He declared that the picture seemed to him so full of poetry that he could not be content till he had made the personal acquaintance of the painter of the original.

Arrived then at Milan, Previati went straight to the studio of Bertini; and although he had no letter of introduction, no school certificates, for though he was now twenty-four years old, having been born in 1852, he had gone through no regular course, he asked the painter of *The Wave* to receive him into the Academy. Previati had, moreover, done very little—he had next to nothing to show—but for all that he was admitted at once to the Academy, and soon afterwards to the School of Painting directed by Bertini, who was much struck with the first attempts of the young Ferrarese.

In his early essays at painting, however, Previati showed himself more anxious to respect academic traditions as to form, than to make form a vehicle of emotion; but the latter was to come in due time. Gradually his contemplative nature freed itself from the trammels of scholasticism, and he was brought into touch with those who rebelled against academic routine. There was about the School of Bertini a spirit of liberty which aimed at rendering abortive the efforts of the official school, the object of which was to produce *fac-simile* copies, or exact studies of nature, without any of that imagination or insight into the spirit of the subject without which there can be no true art, no real artists. It was Tranquillo Cremona who was the leading spirit in Milan in the crusade against conventionalism; it was Cremona who led painting back once more to the true art path, wresting it from routine. Cremona,



"CLEOPATRA"

BY G. PREVIA TI



"LA DANSE DES HEURES"
BY GAETANO PREVIATI

our great Italian master, whose originality is, alas ! not yet fully recognised, exercised a very salutary influence over Previati, and has also saved many a young painter from premature failure. Cremona could not, of course, give equal attention to all the painters who turned to him for help and encouragement, and as a result the personality of this painter, or rather of this artist, who is little known out of his own country, though he is one of the greatest of modern Italian masters, has had a disastrous influence on some, and a salutary one on others. In fact, just as the virile force of Michael Angelo was responsible for the evolution of Bernini, who emerged from a phalanx of mediocre sculptors, so did that of the Milanese painter produce great results when it was brought to bear on such men as Previati, men whom the example of great spirits inspire to follow in their steps, yet at the same time never lead them to merge their own individuality in that of another, however great.

In a word, Previati was not content merely to emulate Cremona ; but, having reached the same point as that master, he went on, following the leading of his own muse along the sunlit path of art in Italy ; a path which is ever widening, thanks to the happy fact that we have at Milan a whole group of such artists as Cremona ; glorious rebels, each one working out his own art-salvation according to the dictates of his own genius. In this group we watched Giovanni Segantini, whom all the world agrees to honour, rise up like a Hercules ; we looked on at the development of Filippo Carcano, the master *par excellence* of landscape painting in Lombardy ; and, lastly, we noted the rapid progress of the man now under review, Gaetano

Previati, on whom the painter of *The Wave* was really quite unable to exercise any influence, either from the point of view of technique or composition. Previati worked quietly on at Milan forming his own individual style, at first approaching, to some extent, to that of Cremona, but gradually achieving complete independence, although he always gratefully acknowledged the debt he owed to the man who aided him in realising his art ambitions. It was, indeed, when the earnest, thoughtful young Ferrarese first came into touch with Cremona that his art development truly began.

Quiet, self-possessed, eagerly enjoying all things beautiful, his character is reflected in his painting ; he has the two qualities the combination of which



"MADONNA"

BY G. PREVIATI



"MATERNITY"

BY G. PREVIATI

can alone raise the productions of an artist above mediocrity; and those two qualities are sensitiveness to impressions, and imagination.

If Previati belongs to any school at all, it is certainly not one bound to follow academic traditions, but one recognising to the full the principle that a true artist is he who allows full scope to his own originality. This principle explains Previati's own words, which express in a new way an idea not exclusively his own, and throw a prophetic light upon what may be called the advance guard of criticism. "On the eve of producing a work of art the artist should do his utmost to arouse emotion at the fountain head," that is to say, in his own spirit; for the supreme aim of art is expression; to a

painter reality is but a form of expression, and as a result its only rôle in art is to give an impulse to imagination.

Naturally those whose rôle is to invent recipes for success will be quite unable to grasp the principle which is the essence of the art of Previati; but the painter does not, as a rule, address himself to the general public or to those who admire conventional beauty. Previati had for the first time to face the violent attacks of his adverse critics in 1891, when he exhibited his *Maternity*, an occasion which the opponents of art as an expression of emotion, converted into a regular fête. There was, in fact, a genuine revolt of the anti-revolutionists. The public, who did not understand the



"ROI SOLEIL"

BY G. PREVIATI

picture in the least, either passed by without taking any notice of it, or laughed at it without knowing why. The so-called connoisseurs pronounced the artist altogether second-rate; only here and there some critic tried to rectify the wrong impression given, without, however, achieving any satisfactory result. I, for my part, having realised on the opening day of the Exhibition, that a great battle would be waged around this, the boldest, the most lyrical of all the canvases of Previati, wrote an article in *Arte e Storia*, in which I endeavoured to explain the æsthetic, the poetic meaning of *Maternity*, a picture which would probably be rejected by the Hanging Committee, but my article had no more than a negative result.

The picture is of considerable size, and is an ideal presentment of the sentiment of maternal love, representing as it does a mother suckling her child, whilst a group of angels, supposed to be visible to her alone, are looking on. The isolated figure of the mother is near a tree, the soft and pleasing shade of which recalls the willow described by Alfred de Musset. The drawing, the colouring of sky and ground, all combine to produce a harmony which is full of the indefinable mystery of a dream. No attempt at rendering motion, no desire to produce a definite and sensible effect, here distracts the attention of the spectator from the mystic meaning of the conception of the poet-artist, whose aim has been to work out an immaterial idea with the aid of the material means of painting. As a result, the critics, unable to comprehend the mystic spirit of the conception, accused Previati of having completely lost the sense of colour; some even going so far as to add that he had lost that of line as well, little dreaming that the painter of *Maternity* had really approached the realisation of his æsthetic vision by correcting the ordinary modes of expression, which in his opinion were not altogether suitable for the sentiment of his picture. Previati had, indeed, endeavoured to make colour, generally one of the most definite means of pictorial expression, all but immaterial; and the drawing of his composition was really in exact correspondence with his own emotions at the time of his conception of the picture.

Previati told me himself that, convinced as he is of the principle that emotion is the true source of all creative or suggestive power, he never dreams of reproducing in cold blood either his paintings or his sketches. He never takes brush or pencil in hand except when he is in an exalted frame of mind, that is to

say, inspired; and the work once done, product as it is of that inspiration, even if it does not conform to rules of drawing or to the conventions of classic beauty, is never touched by him again. In a word, Previati works himself up into a state of exaltation, so that he may make his own sensibility as vivid and contagious as possible, hoping to communicate his own emotion, his own poetic feeling, to the spectator. The ideal of others is, of course, different: they aim at the correct academic form they have been taught to respect, at producing sensual effects of colour; but Previati longs to light up the path of the soul, to realise the ideal emotions, and on this account he may justly



"THE KISS"

BY G. PREVIA TI



"ENFANT MUSICIEN"

FROM A PASTEL BY G. PREVIATI

be called one of the most poetic of all Italian artists.

Relying as he does on the principle just defined, Previati has a natural predilection for religious painting, and he has indeed devoted himself especially to that class of work, although it cannot be claimed for him that he has the religious faith or the devotion to religious duties which would appear to be essential to excellence in the treatment of sacred subjects. It has often been said that Fra Angelico touched the very highest point possible to an interpreter of religious feeling; for he was himself a perfect model of chastity, faith, and love, and it is related of him that he never took brush in hand without having first repeated his orisons, and that he never represented a crucifix without bathing his cheeks with tears. It is very certain that Previati does nothing of the sort, although there is about his Madonnas and paintings of Christ on the Cross all the charm of sincerity, and of that poetic feeling which

appeals so forcibly to heart and mind. Previati's work of this kind ranks, indeed, amongst the most powerful religious art produced in modern times in Italy.

Previati, with his predilection for quiet, meditative work, has already amassed a considerable number of paintings, pastels, and drawings of a great variety; but it is strange that he has remained altogether insensible to the charms of landscape, especially in such a place as Milan, in the neighbourhood of which city there are so many opportunities of studying pure landscape at its best. The first picture by Previati to attract notice at a public exhibition was an historical one, the subject being *Borgia at Capua*, in which the painter has respected the claims of tradition; a fact that made some of his friends regret his later departure from the path on which he seemed to have entered in the *Borgia*, and that, with the exception of the painting *Maternity*, he should not have enriched modern painting with any other works really

worthy of an artistic personality of the highest rank.

Not to dwell too long on Previati, I will now content myself with mentioning some of his most noteworthy pictures, without troubling myself about the chronological order of their production. The *Madonna with the Lilies*, *Roi Soleil*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Moonlight*, the *Sciesa*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *La Dance des Heures*, *Cleopatra*, the *Assumption*, *Calvary*, two or three *Holy Families*, two or three *Madonnas with the Holy Child*, one of which, with the Infant Jesus asleep, recalls the *Madonna* of Mantegna in the Poldi Pozzoli Museum at Milan, although Previati has assured me that he never saw that work.

Turning from paintings to pastels and drawings, the number produced by Previati is immense, for he devotes himself, in addition to everything else, to book illustration. For instance he has illustrated *I Promessi Sposi*, and although some of the drawings in it are scarcely worthy of him, there are others which make us regret the fact that the book was not a complete success. Artistic excellence, however, fails often enough to correspond with commercial success; and in the art world, as in every other department of human endeavour, the worker must be content to wait for the reward of his intelligence, skill, and patience. To be master of the future it is necessary for an artist to be content to be out of fashion in the present, for posterity rewards none with fame except those who have added new delights to life by the discovery of new sources of activity and energy.

Previati, to whom we owe a number of illustrations of the work of a genius who was also unappreciated during his life, Edgar Allan Poe, is undoubtedly one of the artists who must resign himself to being out of fashion; but, since his *Maternity* was received with indifference and ridicule by the majority of the public, he has been gradually winning true recognition from those most competent to judge. At the

recent International Exhibition held at Venice his work was shown with that of Fontanesi, Morelli, and Rodin, and he is very well represented at the Turin "Exposition Quadriennale."

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

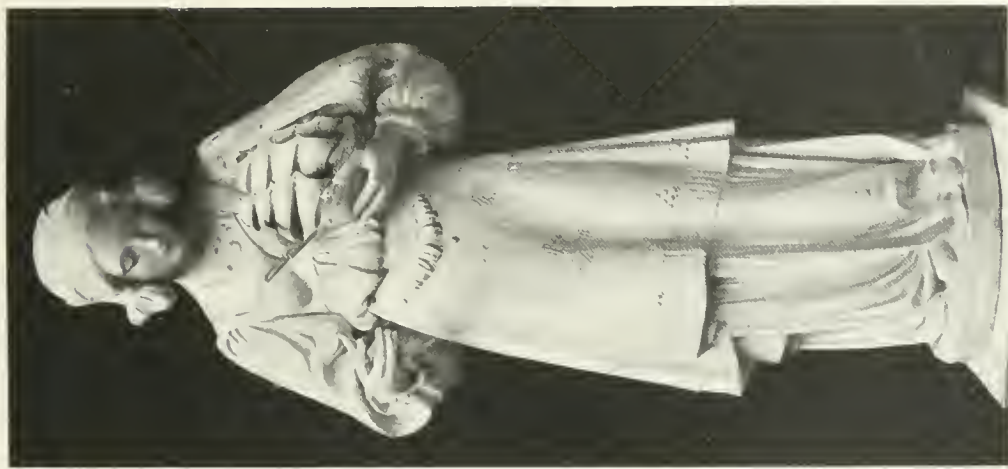
LONDON.—A more than ordinary amount of praise is due to the stained-glass windows which Mr. James Clark is designing for the church of St. John, at Winder-



STAINED GLASS WINDOW
"THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE"
DESIGNED BY JAMES CLARK
EXECUTED BY ARTHUR DIX



STAINED GLASS WINDOW
"THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER"
DESIGNED BY JAMES CLARK
EXECUTED BY ARTHUR DIX



SYMBOLICAL STATUES AT
LLOYD'S REGISTRY. BY
GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

mere. He is engaged upon a series which will, when completed, fill all the lancets in the aisles of the church, and will provide an effective and intelligible sequence of illustrations of the Parables. The conditions laid down by the vicar of the church, the Rev. Eric Robertson, which have to be satisfied, are that the windows should be beautiful in themselves, and should teach clearly the Biblical lessons selected as subjects. The two examples of the work, "The Pearl of Great Price," and "The Lost Piece of Silver," which are illustrated, show well how correct is Mr. Clark's appreciation of the particular obligations inherent to this form of design. He has, with the soundest judgment, avoided the temptation to make his treatment unduly pictorial, and has kept properly in view the

decorative purpose of stained glass; but at the same time he has not descended into conventional commonplaces. His draughtsmanship is strong and easy, his composition is fluent and graceful, and there is in his management of details just that correctness of judgment which was to be expected from an artist of his unusual ability. The designs have been ably interpreted by Mr. Arthur Dix.

Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper is rapidly coming to the front as the leader of the group of young painters that is known as the "Label" School, because its members, when signing their pictures, place their names on painted labels similar in shape to those in common use. The "Label" School is an

offshoot of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and all its members are thorough and earnest in the practice of their beliefs. Their patient and laborious study from nature cannot but discipline their hands and store their minds with knowledge. It is an admirable training, similar in kind to that which did so much for Turner in his early years of plodding, indefatigable study; but when this training shall have served its purpose, let us hope that the Label School will then follow the example of Millais by rising beyond the narrowness of Pre-Raphaelite tendencies into an art enriched with a larger handling and a more vigorous and varied appeal. In the meantime, however, Mr. Cadogan Cowper, like Mr. Denis Eden, makes great progress, showing considerable invention in the treatment of his chosen subjects, and much skill and observation in his diligent and careful balancing of co-ordinated details. His rendering of *The Churchyard Scene in Hamlet*, illustrated on this page,



"THE CHURCHYARD SCENE IN 'HAMLET'"

BY F. CADOGAN COWPER



"LADY CLARE" FROM
THE PAINTING BY
F. CADOGAN COWPER

is one of his most recent works, and is fortunate in its promise of better things to come.

We are able to reproduce this month three illustrations of the excellent work that Mr. George Frampton, R.A., has carried out for Lloyd's Registry. The three statues, at once so delicate and so manly in their gracious style, are all symbols of commerce and the sea—or, rather, of the means by which the products of commerce are carried by sea from one country to another.

PARIS.—Albert Lynch is a painter of *genre* and an excellent portrait painter. Though young, he has already achieved many successes, and among the foreign artists

in Paris he is one of the best known. He was born in Peru, being the descendant of an old Irish family which emigrated three generations ago to South America. His artistic education has been developed in Europe, his first studies having been made in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris and in the studio of Maria Augustin Gabriel Ferrier.

His first essays were illustrations in black-and-white for Balzac's "Père Goriot"; "La Dame aux Camélias," of Alexandre Dumas; "Son Altesse la femme," by Uzanne, in the popular editions of Quantin, and for "Les Lettres et les Arts," published by the firm of Boussod-Valadon. Since 1890, his name has figured every year among the exhibitors of the Salon of the Société des Artistes

Français. His first picture, *En Mer!* gained him a medal of the third class. In 1892, he sent in *Panneau décoratif*, an immense and majestic composition, and obtained a medal of the first class. *Floreal* and *Madeleine* were also two pictures of deep feeling; *Tête de Femme*, a sober note of expression and remarkable in execution; the *Crépuscule d'Automne* and *Les Parfums*, two decorative panels, in which the beauty of the form, the purity of the colouring, and the simplicity of the inspiration recall the painters of the eighteenth century. But his best known work is that vivid scene from *Manon Lescaut*, by the Abbé Prévost, exhibited in the Salon in 1896, and belonging to M. Auban Moët. Since that time Lynch has devoted himself exclusively to portrait painting. He understands the human intelligence in an extraordinary degree; he summarises and analyses the character of his models, brings out the moral features and harmonises physical



A PORTRAIT STUDY

BY A. LYNCH



A PORTRAIT. BY
ALBERT LYNCH

beauties. He is a realist, sees nature in a healthy way, and interprets it without formulas; his palette is sober, pure in tones, with marked intensities of colour. Expressive, frank, intimate and communicative, he is at once a humanist, a poet, and a psychologist. His technique is based on well-tested principles, on the logic of classicism deduced from the assiduous study of the old Flemish masters.

Albert Lynch is a member of the Société des Artistes Français, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and in the last great International "Concours de Peinture" at the Exhibition in

Paris he obtained the Medal of Honour in the American Section. F. L.

BERLIN. Germans have ever been noted for their tendency to split up into factions, and a spirit of breaking from parties into particles is so extensively at work that in matters political the unity of English party-spirit is often held up as a model by superiors to the citizens of the Fatherland. In matters artistic we find this self-same readiness to drift away from common objects of interest. The mere outward observer is, in cases of this kind, generally annoyed at each new artists' squabble; it is troublesome to try and remember another series of names and to catch the current phrases of some new artistic programme. Some feeling of this kind was alive among the art connoisseurs of West Berlin, when in the course of last winter there arose a kind of secession from the Secession. It was quite enough to have to visit and remember a big official Berlin Exhibition, a Secession, and half-a-dozen Kunst-Salons! Take into the bargain the whole of the museums and you might reasonably consider the two millions of Berliners sufficiently supplied with artistic interest, with material for education in art, that famous "Kunsterziehung," which is causing so much stir! Nevertheless, there was this group of discontented artists who made Carl Langhammer their speaker. They accused the Great Berliner, the official exhibition, of bad hanging, the Secession of favouritism to outlanders, and, above all, of making the public believe that every single Manet is a good Manet, whereas to the real connoisseur there exists a difference between a good Manet and a bad one, between a Liebermann that was influenced by Israels, and a Liebermann of the day when that chieftain of Berlin art chose to take Manet for a guide; that they tried to make people forget it was not sufficient for Leistikow to be sometimes a real poet and sometimes rather a dry schoolmaster, etc. Altogether, the squabble resulted in this: that the jury of the Grosse Berliner Kunstausstellung gave the seceded Secessionists leave to have a jury of their own and do their own hanging in a large room allotted to them. The result is doubtless most interesting as far as the question of hanging goes, notwithstanding the fact that the jury of the Grosse Berliner made hanging their



A PORTRAIT

BY A. LYNCH



"FAMILY OF BEARS"

(Photograph by Richard Boll)

BY RICHARD FRIESE

special problem, as did also the juries of the Düsseldorf, Karlsruhe, Munich, and all the rest of his summer's German exhibitions.

The room of the seceded Secessionists, however, has succeeded best—the Segantini room at Karlsruhe perhaps excepted—in eliminating as far as possible every trace of the merely accidental in hanging. One or two frames of new make and modern gilding are perhaps just a trifle "loud." The amusing part of the whole thing to the quiet onlooker is, however, that the ever-combated accidental (*das Zufällige*) makes its presence felt, in spite of every precautionary measure. To be sure, a mere accident has rendered this exhibition within an exhibition (*ecclesiola in ecclesia*) characteristic of the contrast of town and country life in the Fatherland. To a certain extent the exhibition is what in England would result in a cockney's impressions of country life. In Otto H. Engel's work this impression is strongest. He never quite succeeds in making you forget that he never lived the life of the people to whom you are introduced

by his brush. Still, there is the reality of true and noble living in his work. Max Schlichting wisely shuns the attempt of interpreting the ways of the country folks to town-bred men and women. He boldly shows the town-bred people in the attempt to live their natural lives at their favourite seaside resorts, or in their winter haunts, such as the Metropoltheater. Paul Hoeniger's *Im Waschhaus* appears to those who studied the earlier work of this faithful interpreter of Berlin life the ripened fruit of much study—a something deeper and clearer than the mere casual cleverness of superficial observation. Hans Looschen is not essentially a Berliner; he has made a study of Nature to gain as it were an entrance into fairyland. A *Ramseskopf*, a mask of his, is hung below a *Waldhexe*, a forest sorceress, by Miss Wolfthorn, and involuntarily provokes a strong contrast of the masculine and feminine in art. Miss Wolfthorn has succeeded in hitting off the essentials of the irritating restlessness, the elements of the demon in modern womankind, in quite a masterful way. But somehow, in spite of this interesting way of solving a problem essential to town life, there is,

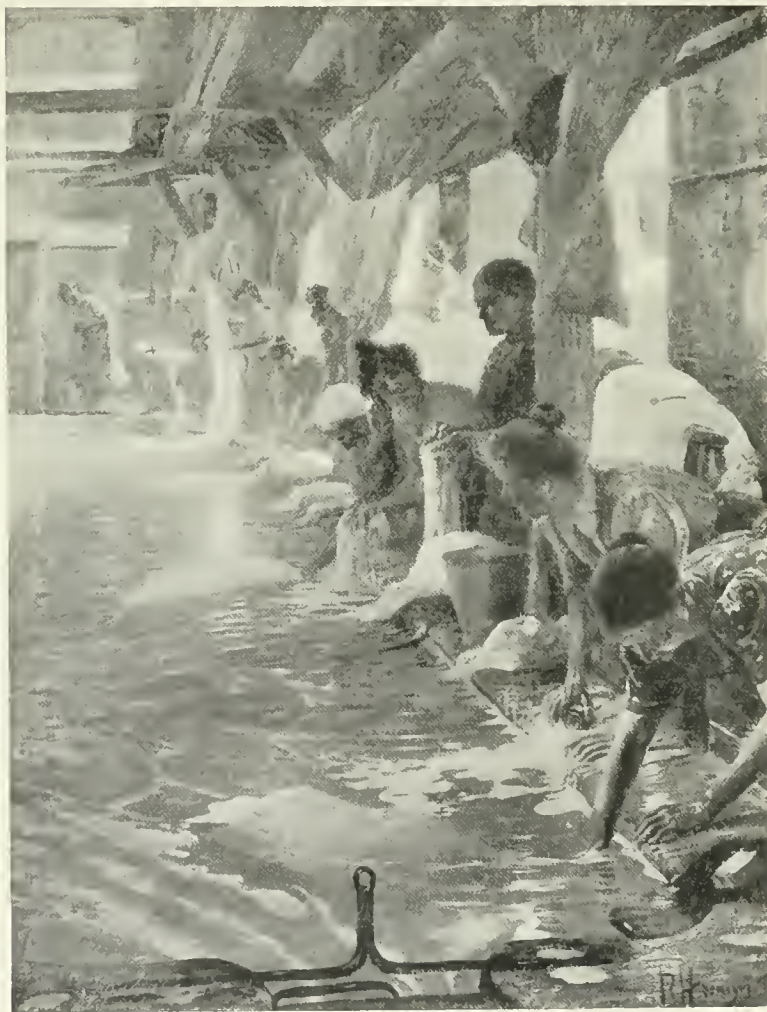
even in this work that suspicion of acrobatic tendency so often fatal to a woman's art. Its presence somehow serves to bring out more clearly the athletic strength of Looschen's *Ramseskopf*.

The most naturalistic of the group of artists, but not the least poetic, is Richard Friese, who, in his interpretations of Polar life, manages to strike an individual note akin to the best of his predecessors, and yet brimful of a life of its own. The work of interpreting Nature to the population of large cities is also being undertaken by Victor Freudemann, who revels in colour, and weaves the beauties of Nature into dreamy and fanciful visions. Franz Lippisch, on the other hand, displays an almost maidenly shyness in dealing with the mysteries of Nature. Oscar Frenzel and Carl Langhammer are known to the readers of THE STUDIO already. Frenzel was a great favourite with visitors to last year's Secession. He is decidedly a "quietist," personifying an absolute abandonment to Nature's charm, mixed with just a trifle of that sentimentality which is an ingredient of the average Berliner's temperament, notwithstanding, or perhaps on account of, his satirical inclinations. If there be such a thing as a migration of artistic fluid from one branch of production to another, then Carl Langhammer is the continuance of Theodore Fontane, that essentially Prussian romancer of the nineteenth century, who discovered the charm of the Markish landscape, the environment of Berlin for the Berliner. There is all Fontane's conscious clinging to the native soil in Langhammer's work, and at the same time a desire to push onward; a feeling of being related to the

purity of light, to the everlasting beauty of the sky lingers in it, blended with a sense of humour that can afford to smile at the shortcomings of human nature and perhaps even at some imperfections of his own. This it is that guards him against the all too common fault of attempting achievements beyond his strength.

In his landscape *Nach Sonnenuntergang*, the chief interest lies in the struggling of the lights of a steamer and of two windows against the last rays of the sunset; and to any close observer and lover of Nature the way he grapples with this difficult problem, and victoriously solves it, will always be remembered on account of the masterly manner in which he has gained success where so many others have signally failed.

L. H.



"IM WASCHHAUS"

(Photograph by Hermann Boll)

BY PAUL HOENIGER



"MÄRCHEN"

(Photograph by Hermann Boll)

BY HANS LOOSCHEN

FLORENCE.—On June 23rd, Professor Guiseppe Cassioli's monument to Rossini was unveiled in the church of Santa Croce, before the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Professor Cassioli, as readers of *THE STUDIO* will remember, is responsible for the south bronze door in the façade of the Cathedral. He is a sculptor of great merit, but has been hampered in both these great public works by the terms imposed upon him by the Commissioners. In the case of the door, he was obliged to enclose his delicate fantasies in unsuitable architectural settings; and in that of the Rossini monument he was obliged to force his inspiration along the lines of fifteenth-century forms, in order, said the Commissioners, that his work might harmonise with that of Rossellini in the neighbouring chapel. Nothing could be more mistaken than the imposition of a superficial harmony of this kind, especially when united to a poverty of funds which has rendered impossible the use of a high-class marble, and the profuse ornamentation which this style requires.

Professor Cassioli's undoubted gifts have brought

him well out of his difficulties. Between the sculptured side pilasters stands the large sarcophagus, faced with ancient Serravezza marble (red with veins of white) from the workshops of the *Pietre Dure*, and in front of it a well-conceived and well-executed figure of Harmony mourns the death of the Master, whose bust stands in the niche above the architrave. But the most interesting detail for readers of *THE STUDIO* is to be found in the ornamentation that runs along the architrave. Here Cassioli has been able to work out his own fancies, and has composed a highly decorative frieze by the union of the violin bridge and the soprano clef. Below runs a common architectural motive which suggests the pegs of the violin, and the whole com-

bines most harmoniously. It is surely a pity that, having found so good a decorative design for the upper part of the monument, Cassioli should have been content to retain the conventional garlands below. I. M. A.

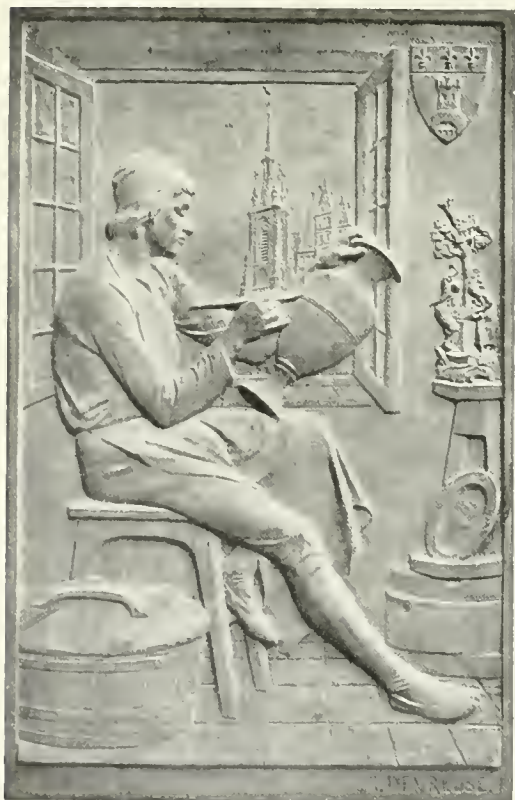
BRUSSELS.—In the galleries of the Musée de Bruxelles exhibitions "se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas." While the director of the Libre-Esthétique strives, on the one hand, to "give a show" to the new tendencies and the new artists, the management of the Société des Beaux-Arts, on the other hand, seems devoted to retrospective methods and to those artists who have "arrived."

A collection of twenty-six paintings at the Libre-Esthétique revealed the fact that Willy Schlobach, one of the founders of the "Cercle des XX," who for ten years past has been quietly working unobserved, has extraordinary gifts as a colourist. M. F. J. Delvin exhibited a powerfully-drawn pastel, representing a bull-fight scene. Mr. G. Stevens showed distinct advance in a curiously original work, styled *Tristan and Isolde*.

M. Heyvaens expresses a deep feeling of Nature in his *Nuit d'Orage*. The Flemish landscapes by M. Buysse and Mdlle. Boch's *Côtes de Bretagne* impressed one by their sincerity; the paintings of MM. Laermans and Coppieters by their solid colouring, and the drawings of M. Fernand Khnopff by their refined composition.

The bust of *M. L...*, exhibited by M. Lagae, may fairly be styled a masterpiece. The large collection sent by M. P. Dubois included busts of various sorts, and jewellery, examples of which were reproduced in the last Winter Number of THE STUDIO. MM. C. Meunier and Ch. Vanderstappen exhibited some important pieces of monumental sculpture.

The paintings by M. Anglada impressed one by their exquisite colouring; those of M. Nils Kreuger by their essentially Northern sentiment of melancholy; those of M. R. Pichot, on the other hand, by their thoroughly Southern exuber-



"THE POTTER—BAS RELIEF"

BY G. DEVREESE



"PLAQUETTE"

BY G. DEVREESE

ance; the portraits by M. Roussel by their carefully-studied composition; M. P. Dupont's engravings by their style; those of Mdlle. K. Kollwitz by their keen sentiment; and the little sculptures of M. Voulot by their graceful attitudes.

Finally, let me mention MM. Rodin, Thaulow, Lerolle, Le Sidaner, Moreau-Nelaton, B. Priestman, A. Charpentier, Toorop, A. Robinson, Conder, Boutet de Monvel, and Feuillatre, all of whom were well represented.

The *clou* of the exhibition of the Société des Beaux-Arts de Bruxelles was a collection of the works of the great Brussels landscapist, H. Boulenger, who died in 1874—works admirable in the delicacy of their colouring and in suppleness of line.

M. A. Struys sent a curious view of the *Béguinage de Malines*; M. X. Mellery, a considerable collection, including portraits and dark interiors; M. Mertens, a large study, entitled *Une Famille Zélandaise*; MM. Rossuls, Verheyden, Gilsoul, and Hermanns, landscapes of various kinds; MM. Samuel Dillens, De Lalaing, and Vinçotte, official or "society" busts and decorative fragments.

The Brussels sculptor, M. G. Devreese, has executed, to the order of the communal administration of Tournai, a token which will be presented to the members of the communal council as a souvenir of their magistracy. In the medal for

the provincial council of Brabant the artist represented a Brussels lace-maker—*La Dentellière Bruxelloise*—which has been reproduced in these columns. M. Devreese's new work depicts a Tournaisian ceramist of the fifteenth century working in an atelier, whence one may see the famous "chong clotiers"—or five bells—of the Walloon city.

M. Devreese has also done a medal, inscribed: "A M. Buls, la ville de Bruxelles reconnaissante"; and a little *plaquette* for "Les amis de la Médaille d'Art." The remarkable scheme designed by him for the *Monument of the Battle of the Golden Spurs* has been definitely accepted

after long discussion, and the artist will start on the work soon. F. K.

MUNICH.—Painting at Munich is at present passing through a curious crisis. The art has exhausted nearly all its progressive elements, and does not know what to do next. It might be said that it has arrived at that stage of lethargy where creative genius ceases, while taste and requirements proceed from refinement to refinement. At any rate, this much is certain: Munich art no longer cherishes the least illusions, no longer believes in anything, no longer hopes for anything, no longer gets enthusiastic about anything. It is tired of the work it has done, and would like a rest.

This desire for repose finds expression in many ways. The young aftergrowth of the Secession, to which I referred on the occasion of the last Spring Exhibition, is returning to inferior copying of Nature—to naturalism, in a word. This, however, is by no means that fervent naturalism inspired by revolutionary defiance, with which the Secession began thirteen years ago, but a flaccid, spiritless retrocession to a point previously gained: more like resignation than a desire for conquest. All these young men are mediocrities, who plod through their work; not geniuses, who have their heads full of bold ventures and experiments. If they are left to perform quietly their work-a-day tasks, they will by the end of their lives have done a large heap of paintings, but they will not have advanced art by a single hair's-breadth. They may do a lot, but they will not accomplish anything. They may become excellent workers at paintings, and perhaps useful teachers at the Academy, but never inventors of new things, never creators of an art looked up to by Europe.



MONUMENT OF "THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS"

BY G. DEVREESE



"WINTER"

BY H. HOVEK

Besides the young Secessionists there are the old ones, those renowned and honoured masters, who a decade since founded the modern Munich school. It is not asserting too much to say that spiritually they have nearly spent themselves. Not one of them has any new inspiration. If they did not obtain such ridiculously high prices they would have given up painting long ago, and retired into private life. But it cannot be denied that at present Munich pictures are painted more delicately and more tastefully than they were in the creative days of the modern school. England and Scotland are the ideals to which the school reverentially turns its gaze. To be able to paint aristocratically, as they do on the other side of the Channel, is the highest hope of the modern Munich school, suffering from its crude Bavarian methods.

In the Glaspalast, where the reactionary school of painting has its headquarters, of course the fashion of yesterday still rules supreme. The anecdotal picture, with the same repetitions of the same humorous or sentimental motive, in the same old glistening style, takes the largest share of wall space in the sixty or so large rooms of the building. Certainly, some progress is observable; but Glaspalast painting has now become mere opportunist work.

In a hidden corner of the old, dusty Glaspalast, there blossoms, however, like a spring flower among the ruins of a mediæval castle, a curious young, strange, and shining plant—known as the "Münchener Scholle." All good art lovers bless this precious shoot of a decaying tree of Munich art. It is to-day our sole joy, our sole hope. However puny it may be, it serves to compensate us, in a manner, for what we have lost, perhaps for ever, in the Secession. Like a family which, having lost all its progeny except one little grandson, guards this remnant with all possible

care and confidence, we group ourselves round the "Scholle," hoping that a benevolent Providence may permit it to grow and prosper.



BUST

BY HERMANN HAHN

The "Scholle" is an association of young men, who have established an independent exhibition society. Artistically they are all closely related to each other, although none resembles the other, everyone going his own way. Broadly considered, their method of painting represents an assimilation of young Viennese æstheticism with Munich town-farmerdom. They are endeavouring to effect a revival of easel work on decorative foundations.

Every one of their pictures becomes with them an adventure, in which they stake their style no less than their imagination. Indefatigably, they seek for something new, indefatigably they test themselves and those who visit their exhibition. Each of their pictures must explain itself. One cannot learn any of them by heart, nor can one overlook any. Notable among them is Fritz Erler, who has to some extent made a name for himself, and who has also been at work as the inventor of applied art designs. By the side of Erler, R. M. Eichler distinguishes himself by his quartet of Munich burgers, who are vocally celebrating the beauty of a forest hard by on a hill above a valley—a work of much humour. Another painting of note is a scene entitled *Feuerjo*, by Walther Georgi, representing the burning of a rococo castle. The picture is one of the most curious combinations of romance and reality I have ever met with.

It would lead too far to treat in detail the other interesting works of the "Scholle," but a few remarks must be made regarding the other parts of the exhibition. Attention should be directed to the exhibition of works left by Ernst Zimmermann and Otto Faber du Faure. The former was chiefly an ecclesiastical painter, the latter choosing exclusively military subjects. Zimmermann passed through all the changes in painting at Munich during the last thirty years. He was a painter of merit, rather learned than creative. His studies of nature, especially his incomparable still-life fish, are far superior to his works on religious subjects. O. Faber du Faure, throughout his life, never got beyond a certain dilettantism. He was autodidactic, was enthusiastic about Delacroix, and had some training by Piloty. Being a retired officer, he was so fond of the horse that not one of his pictures is without a mounted figure. His central point was the horse, everything else was secondary, and in consequence his pictures were mere sketches rather than complete paintings.

Whatever there is of the "Kunstlergenossenschaft" in the Glaspalast may be passed over, as, with a few exceptions, everything belongs to the past. Even Lenbach and F. A. Kaulbach have not been especially fortunate this year, and a great landscape, *Nach der Sündfluth*, by Willröder, strikes one more by its size than by its merits as a painting.

There is some fresh life, although nothing of a creative character, in the "Luitpold Group," a near relative of the "Genossenschaft." The members of this association endeavour to temporise between the old and new tendencies, by going formally with the Secession and actually with the Glaspalast community. In the Secession the band of those who worship at the shrine of light and impressionism is gradually shrinking.

On the whole we are scarcely justified in reproaching the Munich artists too severely on account of the waning of their prestige. The situation at Berlin, at Düsseldorf, at Karlsruhe, at Dresden does not differ much from that on the Isar. The whole German art-world, after working very industriously all the morning, is having a kind of siesta. As soon as it has rested a little it will resume its afternoon work, doubtless with fresh courage and fresh vigour.

A most unpleasant incident, which will hardly be comprehensible to foreign readers, has for some weeks kept artistic circles here in a ferment. The Ultramontane party in the Bavarian Assembly had the bad taste to throw out the clause in the budget providing for any outlay on art, because the Minister for Education, Herr Landmann, whom they found valuable for their ends, was obliged, not altogether willingly, to resign.

From the earliest days of the Bavarian kingdom, in the time of Napoleon and the Rhenish Federation, there has been a majority in the Assembly averse to educational advance, and only a minority in its favour. At the head of the former stand the lower ranks of the Roman Catholic priesthood, while the Royal Family of Bavaria lead the minority. It is well known that strong opposition was encountered by Ludwig I., the real founder of Munich as an artistic centre, and by his gifted grandson, Ludwig II., the friend of Richard Wagner, in their efforts for the advancement of art in their realm. In the course of ten years a regular system was organised by the clerical opposition of attacking the sovereign princes in

their hereditary love of art, when there was any political advantage to be won, or revenge to be taken for some repulse endured. And this was the origin of the present crisis.

The minister in question had to be sacrificed to the educational schemes of the Bavarian government, and the hostile majority in the Chamber were avenged on the Regent himself, by rejecting his favourite and most important clause from the Budget: the grant designated for the encouragement of art. Of course it never occurred to these hot-heads that by refusing the vote they were injuring not the Regent only but the whole country.

Anybody who is familiar with the fact that Munich depends almost exclusively on its culture of the Arts, and the consequent influx of foreign visitors, and who also knows how vehement is the rivalry in which Munich still holds her own among the German cities as a head-centre of Art, must regard the rejection of this clause as an act of treason to the cause. And the sums in question are but trifling. For instance, 100,000 marks (£5,000) for the purchase of some pictures for the Pinakothek, an item which has for years been passed without demur, so that it had come to be regarded as a certainty. It would, of course, be easy for the Regent to present the necessary amount to the town out of the vast fortune of the royal house. But under the strictly constitutional character of the Government such a defiance of the majority in the Chamber is prohibited; and everybody breathed more freely when it was announced that a Bavarian Senator had made the town a present of the 100,000 marks required for the acquisition of certain pictures, already chosen, to be placed in the Pinakothek.

The contest is far from being at an end in Munich. On the contrary, the combatants are only waiting for the re-opening of Parliament to recommence the undignified struggle. The waning importance of the city as an artistic centre will, of course, under such circumstances, sink even lower.

E. E.

REVIEWS.

Handzeichnungen Alter Meister. (Munich: Vereinigten Kunst anstalten A. G.) Price 55 marks.—The reproduction of drawings and studies by old masters has reached by modern methods such a state of excellence as to be almost facsimile. This perfection of process is admirably

instanced in the portfolio now before us. The sanguine drawing of *Moses* by Rubens, the *Head of a Priest* by Vandyck, the pen-and-ink drawing in bistre by Salvator Rosa of *Soldiers Marching*—to mention but three out of the twenty examples comprised in this collection—are favourable instances of the possibilities of the collotype process. To students of art and to collectors the issue of such works as this is a distinct boon. The former are able to compare the styles and methods of work of the old masters, and carefully examine their technique; while the latter may educate their eyes by a careful study of well-authenticated examples, and so enable themselves at a glance to detect the characteristic design and touch of the great artists of the past.

Old English Plate By WILFRED JOSEPH CRIPPS, C.B., F.S.A. (London: John Murray.) Library Edition. Price 42s. net.—This handsome new edition of a well-known and highly-valued handbook will commend itself to all who are interested in the subject upon which it treats. It is richly illustrated, not only by many woodcuts in the text, but also by some excellent photogravure illustrations of exceptionally fine examples of historic plate. A more reliable and useful guide for the collector could not be obtained.

The Encyclopælia Britannica. Edited by SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, ARTHUR T. HADLEY, LL.D., and HUGH CHISHOLM. Vols. 27 and 28. (London: Adam and Charles Black, and *The Times*.)—These two volumes, the third and fourth of the new series, which comprise, in combination with the existing volumes of the ninth edition, the tenth edition of this wonderful publication, carry the work from CHI to GLA. As in the first two volumes, art matters are treated as liberally and as exhaustively as the exigencies of space will permit, while in the majority of cases the articles are from the pens of accepted experts. The vexed question of artistic copyright is dealt with lucidly and at some length by Mr. Edward Bale. Corot, Daubigny, and Diaz receive attention from Mr. D. Croal Thomson; George Du Maurier from Mr. F. W. Whyte; Paul Jean Clays from M. Octave Maus; Fortuny from Mr. A. L. Baldry; Sir John Gilbert from Mr. F. G. Stephens; Louis Gallait from M. Henri Frantz; Embroidery from Mr. Lewis F. Day; enamel from Mr. Alexander Fischer; furniture from Mr. J. H. Bollen; etching from Mr. Frederick Wedmore; mezzotint from Mr. Gerald P. Robinson; lithography from Mr. E. F. Strange; wood and line engraving from Mr. M. H. Spielmann; while in addition there are shorter articles upon

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

Cruikshank, Sidney Cooper, Vicat Cole, G. Courbet, R. Doyle, Doré, Detaille, Degas and Gérôme.

Die Schönheit des Weiblichen Körpers. Von Dr. C. H. Stratz. (Stuttgart: Verlag von Ferdinand Enke.) 1902.—The dedication of this book to mothers, doctors, and artists, explains sufficiently the purpose for which it was written. It is a valuable treatise on the development of the female figure, with explanations of the causes of the more noteworthy physical defects. To artists it is important because it will help them to avoid faults in drawing which may arise from too faithful representation of an imperfect model. It calls attention also to those variations in relative proportion by which different types of figures are distinguished, and draws significant distinctions between what are natural forms and those which result from unnatural and artificial distortion. Not the least important feature of the work is the series of a hundred and eighty illustrations, most of which reproduce photographs of living figures, selected with reference to the argument in the text.

In order to avoid clashing with the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Association, it has been decided not to hold a "Studio" International Exhibition of Decorative Art this autumn.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(A XXVIII.)

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*) has been awarded to *Jack Plane* (David John Roberts, Autumn Villa, Tyburn, near Birmingham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) to *Quercus* (Frank Jones, 1 Brunswick Terrace, Scarborough).

Honourable Mention: *Gheson* (Chas. J. White); *Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Curlew* (Lennox G. Bird); *Simplissimus* (J. C. Proctor); *Bunny Hutch* (E. G. Theakston); *Ovon* (J. P. Salwey); *Killikrates* (G. M. Ellwood); *Gobo* (J. R. Haeking); *Carlo* (C. Gascoyne); *Mamarbashi* (C. P. Carter); *Twentieth Century* (H. W. Simister); *Pooh-Bah* (C. E. Jackson); *IK* (R. Hauman); *Jim the Penman* (James Prior); *Chelsea* (W. Kidd); *Ailsa* (A. C. Thomson); *Ferry* (George White); *Labour* (H. W. Simister); *Limestone* (B. Bidwell); *Chic* (E. Garratt); *Oceanic* (E. Dickinson); *Queen of Hearts* (A. Durst); *Roma* (C. Bathurst); *Restraint* (R. Knott).

(A XXIX.)

DESIGN FOR A SILVER TEAPOT.

The work sent in for this competition is unsatisfactory. Not one design of a plain silver teapot has been submitted, yet the shape of such an object of daily use is plainly of much greater importance than any *motif* of ornament devised for its embellishment. In the designs, almost without exception, the handle has been ill-considered; either it is bad in design, and could not be grasped with comfort, or else it is so placed in its relation to the weight of metal as to be quite out of balance with the pot. *Tramp*, as usual, is original and brilliantly clever in drawing, but we may doubt whether the inlays of mother-of-pearl would be as serviceable in practical use as they are certainly charming in effect, as the daily cleaning of a silver teapot would tend to dull the mother-of-pearl.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *Tramp* (David Veazey, 27 Rectory Place, Woolwich).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Hussan* (Walter Klein, Königstrasse 62, Stuttgart, Germany).

Hon. Mention: *Nemo* (E. H. Rouse) and *Tramp* (D. Veazey).

(B XX.)

DESIGN FOR A BOOKPLATE.

The awards in this competition will be made known at an early date.

(B XXI.)

DESIGN FOR AN ILLUSTRATED POST-CARD.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *Phil* (Edward Phillips, Sydney Road, Waltham New Town, Herts).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Teddie* (Miss A. M. Williams, "Walcot," Shaa Road, East Acton, London, W.).

Hon. Mention: *Egmont* (W. Russell); *Jawker* (Miss J. S. C. Simpson); *Sir Ludas* (W. E. Barker); *Aspen* (M. Armfield); *Chat Noir* (A. Leete); *Tin Tack* (Miss E. F. Naylor); *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Splenius* (C. C. Marsh); and *Brush* (P. Lancaster).

(C XXII.)

STUDY OF SEA WAVES.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Touchstone* (F. J. Mortimer, 5, Pembroke Road, Portsmouth).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) by *Temple* (H. Jacob, Springville, Temple Road, Dublin).

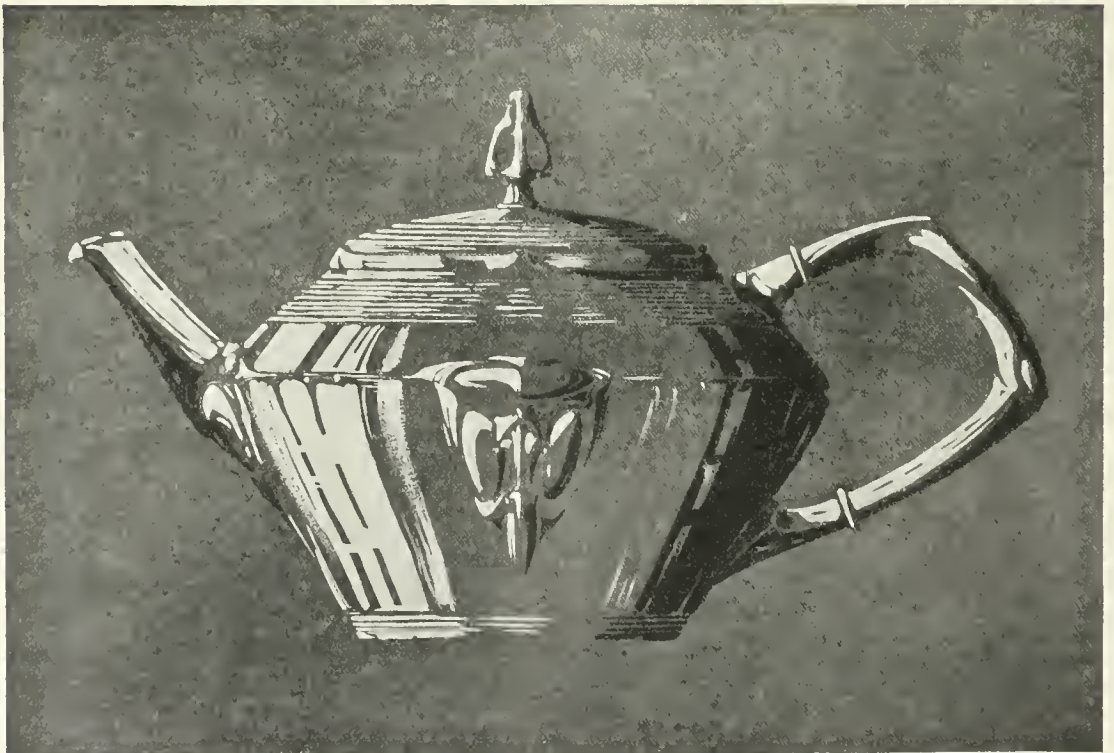
Hon. Mention: *Neptune* (W. G. Dickins); *Ton* (W. A. Coocle); *Surf* (H. Wanless); *Ocean Deep* (W. G. Batchelor); *Wilhelmina* (K. Roelants); *Thistle* (Mrs. G. R. Young); and *Smyona* (H. Bairstow).

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



FIRST PRIZE (COMP A XXIX)

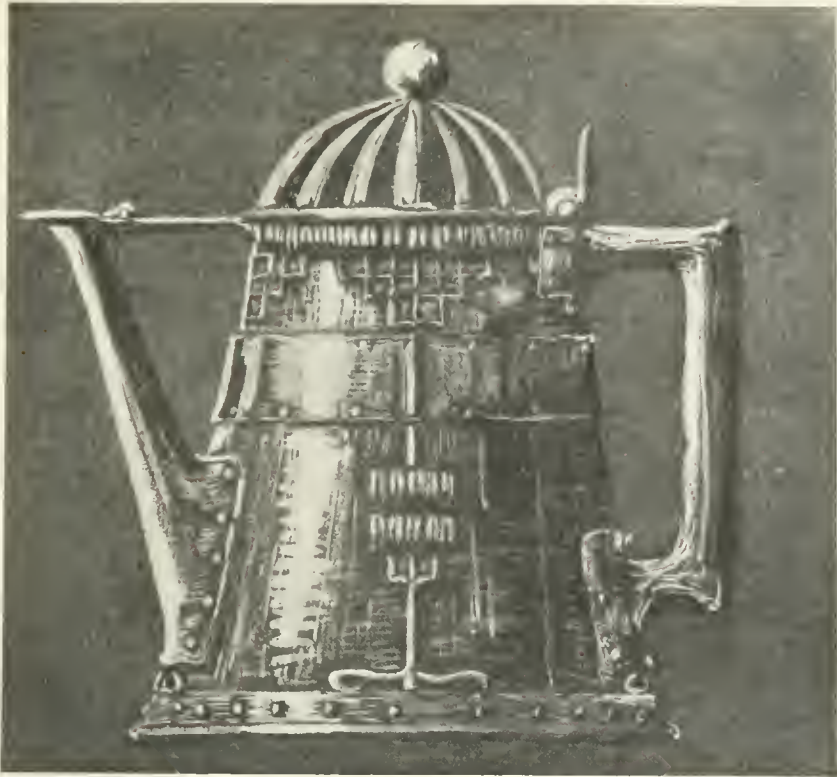
"TRAMP"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A XXIX)

"HUSSAN"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXIX)

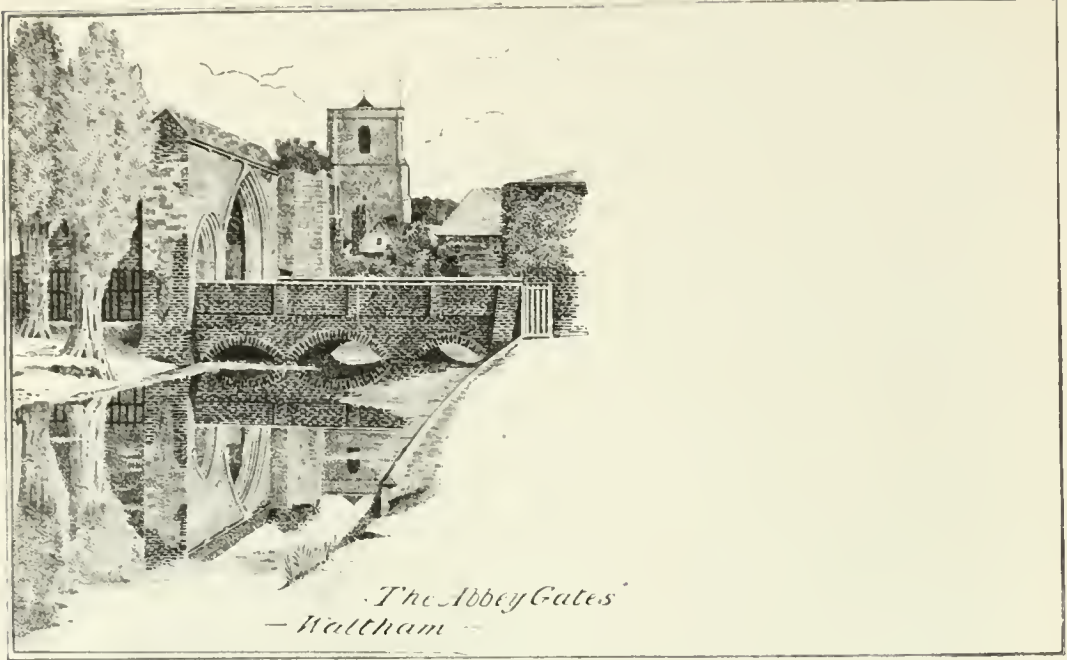
"NEMO"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXIX)

"TRAMP"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



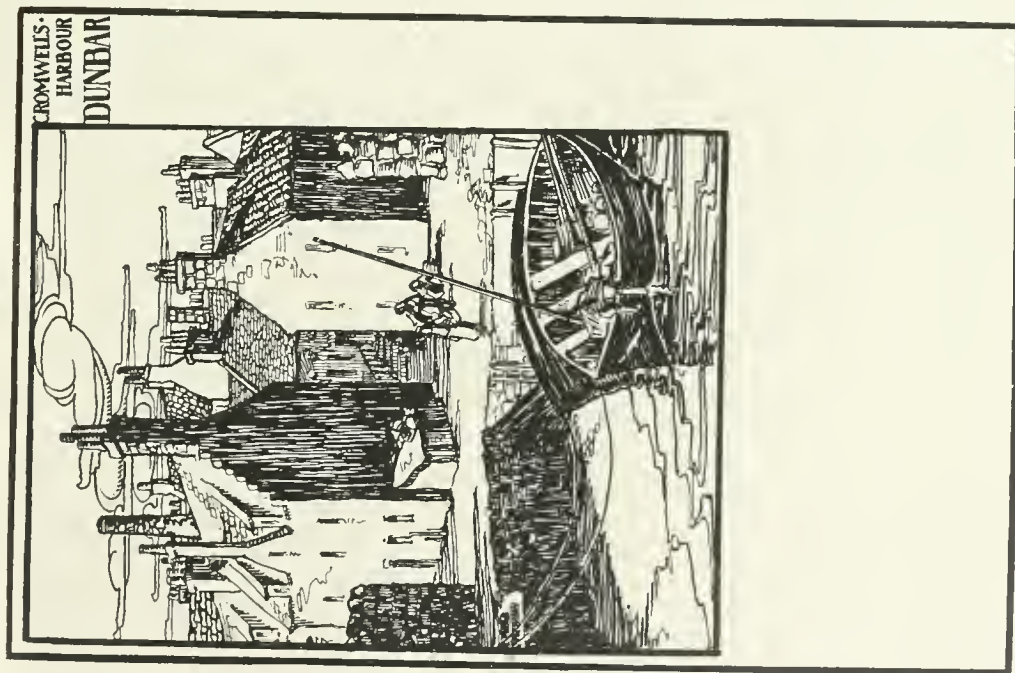
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B XXI)

"PHIL"



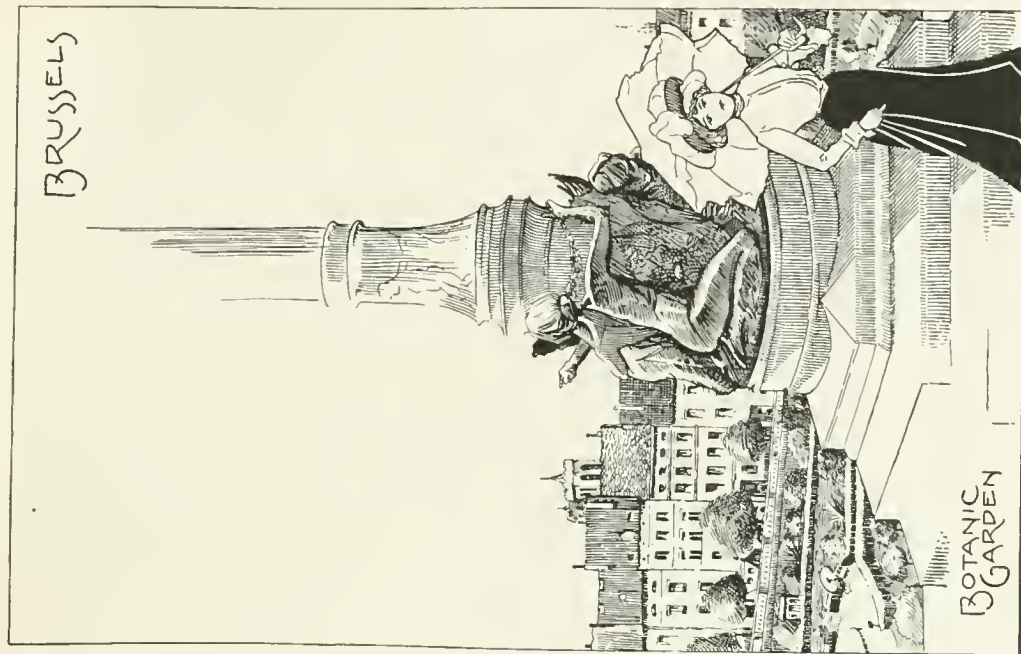
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B XXI)

"TEDDIE"



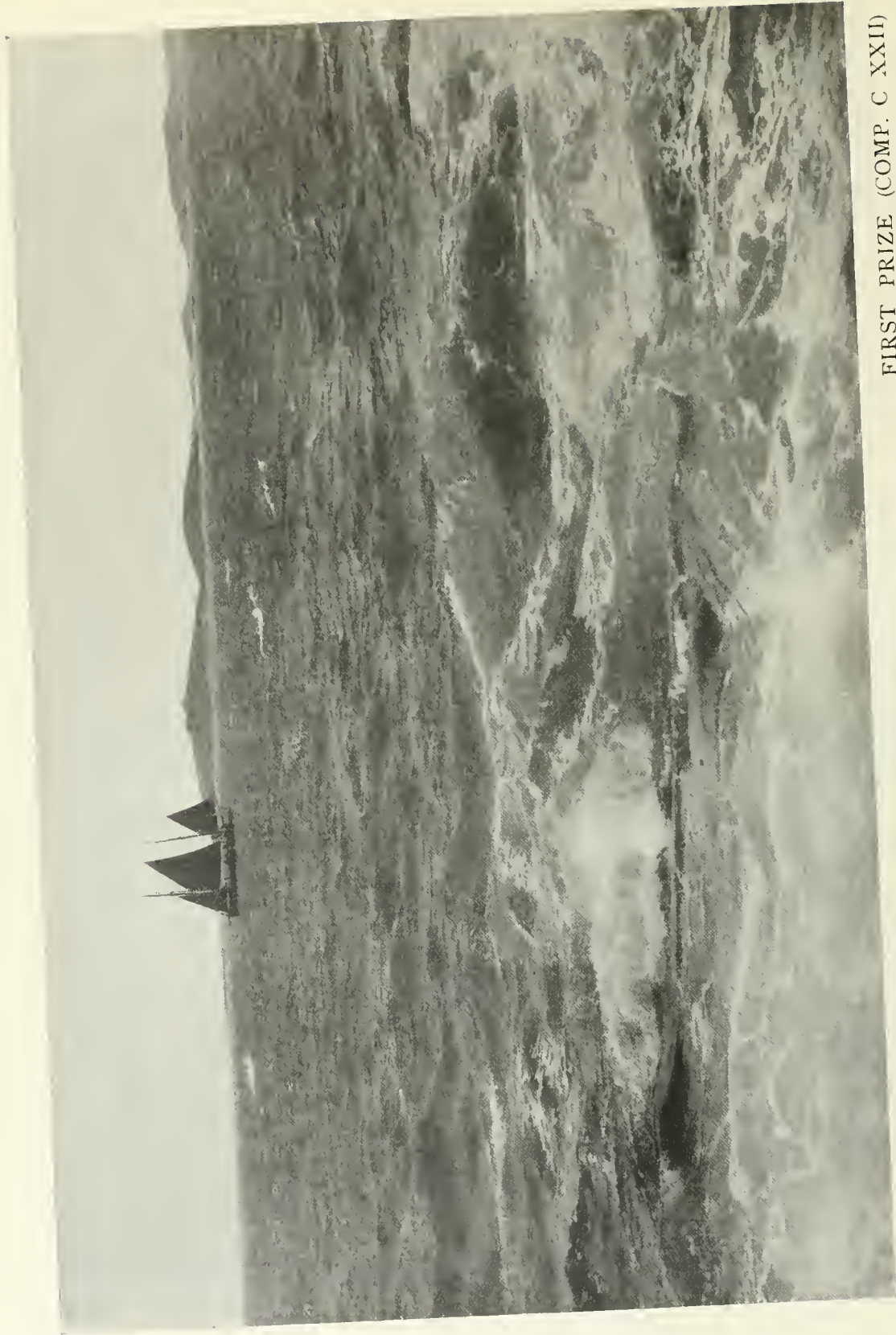
HON. MENTION (COMP. B XXI)

"JAWKER"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B XXI)

"EGMONT"

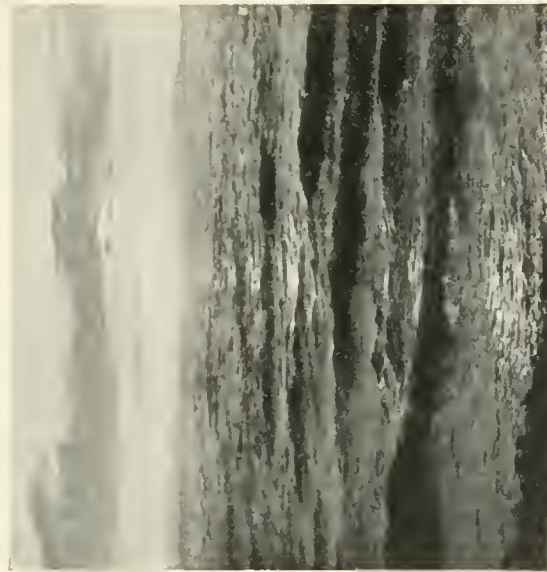


FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXII)
"OFF THE COAST OF SCILLY,"
BY "TOUCHSTONE"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XXII)

"TEMPLE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XXII)

"NEPTUNE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XXII)

"TON"

THE LAY FIGURE: ON COLOUR AND THE SENSE OF COLOUR.

"Is the sense of colour deteriorating here in England?" the Journalist asked suddenly.

"A charitable person may hope so," replied the Reviewer. "Its lot is a hard one now. Consider the facts. Today, in this age of fashions in sombre costume, and of a settled dullness in vast cities, all ugly, overgrown, and grimed with smoke, a strong and good colour-sense is a misfortune to anyone. Indeed, it receives so many shocks every day that most artists would go mad if theirs were really good and strong. The sense of colour needs exercise and practice, and as our industrial time robs it of both, its deterioration is inevitable—yes, and even useful, for its want of sensitiveness protects the nerves from much wear and tear. The evils of bad colour exist only to those who, feeling them to be evils, are as much irritated by them as a musician by an orchestra out of tune."

"But stay a moment," cried the Painter. "You run on like a leading article, and leave me gasping a mile behind you. Let us take breath. Tell us, as a secret if you like, what the dickens you mean by 'bad colour.' Bad colour is not necessarily brilliant and sumptuous. A cultivated eye delights in greys, and finds an infinite deal to admire in the changing sombre tones of a Thames mist."

"Mere custom," answered the Reviewer dryly. "The artist in your eyes has grown conceited because he has discovered beauty in a Thames mist. Would not a Swiss sunrise please him better and do him more good? Or would he feel ill at ease, and say to himself that a taste for brilliancy of tone is less cultured than a fondness for subtle greys, since barbaric peoples are nearly always lovers of those colours that glow, and triumph, and denote action and virility?"

"That argument has often been advanced, I admit," said the Painter; "but it does not concern the point I have in mind—namely that good colour is not necessarily brilliant or glowing."

"I never said it was," returned the other. "Many pictures in a singularly low scheme of tones are a joy to look at. But this should not hide from us the fact that such beautiful low tones are but a few notes in the infinite gamut of colour which Nature has orchestrated for us, and which the sense of colour in all true artists should enjoy. Love your greys by all means, but can you believe that the eye's sensitiveness to richer and more varied shades of colour is not dulled by a

prevalence of grey tones in the surroundings of everyday life?"

"I see your point," said the Journalist. "Let me put it in another way. Paganini could play admirably on one string of his violin, but he did not suppose that by this means he did wonders on a complete instrument. It was merely a *tour de force*. Painters who are fond of sombre harmonies use but one string of *their* violins, yet many of them don't know that they practise on incomplete instruments."

"And why don't they know?" asked the Reviewer. "It is not only because they have grown accustomed to the repetition of doing practically the same thing. That is bad enough, to be sure. But there is something worse at present in most countries in Europe, and that something is the general greyness of life in every town that responds to the industrial spirit of the time. This must needs be bad for the sense of colour in painters, and therefore harmful to the arts which they follow."

"What remedy, then?" the Journalist asked. "Say that a London painter, anxious for new sensations of colour, journeys to the East, and works there for some time. Will that be beneficial to him, or will it set him at odds with the circumstances of life in his real environment, the environment of London? The daylight in London, I should think, after the searching radiance of the Eastern sun, would seem to him little better than a gloomy twilight, and that would unsettle him and make him unfit for work."

"That has happened more than once," the Painter agreed, "so you have touched a real difficulty. Nothing is to be gained by being at war with the place in which one's daily work must needs be done."

"But even so," said the Reviewer, "is it not well to acknowledge that the range of colour in your art is limited by your ready acceptance of London's grey vastness? And surely you must have noticed that good landscapes, just painted in the bright country air, very often look crude on the walls of a London exhibition? Pictures finished in the gay, sharp, translucent light of America suffer greatly in London, being trenchantly out of key with an atmosphere that clashes with the light which they represent. Old pictures, on the other hand, darkened and toned by time and varnish, fare so well in London that the dealers dream of Old Masters, like Shylock of his money-bags."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"THE STEPPING STONES ON THE WHARFE." BY T. GIRTIN. FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BELONGING TO G. W. GIRTIN, ESQ.

THE CENTENARY OF THOMAS
GIRTIN: HIS GENIUS AND
WORK. BY WALTER SHAW
SPARROW.

THE subject of this paper was born in February, 1775, about two months before the date now commonly accepted for the birth of Turner, and these two painters of genius thus united by their natal year were destined also to be inseparably linked together in the history of art, as the real founders of the beautiful and various school of English water-colour painting. It was they who freed that school from its subserviency to the engraver's craft, and enabled it to work side by side, almost on equal terms, with the landscape painters in oil colours.

When Girtin and Turner were young men struggling for a name by which to live, the leadership was not in Turner's hands; it was taken and held firmly by Girtin; and there can be no doubt that he, throughout his short life of twenty-seven years, was the stronger workman of the two, the more enterprising and self-reliant. Had Turner died with him, in November, 1802, Girtin's name to day would stand higher than Turner's. But Turner outlived his comrade by nearly half a century, and the work done by him after Girtin's death is not only that by which his fame is now measured and preserved; it is also that in which his genius has been made to tyrannise in criticism over the truly noble results of Girtin's initiation as a pioneer. But, happily, the injustice that criticism can be made to do is not lasting; it cannot long endure in defiance of the self-evident facts that not only tell against it, but prove it to be injustice; and any critical visitor to the Diploma Gallery at Burlington

House must see at a glance that Turner's famous picture, the *Dolbadern*, is full of Girtin, being Girtinesque in spaciousness of design and in the serene spirit of its workmanship. Nor is this fine painting the only one in which Turner lives as the follower of a young man only two months his senior. Ruskin had no doubt that Turner, in his first years of life, owed more to Girtin's teaching and companionship than to his own genius; and a good many competent judges now believe, surely with perfect justice, that Turner in his life-work was usually at his best when he kept most rigorously in touch with the concentration of Girtin's strength and the calm dignity of Girtin's mastery of composition.

Turner's danger was a tendency to set undue store by complexity of design, by too much elaboration of effect in details. Like a professional detective, he did not care to discover what he needed for his success in a simple and direct manner. Mysteries



THOMAS GIRTIN (BORN FEB. 18,
1775—DIED NOV. 9, 1802)

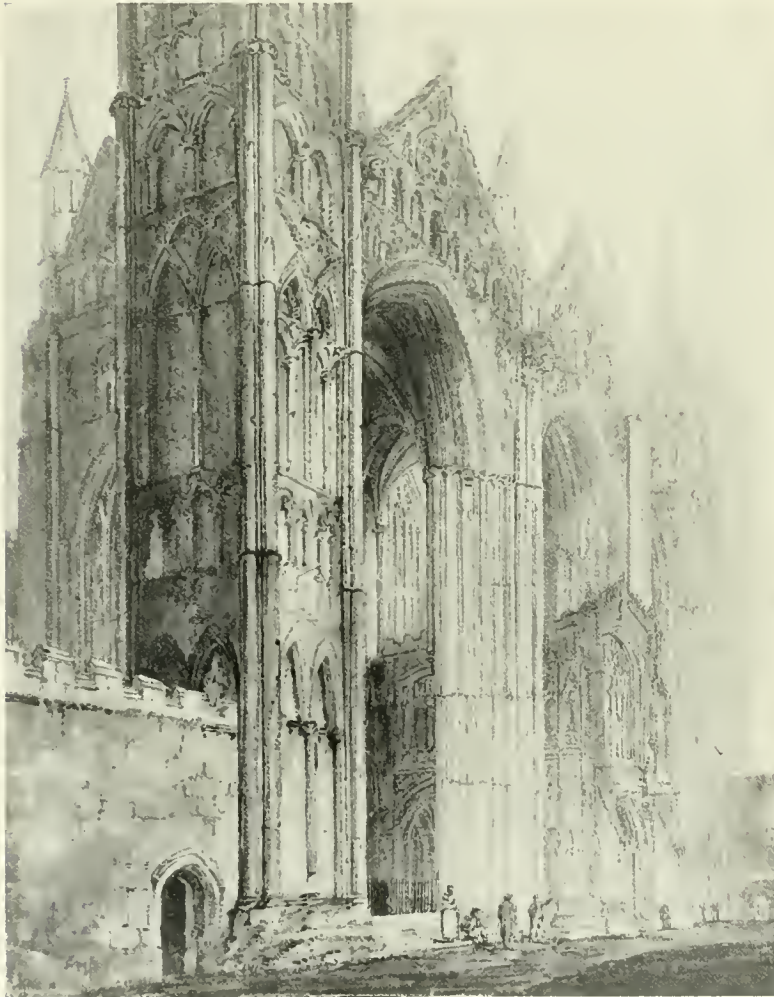
ENGRAVED BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER
THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN OPIE, R.A.

he loved for their own sake, and he thought it worth his while to hoodwink his companions even in matters so ordinary as his age and the year and place of his birth. The first impressions which he received from Nature were simple and beautiful, but they took possession of his intricacy-weaving mind, remaining there sometimes for years; and it happened frequently that their growth in transformation became a thing which Turner himself either could not, or would not, fully govern in his art. That his pictures often suffered in this way is certain; none can doubt that the greatness in his work is often so profuse, so complex, and so scattered that the eye is bewildered. A wonderful fertility of resource in imaginative composition is evident everywhere, but it often lacks a completed unity of appeal. It is this weakness, prob-

ably, that has kept Turner so long from winning for himself a just appreciation in France; and one is tempted also to believe that his recognition in England would be less wide-spread than it is to-day if it rested solely on the first-hand effects made by his pictures, unsupported by such friendly commentating as helps a willing student to reach Turner through a medium of literary descriptions and memories. But, in any case, one thing is certain, namely, that Girtin's example counted for much in Turner's life, being the one strong influence that sometimes prevented him from dwarfing the vastness of his work by making his design too intricate and too profuse. Thus he owed much to Girtin: and his debt, one thinks, was similar in kind, though far from equal in persistence of effect,

to that which Shakespeare owed to the necessity of pleasing the general public: a discipline, this, that ran counter to an overplus of swift-coming thought, which might have shown itself in Shakespeare's work in a settled obscurity of expression.

Turner himself said, or is reported to have said, that he could never quite get the results achieved by Girtin, and whether he said that or not the criticism is true—true of Turner's water-colours. One has no wish to pit these two painters one against the other, as the short-lived Schiller was pitted against the veteran Goethe; but one must needs point out that Turner in his water-colours was never Girtin's superior in all the essentials of great art. What unity of impression did he ever produce as nobly austere and powerful as the one achieved by Girtin in that great dawn-picture the majestic *Bridgenorth*? Or, again, when did he paint in water-colour a sunset



"PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL" FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN
(In possession of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester)



"THE WHITE HOUSE AT CHELSEA"

FROM A MEZZOTINT BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER T. GIRTIN'S WATER-COLOUR NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF HORATIO L. MICHOLLS, ESQ.



"BOLTON ABBEY"

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER T. GIRTIN

as ample in simplicity of style as Girtin's sunset in the *White House at Chelsea*, a picture which Turner rated very highly. He confessed, indeed, according to tradition, that this was work he had never surpassed himself. One morning a dealer called on him in a hackney coach, and looking at his pictures said: "These are very fine, Mr. Turner, but I have brought something finer with me." "I don't know what that can be," Turner answered, "unless it's Tom Girtin's *White House at Chelsea*."

The *White House*, now the property of Mr. Horatio Micholls, hangs to-day near a Turner water-colour, as well as in the same room with several works by David Cox; and it not only holds its own quite easily, but enables any one to arrive at a clear understanding of the distinctive merit of its painter. Girtin goes straight to his point, wasting not a single second on anything unessential to the amplitude of his general effect. In his methods of work, however subtle the results produced, there is always an assured strength, a soldierly directness, a self discipline that gives him

ease and confidence and dignity; and so perfect in largeness of design is the restful, quiet beauty of his *ensemble*, that his best works have an abiding value hard to over-estimate. Though remarkable for the sobriety of their colour, they have yet, within their low tones, a peculiar radiancy full of persuasive charm, a sort of modest radiancy that seems to shine gently through a whole room. Again, beautiful as these best works are when studied near the eye they do not invite close examination; rather do they keep one at a distance, in order that their light and breadth may be seen largely in focus. It is not thus that Turner's influence comes to anyone through his water-colours. A handling like Turner's, wonderfully subtle, infinitely delicate and intricate, cannot but be admired like a jewel. It entices one to examine it closely at arm's length, and one feels that the play of imagination and the charm of colour are too exquisite to be decorative in pictures for a wall. In truth, water-colours by Turner are treasures for a portfolio; they cannot be studied with an attention too minute, nor can they be



"THE GUILDHALL, EXETER"

FROM THE PENCIL SKETCH BY THOMAS GIRTIN
(In the Collection of George W. Girtin, Esq.)



guarded too carefully from the sun's bleaching light.

To Girtin, on the other hand, a portfolio is an insult. He is nothing if not a man of action, and his art fires at a long range ; none should set it to hit a connoisseur in the eye at a distance of a yard. His pictures should be framed, then hung in a good light—only care must be taken not to place other good work in competition with their triumphing quietness of tone and their largely-handled design. Few water-colours can bear the test of such a rivalry with the finest of Girtin's. Even modern pictures, painted broadly in the freshest of bright tones, may look dull and spotty when Girtin's work is placed near them.

One is aware, of course, that the foregoing comparison will not be liked. Still, one cannot choose but remember that there is always loss as well as gain in the transitions through which the arts slowly pass, partly by means of changes made in their conventions and partly in response to the needs of an altering type of society. Thus, for instance, the convention and the civilisation that gives us a Rodin could not by any chance produce a Pheidias ;

and hence a writer on art must be able to admire the new greatness and yet keep in mind the inevitable loss of many old-time ideals, all at variance with the existing civilisation. In all reconstruction much precious old material must be lost, wasted, or thrown aside as useless. Recognising this fact, I mean neither to praise Girtin nor to blame his successors of our time when I point out that English water-colour is going away from some of Girtin's good qualities. To say that is only to state a fact that seems inevitable. Contemporary painters certainly give us many impressions of Nature far and away more "fresh-air-like" in brightness of tone than Girtin's ; but they have rarely over their schemes of work a command equal to that which Girtin had over his. Nor is the reason of this hard to find. Their aim is widely different from his, for they wish to make their impressions of Nature far more realistic than his, higher in key, gayer in related subtleties of tone, richer with an impassioned desire to reflect in art what the eye sees. Can this be done with pigments, pigments and oil or water, containing no trace of the sun's heat and light? Conventions in



"WRITTLE CHURCH, NEAR CHELMSFORD"

FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS GIRTIN

art change, but art itself remains a compromise, and the more earnestly we try to represent faithfully what we see the more difficult is the task of finding a compromise favourable to the aim in view, and yet in sympathy with the fact that the multitudinous variety of Nature has never yet been made real by any pigments employed by men of genius. Selection is necessary, omissions are essential; and will any impressionist be bold enough to contend that his work is as vivid and yet as grey as a landscape framed by a window pane? Or has he captured the sun's light and stored it up in paint? Such contentions have been made by hasty writers, but every thoughtful painter knows that the most advanced work of the present day is only an old tune played in a new key and in a different time. And one may also note here, as another thing favourable to a just appreciation of Girtin's old-fashioned greatness, that Time, as well as Nature, has frequently a sobering

influence on the most daring of advanced efforts. Tones darken with age, the alleged outdoor light within the paint dwindles, and instead of a Sisley, let us say, a Sisley that once seemed an amazing adventure in atmospheric truth and freshness, we have a maturing Old Master. Poor Sisley! To end thus after such a stern fight to be something quite different!

Girtin, again, the most daring pioneer of his time, is now so old-fashioned to many persons, so staid with years, and out of date, that casual students do not perceive that his work should be regarded in the light of a Sisley painting in an earlier time, and within the limitations set by a different convention. His passion for working out of doors in all sorts of weather was equal to Sisley's; and there can be no doubt that the results of it in his work made him the forerunner of the impressionists. This may be seen by anyone. Study his drawings in the British Museum, examine the



"CAYNE WATERFALL, NORTH WALES"

FROM THE STUDY BY THOMAS GIRTIN

(In the Print Room at the British Museum)



"MORPETH BRIDGE"

FROM A MEZZOTINT BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER T. GIRTIN



"YORK MINSTER"

FROM A MEZZOTINT BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER T. GIRTIN

Thames sketches illustrated in this article, and the fact will be borne in upon you. Monet, one feels quite sure, after seeing the out-door impressions just named, will welcome Girtin as a precursor. Girtin's tones, as I have said, are quiet; they make no attempt to vie with the wondrous grey brilliancy of Nature's hues; they translate, they interpret, they do not imitate; but the effects produced by their delightful harmonies in a low key are yet quite wonderfully real at their best, when unharmed by "foxy" tints of decomposed indigo and Roman ochre, two vicious colours much used in Girtin's time.

In his most fortunate efforts there are two qualities that cannot be praised too highly; the one is weight of style, the other is an unfailing sense of structure expressed in bold draughtsmanship. Suppose we examine these qualities carefully, under separate headings.

1. *Draughtsmanship*.—Girtin drew so well that his hand and eye worked together as by some secret spontaneous impulse, unerringly, and with consummate ease, firmness, fluency, truthfulness, and precision. With equal skill and daring he will draw for you a ruined abbey or a vast prospect, a noble cathedral or a busy, crowded street, a carter with his team of horses, a cold dawn breaking over

a stretch of moorland, a storm in the mountains, a waterfall, a view of old Paris, a simple English village, or a great line of huddled old houses seen in rapid perspective across a river. His every touch is quick with vitality, full of meaning, full of knowledge; there is nothing slovenly or haphazard in his most rapid suggestions of form by blots of colour. No wonder that his friends loved to watch him at work, and delighted to talk together about the "sword-play" of his enchanted brush. Remember also how Cotman as well as Turner, how Dewint and R. P. Bonington, not to speak of many lesser men, came under his sway and profited much by following his example. Mr. Roget does not exaggerate when he says that a group of rising painters sprang up around Girtin, and became, under his influence, the school of water-colour that flourished in Great Britain during the first half of the nineteenth century. And another fact of equal importance comes to mind. Leslie, in his "Memoirs of Constable," shows that Girtin's ascendancy over young men of genius was not confined to the painters in water-colour. Constable himself, the great hope of the landscapists in oils, altered the whole course of his practice after studying about thirty of Girtin's works that Sir George Beaumont brought to his notice as examples of breadth and truth. Yet



"GODALMING CHURCH"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN

(In possession of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester)



something more even than that must be borne in mind, if we wish to do full justice to the historic worth of Girtin's example. We must remember also the immediate success of Bonington in France, with its effect on Delacroix and others; and we must keep in memory the importance of Constable's art as the immediate forerunner of the French School of Corot, of Rousseau, and of Daubigny. Yes, much as Girtin did in his own art, he achieved far more at second-hand through his ascendancy over rising painters.

2. *Weight of Style*.—This, in paint, is a rare quality, and for some reason or other it has not received in criticism all the attention it deserves. According to some writers it consists in a forceful

and harmonious arrangement of the whole subject through all its several parts. But this gives us only a bit of the truth. A man may paint badly, and break every rule of composition, and yet be able to interest us with one necessary constituent of the quality now under consideration. The phrase *weight of style*, to be understood in criticism at its full value, must be applied to the weight avoirdupois suggested by the various objects in a picture. All objects represented in art have in nature some weight avoirdupois; and it is an important part of a painter's business not only to suggest in his work that pressure downwards which heavy substances have in nature, but also to make us keenly alive to the infinite variety of difference



"VIEW ON THE THAMES: SOMERSET HOUSE"

FROM THE SKETCH IN WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN

(In possession of the British Museum)



"BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN

(In possession of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester)



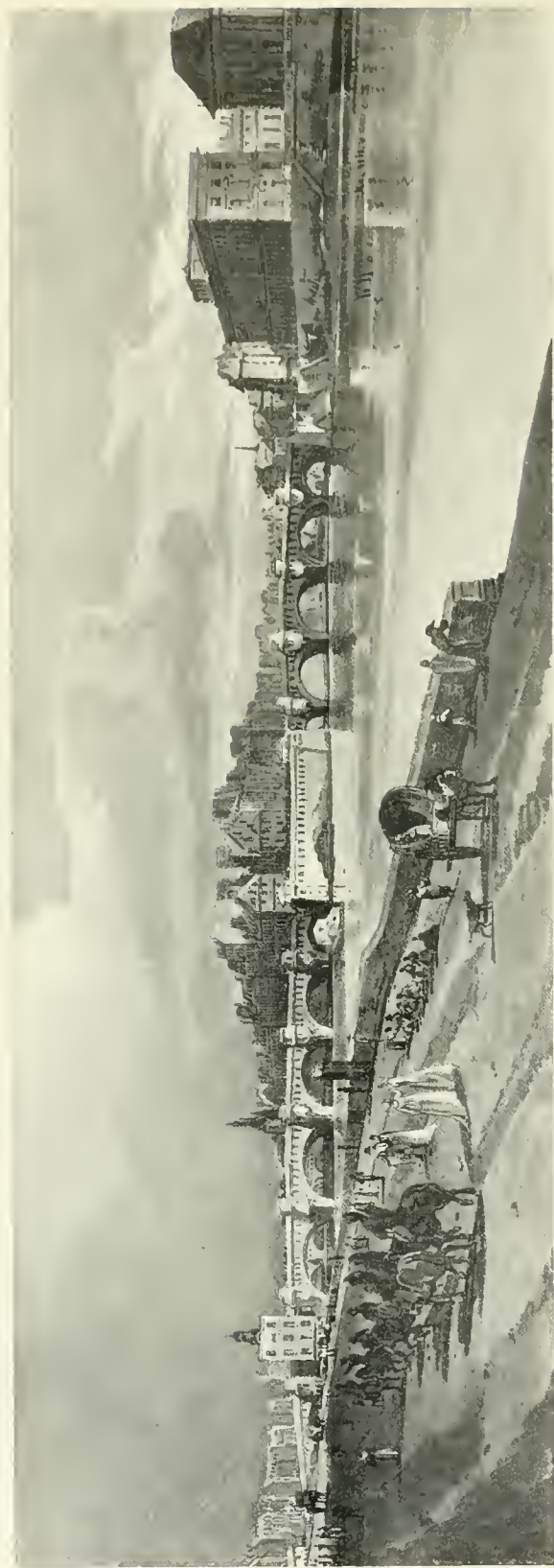
“VIEW ON THE THAMES BETWEEN BLACK-
FRIARS AND LONDON BRIDGE” FROM
THE WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY T. GIRTIN

(In possession of the British Museum)



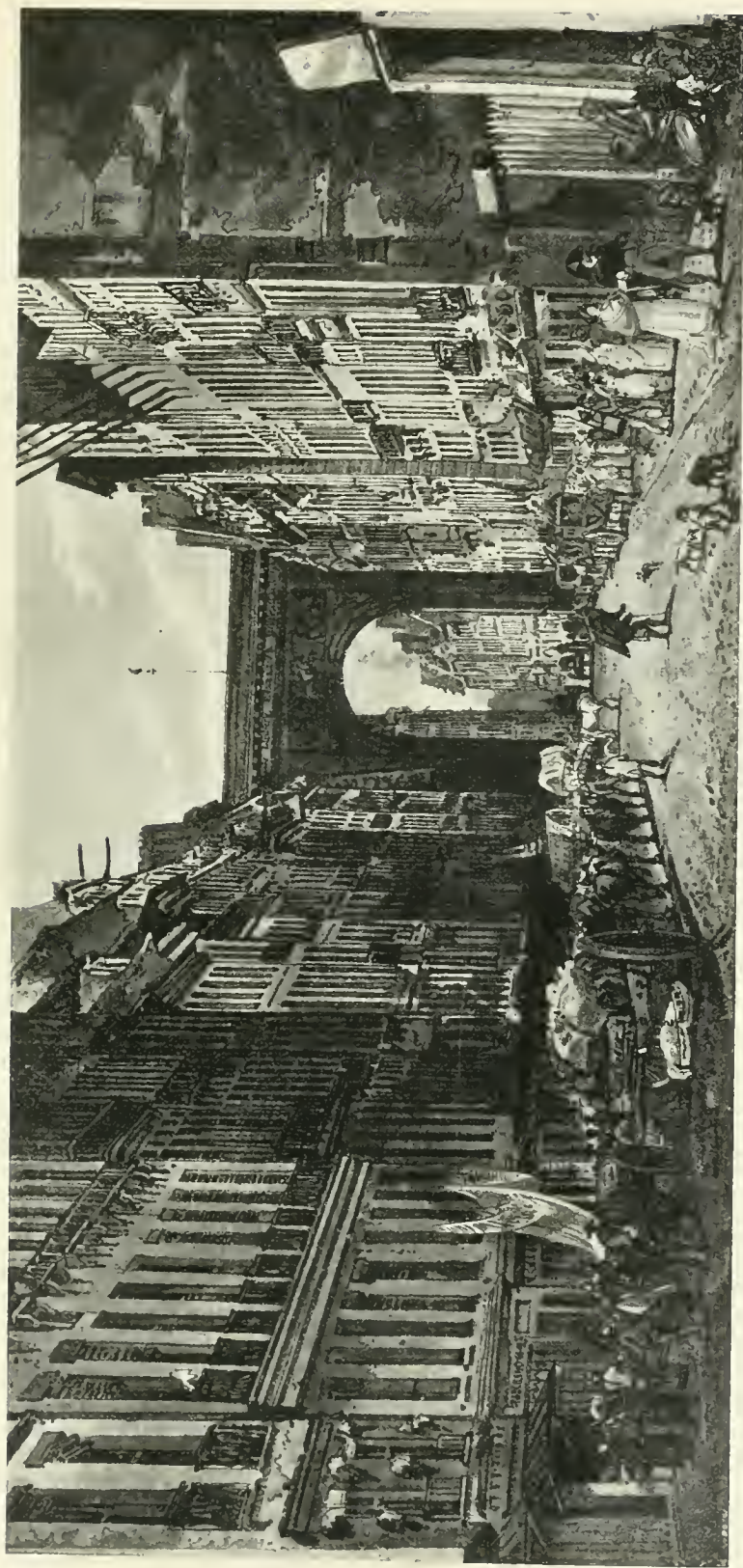
"PARIS IN 1802: VIEW OF THE CITY
FROM THE PONT MARIE." ETCHED IN
OUTLINE ON SOFT GROUND BY GIRTIN.
AQUATINTED BY F. C. LEWIS IN EXACT
FACSIMILE OF GIRTIN'S DRAWING

(From Girtin's "Picturesque Views of Paris
and its Environs," published in March,
1803, four months after the artist's death)



"VIEW OF THE PONT NEUF IN 1802."
ETCHED IN OUTLINE ON SOFT GROUND
BY GIRTIN. AQUATINTED BY F. C. LEWIS
IN FACSIMILE OF GIRTIN'S DRAWING

(From Girtin's "Picturesque Views
of Paris and its Environs")



"THE RUE ST. DENIS" ETCHED IN OUT-
LINE ON SOFT GROUND BY THOMAS
GIRTIN, AQUATINTED BY F. C. LEWIS IN
EXACT FACSIMILE OF GIRTIN'S DRAWING

(From Girtin's "Picturesque Views
of Paris and its Environs")



"THE WATER WORKS AT MARLI." ETCHED
IN OUTLINE ON SOFT GROUND BY THOMAS
GIRTIN, AND AQUATINTED BY J. B. HARRA-
DEN IN FACSIMILE OF GIRTIN'S DRAWING

(From Girtin's "*Picturesque Views
of Paris and its Environs*")



"KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE." FROM
THE WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN

(In the Collection of G. W. Girtin, Esq.)

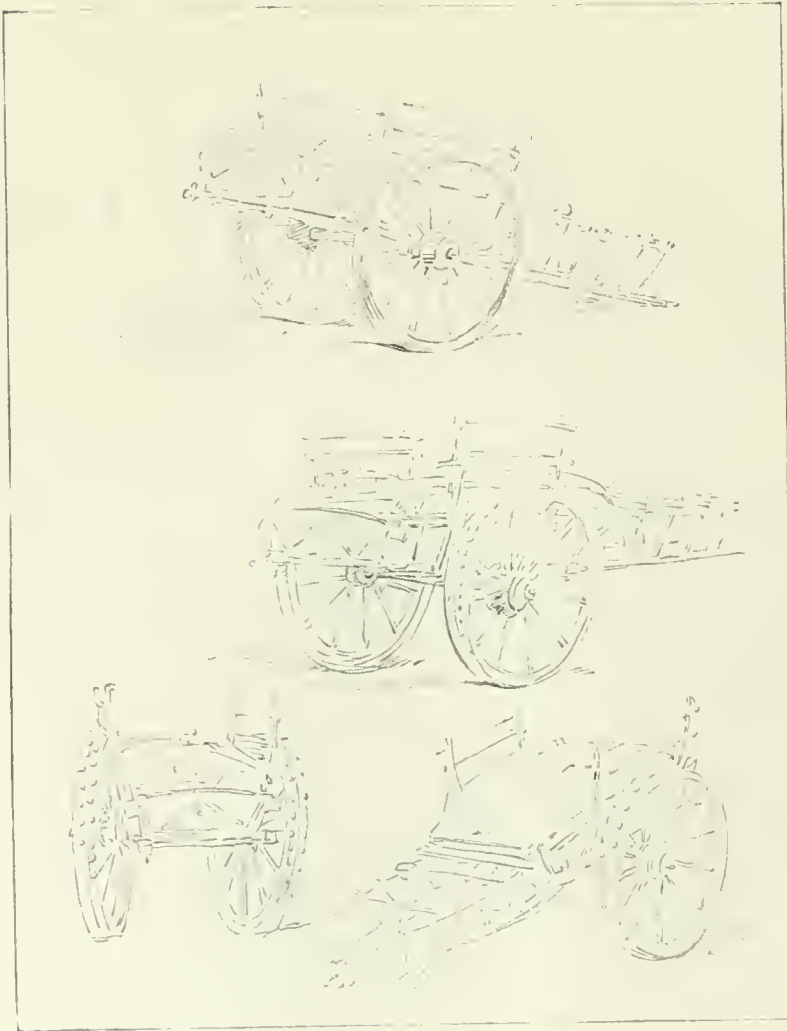
in weight presented by light and by heavy things. J. F. Millet, perhaps the greatest modern master in weight of style, once told a student in Delacroix's studio that certain studies of the nude had the appearance of being painted with honey and butter. The same criticism might be applied to much well-known work. Indeed, many painters seem to be unable to appreciate even the most striking contrasts of weight. Whether they represent a baby or a battleship, an oak tree or a petticoat, their work has the same want of substance, the same lightness of artificial treatment. They give us nothing but painted shadows, for Nature appeals to them as a thing unreal, an "unsubstantial fairy place."

If you turn now to Girtin, and study his art attentively, you will understand what is meant by

his weight of style. He sees Nature in the round, and his work suggests variety in heaviness as well as in lightness. As an example of this, one may here make mention of the busy scene so admirably drawn in the *Rue St. Denis*, a reproduction from the large aquatint in Girtin's volume of Paris views. Note the solidity of the houses, see how massively they stand upright on their secure foundations, and, further, do not fail to watch the picturesque crowd, for it is alive with actuality. There is nothing here to remind us of the shadow-like unrealness presented by a thronged street in a camera obscura.

One would wish to continue this subject further, but enough has been said to show that Thomas Girtin is something much more than one of the leading painters in English water-colour. He is a

master in the true meaning of the word. In his life, a very short life of twenty-seven years and a few months, he not only achieved more for the art he followed than any of his contemporaries, but, working always under the guidance of a strong will and a high intelligence, he asserted without fear his original aims, and was soon recognised as a leader. Girtin never felt tempted to follow with meek patience in anyone's steps, and be a servant in the use he made of his predecessors. That he was affected by his intercourse with Canale, with Piranesi, with Rubens, and with Richard Wilson, is certainly true; but he showed in that intercourse a masterly acquisitiveness, equal and similar to that which Dryden noted in Ben Jonson, and which enables one to say of him that he not only invaded great men, but took from them by right of conquest whatever he deemed necessary for his own portion of renown.



"OLD ENGLISH CARTS"

SKETCHED BY THOMAS GIRTIN





"ON THE MARNE: BELOW
THE BRIDGE AT CHARENTON"

ETCHED IN OUTLINE ON SOFT GROUND BY THOMAS
GIRTIN. AQUATINTED BY J. B. HARRADEN

(From Girtin's "*Picturesque Views in Paris and its Environs*")

What in others might have been called theft was a complete victory for his genius. And the truth of this may be verified by anyone who goes to the Print Room of the British Museum, and there studies the apprentice sketches by Girtin which John Henderson, a good friend and patron, bequeathed to the nation. These apprentice sketches are all copies, vigorous copies after Malton, Canale, and Piranesi; yet within the styles interpreted Girtin has made his mark, has left the invariable tokens of his presence. It is not often that a young copyist is able thus to transform his imitations.

For the rest, there is no room here for a biography of Girtin. A magazine cannot find space for long articles accompanied by a great many illustrations; and it is better to cut the text short in order that Girtin may be able to speak for himself in a rich selection from his best works. Besides, any reader who wishes to do so can find a good account of Girtin's life in the "Dictionary of National Biography." A still better account may be enjoyed in Mr. Laurence Binyon's delightful work on Girtin, which owes much to the abundant information given by Mr. J. L. Roget, in the first volume of the well-known "History of the Old Water-Colour Society." It is useless to consult the "Encyclopædia Britannica," for this

work of reference has nothing whatever to tell you about Girtin, a painter of so much worth that Turner always delighted to speak of him as "a brilliant fellow." And he said, too, one day, in a moment of unusual self-depreciation, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved."

It is time now that I offer my cordial thanks to the many admirers of Girtin who have given me their welcome aid, allowing me to see and to borrow work from their collections. Especially am I grateful to Mr. George Girtin, the painter's grandson, and to Mr. George Tite, whose copy of Girtin's *Paris Views* has been most useful in the preparing of representative illustrations.

A newly-discovered fact is brought to mind by reference to the *Paris Views*, and there is space enough left to record it. Girtin was of French descent. His origin has recently been traced back to the Huguenot family of Guertin, which had its home in the Isle of France, until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes caused it to fly for safety into England. France, then, has a share in Girtin's fame—a share not unlike that which England has in the genius of Montaigne, whose English ancestry is mentioned in the Essay on Glory.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

SOME RECENT SCOTTISH
DOMESTIC FITTINGS AND
DECORATIONS. BY W. R.
WATSON.

IN writing of an architect of past times it is possible to define his position and emphasise his peculiar individuality by comparing his work with that of his contemporaries, but in the case of living men this comparative method cannot be carried far enough to establish definitely the relative position of each. To say that the work of Mr. James Salmon and his son is strongly impregnated with modern ideas of architectural treatment does not necessarily imply that it is an imitation of the work of others following similar lines, and attempting to give practical expression to a new series of frank and

fearless thoughts. Whether the architecture be liked or disliked, it is not an echo of other men's work and therefore it demands consideration. In many ways daring licence and disregard of precedent are open to criticism, but we should not forget how much of positive excellence, and how much that is capable of development, is to be found in the work of the pioneers who make for progress. Movement and change is to be expected from the men, independent of the classic tradition, who express their personal convictions in ways altogether their own, rather than from those who are contented to express themselves on classic or accepted lines. The original mind creates a style from materials which had been considered hitherto of no importance, and finds in the work of the past unsuspected elements capable of

architectural treatment where his predecessors had never thought of looking for them; the lover of precedent, on the other hand, selects and rearranges themes hallowed by generations of appreciative adaptation, and re-uses them so deftly that they seem new, or more delightful than before.

The work of Mr. James Salmon and his son, with whom is associated Mr. J. Gaff Gillespie, cannot be said to belong to either the one class or the other, for it blends together originality of treatment and new combinations of orthodox features with a wholesome obedience to precedent and to the restraining influences of the classic ideal which is based on proportion and symmetrical balance, combined with a reticent use of decorative detail always subservient to the whole effect. The applied ornament sparingly decorates the structural portions, and though the designs are often rich in effect, yet, if compared with the average treatment of houses of similar character, one is struck not

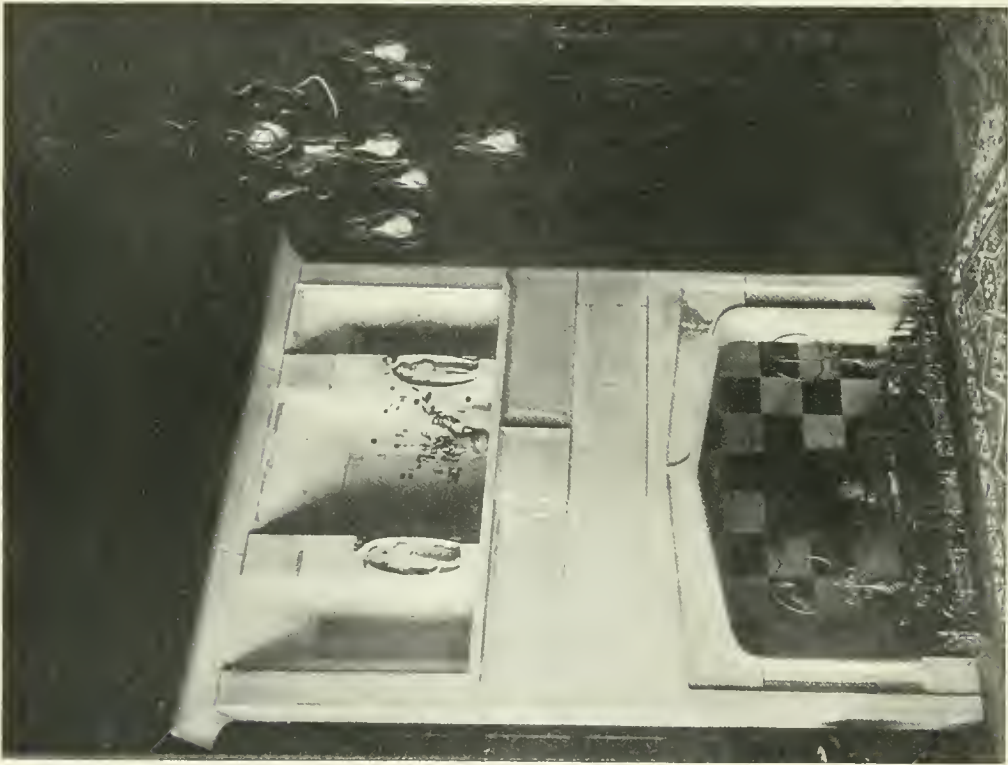


ENTRANCE HALL OF 12, UNIVERSITY
GARDENS, GLASGOW

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
GLASS PANELS BY OSCAR PATERSON



DRAWING - ROOM FIREPLACE. DESIGNED BY
J. GAFF GILLESPIE. MOSAIC PANELS DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY G. BRIDGE. TILES BY
J. H. TAYLOR, OF THE BROMSGROVE GUILD



DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
FIGURES MODELLED BY ALBERT HODGE



BILLIARD-ROOM FIREPLACE

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE

by the lavish use of ornament but by its reticent and judicious employment in contrast with broad, plain surfaces to act as a foil and setting.

These architects frequently use old motives in new combinations, taking the old truth and adapting it to suit modern needs. No doubt in this field the genius of eccentricity may always hope to find fresh opportunity for the extravagance that excites ridicule, but it is not an unworthy aim for a builder of houses to honestly attempt to see only what he believes to be the best of the past, and to make it live again with the expression of to-day, so that it may become the best of the present. For the art of our houses should speak the language of our own time, and not be a mechanical reproduction or imitation of the art of other days, in which the conditions of life were totally different; it ought to

be the practical rendering in good taste and pleasant guise of all the absolute necessities and requirements of modern life, and in the work of the architects under consideration we can trace the influence of those who, in Germany and Austria, are fighting for the new art, and whose manifest endeavour is to educate the public taste by the daily use of artistic household furniture and utensils, and to stamp perceptibly upon the exterior of each object a plain relation to its purpose. To give people pleasure in the things they must use is one noble office of decoration, and it is architects like James Salmon and J. Gaff Gillespie who are proving in their work that practical common sense in the requirements of our houses need not interfere in any way with good and fresh artistic treatment; and that simplicity and appropriateness of design, judicious contrast of textures, and harmony of colour need not of necessity involve costliness and lavish expenditure.

The views of interiors, such as are illustrated herewith, are liable to misrepresentation in black and white, because, apart from the absence of carefully studied colour effects, scarcely evident details assume undue prominence, and others more essential to the completeness of the scheme are hardly seen at all. But the individuality of the architect displays itself in many ways through the house in Glasgow, as well as in the treatment of the various apartments in the Marine Hotel, Troon, illustrations of which will appear in a future number of *THE STUDIO*. Every room has its own special note, and many of the trifling fittings, often overlooked by architects, are ingenious and suggestive; the colour schemes are, as a rule, very sober and subdued: the wall hangings and carpets display quiet tones, the whole impression being that of reposefulness, with a complete absence of disturbing glitter or ostentation.

Externally Mr. James Salmon's houses have but little ornamentation, and this gives them the charm of simplicity, though in certain structural details due regard is not paid to the appearance of stability, and there is occasionally an absence of that



ENTRANCE TO LIBRARY

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
WOOD CARVING BY JOHN CRAWFORD
PLASTER WORK BY W. J. TONNER

tranquillising impression of perfect safety which all parts of the structure should impart to the beholder.

Too often in a crowded city where the dwellings are arranged in a tiresome but necessary sequence of street, terrace, and square, it is found that the architect has sacrificed the whole beauty and seemliness of the entry for the sake of enlarging the living rooms. Two feet of width gained in the dining-room is but a poor exchange for a mean and paltry hall, for the keynote of a house is struck by its main entrance. Certainly, the former uses of this once important portion of the domicile are no longer possible, owing to different modern requirements, but the architects of No. 12, University Gardens, have succeeded in showing that the hall has possibilities, even when the tyranny of space limits the actual measurements. By judicious treatment, the architects have contrived to secure at the very threshold something of beauty, combined with a suggestion of uncramped ease and leisurely well-being which lends an indisputable charm, and awakens memories of the serene, old-world stateliness of some seventeenth or eighteenth century house.

Mr. Gillespie, who is responsible for the working out and completion of No. 12, University Gardens, treats the fireplace with due emphasis as the natural centre of the room, and therefore the most important feature within the four walls; he makes it a place of decorative pleasantness and peace, and the appearance of comfort is never found at variance with decorative excellence. To the couch or settle, too, this architect gives outward and visible sign of that grace of comfort and rest without which no chamber can

achieve true home-like atmosphere. The furniture designed for the rooms affords a proof, if such be required, that the so-called modern art handicraft can be appreciated by ordinary men and women; that its best principle and aim is not merely extravagance and peculiarity, and general discomfort, but the discovery of new forms, more in accordance with the life of our time than the bad copies and vulgar variations of stereotyped designs with which we have been in the habit of surrounding ourselves. It is a matter for regret that the designing of furniture is so often handed over to the upholsterer, and that houses otherwise



MUSIC CABINET, DRAWING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
EXECUTED BY JOHN CRAWFORD
BRONZE CABINET FURNITURE BY W. GILBERT



ENTRANCE HALL

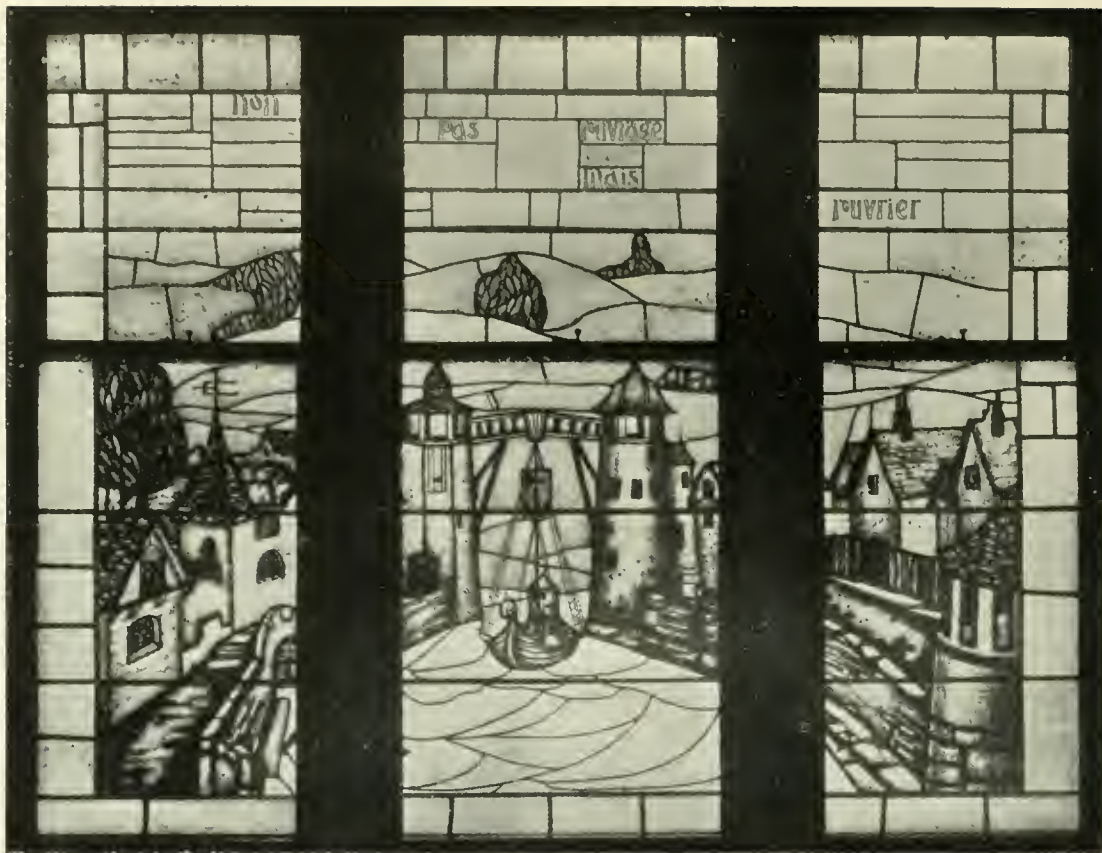
DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
WOOD CARVING BY JOHN CRAWFORD

carefully considered are often filled with articles incongruous in design, bad in taste, and utterly commonplace and uncomfortable. The good taste of the owner is usually reflected in its fittings, and the architect's scheme can only be said to be fulfilled when the apartments are furnished under his supervision. About these architects' houses it may be said that should they by chance fall into the hands of tasteless or unappreciative owners, the quiet harmony of their structural parts would maintain a certain dignity, and defy some of the less glaring anachronisms of taste in decoration and furnishing. In many modern houses we find too obvious evidences of planning with a view to securing picturesque effect, the result being a feeling of unrest and fussiness, which entirely defeats the designer's purpose; especially is this found to be the case in the attempt to dissemble the monotony of an oft-repeated angle by the construction of a so-called corner. Without any unnatural effort, but simply as a natural outcome of the plan, Mr. Gillespie succeeds in giving an architectural treatment to such dead angles, and in affording a grateful relief to the eye tired of angular repetition,

by placing the doorway across the angle of the chamber.

In the decoration of the bedroom the architects recognised that to gain repose without dullness and delicacy without monotony ought to be the designer's aim. This is especially noticeable in the house in University Gardens, where the lines of the furniture, like those of the rooms, are severe in their simplicity, but neither heavy nor trivial. The furniture has in form the same characteristic that there is in the colour—a subtlety that prevents the care that has been given to perfecting them becoming too obvious.

The charm of the work of these architects is not due to the prevailing use of any particular materials, nor is to be found in any abject reverence for precedent, nor in adherence to any given style, though at the same time it cannot be said that the originality of thought and treatment is that of eccentricity masquerading under a nobler name. Knowledge of the architecture of the past is kept in its rightly subordinate place by equally full recognition of the modified conditions of the present, and the result is sane and practical



DINING-ROOM WINDOW

DESIGNED BY J. GAFF GILLESPIE
EXECUTED BY OSCAR PATERSON

work dominated by an intuitive sense of proportion and colour and balance.

W. R. W.

A COSMOPOLITAN PAINTER: JOHN LAVERY. BY JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.—PART II.

IT is, of course, quite in the nature of things, and entirely as it should be, that in the days of our artistic adolescence, whether we be painters or amateurs, a certain intolerance of shibboleths and traditions should tincture the reverence we share with our elders for the achievements of the old masters. It is impossible for young men, filled with the desire to accomplish something fresh and original, to accept uncomplainingly the cut-and-dried verdicts as to their predecessors, handed down to them from the dim and distant past. Such verdicts commonly provoke the young and lusty to vigorous dissent. The youthful painter worth his salt imagines that he and his associates have made some fresh discovery, which places him and the "school" to which he is affiliated, in quite a differ-

ent, and obviously to his mind superior, position to that occupied by those old fogeys who muddled along in the dark ages of art. In any case this attitude was exceedingly common when Lavery's art was in its infancy. The studios rang with the "discovery" that in nature no such thing as a brown shadow and no such thing as an outline were to be found. The arrogance of the young men of those days was never chastened by the reflection, that in their knowledge of the science of pigments and of their enduring properties the masters of the Italian and Dutch Schools had much, had indeed in most cases everything, to teach them. The sad fate of some of Turner's masterpieces has in recent years taught modern painters that it will not do, if posterity is to be richer for their labours, to view this essential matter, the knowledge of the properties of pigments, with careless indifference. It is important that the painter should be something of a chemist. The science of colours, set forth as it was in the Middle Ages by many students and experts, of whom Cennino Cennini may be taken as a type, was not a closed book to the Italians and



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Dutchmen. But it was not merely in this important matter that the painters of the mid-Victorian era were lacking. In their method, or lack of method, of putting on the paint they were often grievously at fault; while rarely, if ever, had they any sense of style.

One thing particularly Lavery may be said to have learnt from, or in any case to possess in common with, the great American artist to whom he acknowledges indebtedness. All his mature work shows plainly that he has laid well to heart the ancient maxim, art is to conceal art. As to that work, it seems to the present writer it speaks for itself; and that it would savour of superfluity to dwell at any great length upon qualities which must at once appeal to anyone possessing pretensions to sound judgment. Perhaps, however, it is scarcely accurate to speak of the appeal Lavery's art makes as being immediate. In common with all art which has intellect and trained sensibility behind it, one needs to become attuned to it before the full measure of its power and beauty is appreciated. In ordinary picture exhibitions, where the hanging is commonly an offence to the very name of art, no fine work has any chance of being judged fairly on its merits unless it be of that assertive character—the word is not intended necessarily as a term of reproach, and certainly in instancing Mr. Sargent's contributions to the latest Academy exhibition no such reproach is implied—that it throws into obscurity its environment. The fact that so many of Mr. Lavery's later and best pictures have not been seen at all in this country places many of his admirers at a disadvantage; but after passing some hours in the delightful studio Lavery now occupies, and for some time past has occupied, in Cromwell Place—a studio, by the way, built for his own use by the late Sir Coutts Lindsay, and occupied thereafter by Sir James Linton—one becomes increasingly conscious of the truth of the general proposition just propounded. Undoubtedly, to use a hackneyed expression, Mr. Lavery's art grows on one. More and more, as one looks at it, its subtle charm, both in the sense of refined and elegant craftsmanship, and in the sense of spiritual and intellectual qualities, pervades the onlooker. Power is there in full measure, but it is power chastened by rare and peculiar tenderness. Lavery's art conveys the sentiment of that highest kind of strength which is always allied to charity. The colour is satisfying; sensuous it is, but not to the point which impinges upon virility. Everything which leaves Lavery's easel has the stamp of

finality and spontaneity upon it which marks the master hand. Much might be added to what has been set forth above; but surely, if the above be accepted as the bare truth, it is unnecessary to extend it. It is scarcely needful to register the fact—it would be presupposed by the knowing—that Lavery studied in Paris. A pupil of Bouguereau, in 1883 *Les Deux Pêcheurs* was hung on the line at the Old Salon and purchased, I believe, by a French sculptor of eminence. From that time onwards Lavery, until the formation of the New Salon, commonly known as the Champ de Mars Salon, was a constant exhibitor at the Champs Elysées exhibitions. Personally, if my memory does not play me false, it was the *Bridge of Grès*, a picture now in the Pittsburg Collection, that, in 1883 or thereabouts, first attracted my attention to Lavery's art; though where I saw it I cannot say. I remember, however, writing about it enthusiastically at the time. I know that it made a forceful appeal to a large number of amateurs and critics, and to the more emancipated of the younger artists of twenty years since. I confess that, so far as my memory is to be trusted, I should place it on a far higher pedestal than the *Bridge of Grès*, representing Spring, painted in the following year, at a time when the young artist, in common with the men working at Julian's generally, was much influenced by Bastien as a modern painter and by Holbein as an old master. I will allow, however, that a more intimate acquaintance with the 1884 *Bridge of Grès* tends to increase one's respect for it as a sincere, if scarcely inspiring, study from Nature. Still it does not possess the æsthetic quality which belongs to the earlier and better known work, painted at a time when the artist was drawing more directly on his own innate artistic impulses.

So far as the general public is concerned, one may say, perhaps, that *A Tennis Party*, painted, I believe, in 1886 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887, was the work which first brought John Lavery into prominent notice. This picture was subsequently seen at the Champs Elysées Salon, and was awarded a gold medal. Several years later it was exhibited at Munich, and was ultimately purchased by the National Pinakothek of that city. As touching this picture I cannot do better than quote the opinion of Mr. David Martin, himself a painter, set forth in a work on the Glasgow School of Painting. Mr. Martin writes: "The subject of the *Tennis Party* was a very characteristic one for Lavery, as it offered a *motif* such as he delights to paint, and one wherein the



A PORTRAIT GROUP
BY JOHN LAVERY

prominent qualities of his style could be admirably demonstrated. He secured graceful pose and movement in the figures, with sparkles of sunlight and shadow in the artistic composition of the landscape. . . . In colour the picture is very agreeable, being a scheme of warm-toned white with green." Of the same class is the picture here described as *A Portrait Group*, which shows us a party of croquet players playing the game on a lawn, with the sea as a background. Apropos of sea studies, nothing could well be more delightful than a picture entitled *Ariadne*, upon which I am informed the artist has worked again and again since its first exhibition many years ago. It chanced to return to his studio some few weeks since, and I had an opportunity of seeing it in its latest state.

A more chaste, and indeed classic, study of the nude—a young girl, her long tresses blowing in the breeze, is facing a deep-blue sea—one need not hope to find. As a decoration, too, this picture is singularly successful. Another picture upon which Mr. Lavery has worked repeatedly over a long course of years—it has now finally, after being exhibited all over the world, come into the possession of the National Gallery, Brussels—is the *Night after the Battle of Langside*, an exceedingly spirited piece of work.

Here may as well be said, what had to be said somewhere in the course of this essay, that the career of John Lavery presents a most impressive object-lesson, not only to neglected, and, in a commercial sense, unsuccessful painters of parts—men who have been driven into obscurity by the indifference to their duties to British art of those who are supposed to watch over its interests—but to the nation at large, which is invited to take note

of the fact that here is a British painter, who has never been treated with anything approaching fairness in his own land, but whose works have nevertheless been eagerly sought after and acquired by nearly every Government of Europe. Obviously this home neglect is partly due to the deplorable fact that Great Britain, in spite of being numbered amongst the richest nations of the world, is the one nation which does nothing, in a national sense, to encourage living painters; but, worse still, is so supinely indifferent to home-born and contemporary genius, that it allows the gallery going by the name of the National Gallery of British Art, established by the munificence of a private individual, the late Sir Henry Tate, to be dominated by a body of men whose qualification



"NORA"

BY JOHN LAVERY



PORTRAIT OF LADY HAMILTON
WIFE OF SIR IAN HAMILTON
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. LAVERY

John Lavery

is purely imaginary, and to become a mere receptacle for the purchases made under the Chantrey Bequest, denying admission, as in a recent notorious case, to a work of undisputed merit offered to it gratuitously. It comes to this: the National Gallery of British Art, so-called, is controlled by the most unprogressive institution in the world, an institution which deliberately denies place or favour to all artists, however distinguished, who disdain to come to it, cap in hand, to crave as favours what their genius entitles them to demand as rights.

The case of John Lavery is typical, and such cases ought to put Englishmen, even those who care nothing for art, to an open shame. For here is a painter, honoured everywhere on the Continent and in America; a painter awarded gold medals, and his canvases purchased by the national and municipal authorities throughout Europe and the United States, who, so far as I know, is not represented in any public collection of the United Kingdom, save that of Glasgow, and, were it not for the single exception of Sydney—the Government of New South Wales purchased his *White Feathers*—one might say of the Empire. Moreover, here is a painter of the highest distinction who does not even think it worth his while to send to the Royal Academy—a painter whose works are accorded honourable positions at the Musée du Luxembourg, the Neue Pinakothek at Munich, at Berlin, Brussels, Venice, and, as the list to follow shows, in practically every national gallery of importance the world over. The list of works purchased by governments and municipalities speaks for itself. Here it is: *A Lady in Black* (National Gallery, Berlin); *Lady in Black. No. II* (National Gallery, Brussels); *Madre e figli* (Modern Gallery, Venice); *A Tennis Party* (Pinakothek, Munich); *The Bridge of Grés* (Carnegie Gallery, Pittsburgh,

U.S.A.); *A Garden in France* (Modern Gallery, Philadelphia); *Father and Daughter* (Luxembourg, Paris); *The Night after the Battle of Langside* (National Gallery, Brussels); *White Feathers* (N.S.W. Gallery, Sydney); *The Rocking Chair* (diploma work: Diploma Gallery, R.S.A., Edinburgh); and *The State Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Glasgow, 1888* (Corporation Gallery, Glasgow). In addition to these a score or more of Mr. Lavery's pictures and portraits are in private Continental collections, including *The Violin Player* and several others reproduced in this magazine. Mr. Lavery, it may be mentioned, is Vice-President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, Knight of the Crown of Italy, Member of the National Society of French Artists, Member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and corresponding Member of the Secessions of Munich, Berlin and Vienna. Medals he has received in abundance: from Paris, Berlin, Munich, Brussels, Pittsburgh and Chicago, and other cities.



"BLACK AND GREY"

BY JOHN LAVERY

It cannot be denied that the above hard, dry facts emphasise the contention as to the hopeless condition of mismanagement—to use a mildly inadequate term—of British art.

Again, the critical appreciation on the Continent of Lavery's art goes to show how emancipated foreign criticism is in comparison with our own. The critics of the Continent are loud in Lavery's praise, though little of real moment has been said regarding him by his own countrymen. One French critic has gone so far as to say that his portraits, seen at a recent Salon, were "*les meilleurs, les plus nerveux et les plus fins portraits de ce Salon.*"

It may be well to give here the dates of the pictures representative of Lavery's work accompanying these articles. *The Bridge of Grès* (1883), *A Tennis Party* (1886), *A Portrait Sketch of Mr. James Guthrie* (1886), *Mother and Son* (1886), *Croquet: A Portrait Group* (1890), *Miss M. B.* (1891), *A Lady in Black* (1892), *Father and Daughter* (1897), *Nora* (1897), *Portrait of James Fitzmaurice Kelly, Esq.* (1898), *A Lady in Black, No. II.* (1898), *La Dame aux Perles* (1900), *Fraulein Hertha von G.* (1900), and *The Violin Player* (1901). *Black and Grey* and *Her First Communion*, a delightful representation of the artist's winsome little daughter, are quite recent works.

The limits of space will not allow me, nor do I consider, for reasons already stated, that it is necessary, to enter into any minute or detailed writing, descriptive or critical, of Mr. Lavery's respective productions. The illustrations accompanying the text speak more eloquently than I can speak. Who can look at his portraits, especially at his portrait groups, *Mother and Son*, *Mrs. Spottiswoode and Child*, and particularly that triumph of successful characterisation, the picture of the artist himself seated at the back of his little daughter, without recognising that here is a portraitist worthy to rank with the great portrait painters of old? Mr. Lavery's little girl is seen again in *Her First Communion*. The other day I was brought face to face with the artist's quite recent productions, these included a sympathetic portrait of *Lady Hamilton*, portraits of the Hon. *Mrs. Burrell* and *Mrs. Atherton*, *A Lady on Horseback*, and an extremely seductive portrait study, *Black and Grey*, which has much of the tenderness and grace of a Romney.

It is, of course, mainly to portraiture that Lavery, in recent years, has devoted his energies. His singular success in this branch of art has placed him in the front rank of European portraitists.

The sterner qualities of manhood are as faithfully delineated as the charm and beauty of graceful womanhood—witness his *R. B. Cuninghame Graham, Esq.*, *J. Fitzmaurice Kelly, Esq.*, and the picture of himself. He paints women and children not merely as a master of his craft, but with that underlying sentiment of chivalry and devotion which belongs to knight-errantry. He is no less successful in depicting old age. Mr. Whistler, during one of several memorable conversations I had with him some years ago, in talking of the scope and limits of artistic expression in portraiture, summed up the matter by roundly declaring that portrait-painting afforded as wide a latitude for æsthetic treatment as any other expression of the artistic faculty. On this question it was interesting to hear Mr. Lavery's views. He holds that the artist has licence and prerogative to treat his sitter as he would treat a model, to this extent: he is entitled to seize upon and give prominence to those points which in form and colour suggest to him an attractive and interesting pictorial idea, and that, while the essential facts and characteristics which would enable a third person to recognise immediately the sitter in the picture must be preserved, the painter is entirely justified—further, that no portrait can be a work of art otherwise—in treating his sitter subjectively, and infusing into his presentment his own artistic individuality. As to this, if space allowed, much might be written. It will suffice to say here that Lavery's portraits exhibit that happy equipoise between subjected and objective treatment which, to my mind, marks all the highest achievements in modern portraiture. Of the past in this connection it is impossible to speak definitely. It will be obvious, however, from what has already been written, that John Lavery is not a man of prescribed or narrow views.

It is so far to the credit of Glasgow that in the case of Lavery, and the Glasgow School of painters generally, it has risen entirely superior to the dominance of the clique which mismanages art in the metropolis of the Empire, and that it has absolved itself of the reproach contained in the Scriptural aphorism concerning a prophet in his own city. In 1888, Mr. Lavery was commissioned to paint a large canvas commemorative of the *State Visit of Her Majesty to the Glasgow Exhibition*. This picture, though by no means a mere *machine*, as such pictures are wont to be, and in the very nature of things must in a measure be, is, of course, not to be taken as representing Lavery at his best. The rapid sketch of the function which I saw the other day in the artist's studio is more valuable

John Lavery

than the finished work from the artistic, though obviously not from the narrative or historical, point of view. It is worthy of note that Mr. Lavery suggested to the Corporation the acceptance of this sketch, together with the portrait-sketches of the various more or less notable persons immortalised in the finished picture. But the worthy baillies of Glasgow could not rise to this height; it requires a full-sized man, artistically, to appreciate the value of Mr. Lavery's offer and the unwisdom of its rejection. Glasgow has perhaps made the *amende honorable* in putting into the hands of John Lavery, in association with three other distinguished Glasgow painters, George Henry, Alexr. Roche, and E. A. Walton, the commission to decorate pictorially the Banqueting Hall of the Municipal Buildings in that city. Mr. George Henry has executed the large lunette over the platform, his subject being *Grant-*

ing the Charter to Glasgow. Mr. Alexander Roche is responsible for the first of the three side panels, and has chosen as his theme the legend of St. Mungo, *The Finding of the Ring*, which forms the basis of Glasgow's heraldic insignia. To Mr. E. A. Walton has fallen the second of these panels, which he has filled with a pictorial

representation of Glasgow Fair in the Fourteenth or Fifteenth century. Mr. Lavery has chosen to deal with Glasgow of to-day. His panel is to be decorated with a picture illustrative of modern

ship-building—the building of an ironclad. The picture is cut into three sections by the pilastres.

Still dealing with modern Glasgow, the lunette above the panel carries figures allegorical of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture respectively. The colour scheme is blue, heliotrope, and pink. The pink funnel of the vessel is carried on in the general design by the rose-coloured drapery of the female figure standing for Architecture; and the artistic harmony is preserved and balanced in the other figures. Mr. Lavery cannot be held to have chosen his own day and generation for interpretation undesignedly. He holds that as the big hoops of Velasquez's time, and the Jews of Rembrandt's



"HER FIRST COMMUNION"

BY JOHN LAVERY

Amsterdam were good enough for those great masters respectively as pegs upon which to hang their art; so the active life of to-day is not to be despised by the artists of to-day, who ought not to forget that the province of the artist, or at all events one of his great provinces, is "to deal with things around him and treat them in the terms of



BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"

his material." Of course, in so doing, the artist must exercise those attributes and prerogatives of his calling—that liberal eclecticism which, from the days of the Greeks onwards, has always distinguished the inspired art worker. Thus I make bold to affirm that in selecting his models and adapting them to his requirements in painting the three figures occupying the spaces over his large panel, Lavery was every bit as true to what is called the classic ideal as any Greek sculpture of old. However, I must not pursue this matter further; it would take me too far afield. Nor can I deal with several other aspects of Lavery's art; his delightfully fresh and unconventional studies in Morocco and Spain, for instance, which I had noted for consideration. Enough has been said to indicate that this hard-working and entirely self-reliant painter has achieved a mastery over his art which has enabled him to produce a series of pictures and portraits remarkable for the truth of their tones and values, and for the largeness, solidity, and distinction of their style.

The British Foreign Office has recently signified the acceptance by the Government of the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the Universal Exposition to be held at St. Louis in 1904. The exhibits to be made by the Government, in its official capacity, will be limited to Education and the Fine Arts.

DESIGNS FOR BOOK-PLATES. SOME REMARKS UPON THE RESULTS OF COMPETITION B XX. BY AYMER VALLANCE.

It is not often that so much as an entire article is devoted to the subject of the monthly competitions in these pages. However, in the case of the drawings for book-plates, circumstances, to wit, the quantity and the generally high standard of the work submitted, seem to call for exceptional notice, while at the same time affording an opportunity to consider the main principles that should guide artists in this particular branch of design.

Now, however much times change and conditions become modified, it is well, for the sake of comparison, if not for example also, to recall in what form any given art at first manifested itself. There are many arts which arose in a period so remote that the subject is obscure and surrounded with difficulties; but in the matter of *ex libris* it is otherwise. There is no doubt but that all early book-plates were of a heraldic character. Nor is this fact difficult to account for, since the primary purpose of a book-plate is to be a distinctive token of ownership, a condition which a heraldic blazon perfectly fulfils. This being so, it is remarkable that in the present instance scarcely any of the competitors attempted to base their designs on heraldic motifs. Of the large number of drawings

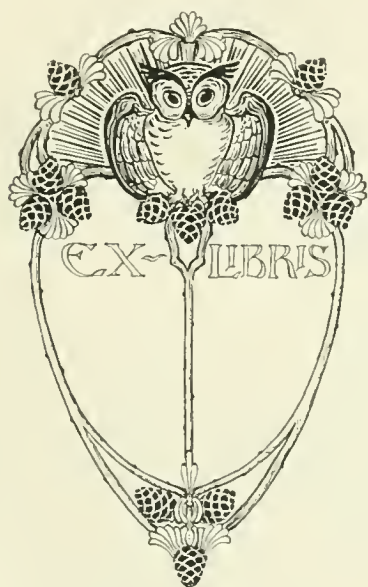


BOOK-PLATE

BY "ROY"

Designs for Book-plates

here illustrated, as representative of the competition as a whole, only one, that by "Rep," depicts any sort of heraldic emblem. Intended as this *ex libris* is for the use of an official body like the Municipal School of the town of Plymouth, an armorial device was bound to be represented. Yet, even so, it is merely incidental, forming part of the background rather than the principal feature of the composition: while for the use of private individuals heraldry does not figure in a single example. What, then, does its absence signify, but that a decided change has taken place in popular estimation with regard to heraldry? It may be that our growing democratic spirit is impatient of such



BOOK-PLATE

BY "YMER"

chivalric distinctions; or, again, it may be that the conferring of arms and titles on *nouveaux riches* and other unworthy objects, in addition to the too common assumption of fancy arms by persons not warranted to bear them, has brought the system of heraldic insignia, true and spurious alike, into disrepute. Whatever be the cause the result remains, and it is idle not to recognise its existence, and that the use of armorial bearings is likely to diminish as time advances.

But what provision should there be for the increasing number of those who are either not disposed or not authorised to bear arms, yet want some alternative device for the identification of their property? It is obvious that the best thing to supply the place of the old-fashioned armorial



BOOK-PLATE

BY "FLYING FISH"

book-plate must be something analogous to it, or derived from the same train of ideas as suggested the original type itself. What is needed is a badge or personal sign, forcible and simple—the simpler the better, for practical purposes—without abstruse symbolism, because whatever makes for mystification defeats the very reason for the book-plate's existence. It may be, as in the case of Mr. Greenleaf's *ex libris*, a "canting" device (to borrow the terminology of heraldic science) in allusion to the name;—an opportunity, be it observed, that was missed in the case of the book-plate of May Thorne, where the artist might with reason have chosen a hawthorn in place of a rose—it may be

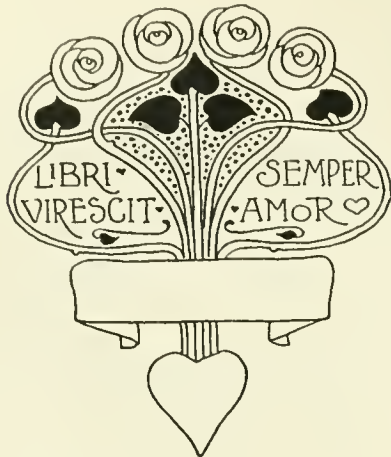


BOOK-PLATE

BY "GAR"

Designs for Book-plates

the emblem of one's namesake in the kalendar; or again it may be merely a monogram, like that by "Isca," which is at once ornamental and



BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"

effective. In any event it must be understood that such marks or badges as these constitute a large class, apart and distinct from the other class of fancy subjects with figures. These latter compositions, however attractive in themselves, do not necessarily suggest a book-plate, and might, suppose the lettering were removed, serve for almost any purpose from menus, or birthday and invitation cards, to tail-pieces for printed books. One word, by the way, concerning the expression *ex libris*. As everybody knows, the "x" before a consonant is strictly incorrect; but as in the case of *ex cathedra*, usage has imparted a quasi-idiomatic sanction to an otherwise anomalous form of expression.

And here it is necessary to emphasise the importance of treating the lettering, wherever it is introduced, as an integral and harmonious part of the whole composition. Many a design, otherwise meritorious enough, is marred to the extent of disqualification by feeble or

ugly lettering. Not that it is to be inferred that all the divers specimens of lettering here reproduced are suitable models for imitation. For example, hollow ghosts of letters, like those in "O Mimosa San's" drawing, are very faulty. Their meagre effect is aggravated by their being conglomerated together continuously without demarcation lines between one letter and another. Not much preferable is the rendering of the word "*meum*" in "Nemo's" design; and why is the possessive pronoun in the neuter gender when it should agree with masculine *liber*? Again, artificial shading, giving as it does the false appearance of relief, and particularly any distortion of letters in varying heights to make them fit into spandrils, as in the case of "Alex's" design, or into other irregular spaces, where the top and bottom lines are not parallel, is a practice to be condemned and avoided.

It is not possible to lay down a rule to apply universally, but at any rate it is true to say that lettering is commonly liable to be too light and thin for its place. There are, of course, plenty of instances where a dainty design would be injured by heavy lettering; but, even so, the advantage of contrast is such that solidity and blackness of letters are more likely than not to improve a design. Square-built letters give an impression of firm-



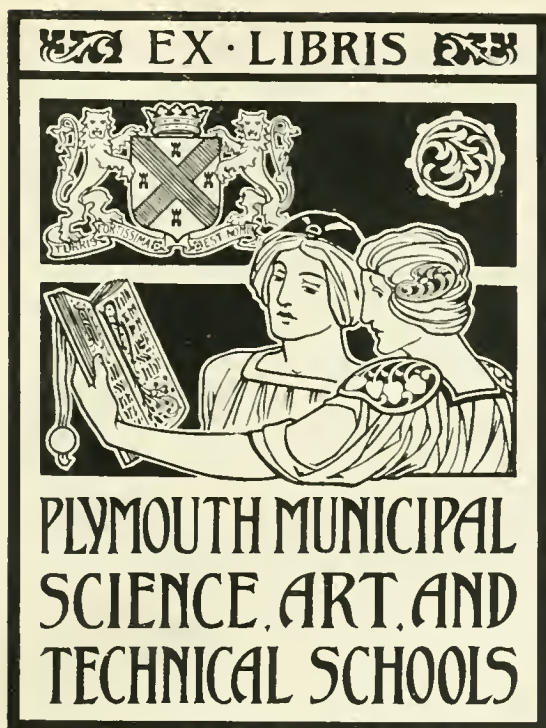
BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "MALVOLIO"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "REP"



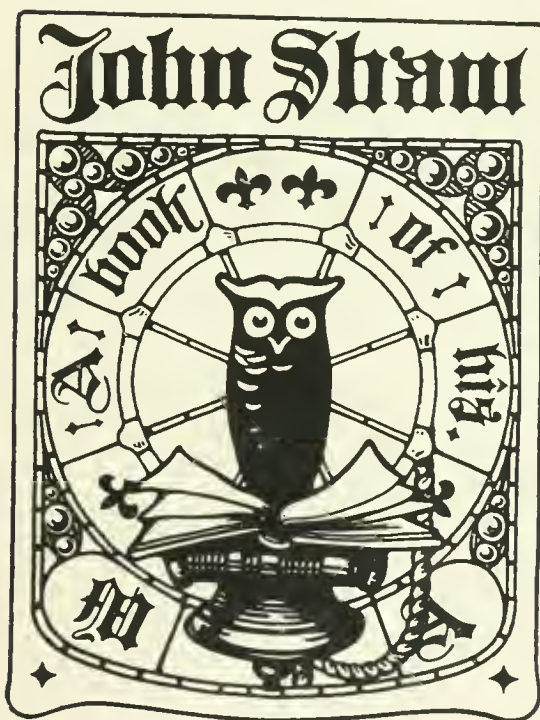
BOOK-PLATE

BY "NEMO"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "WEST COUNTRYMAN"

DESIGNS FOR BOOK-PLATES
(COMPETITION B XX)



BOOK-PLATE BY "O MIMOSA SAN"

ness and strength, while, on the other hand, letters stretched upwards and downwards into an oblong form, out of due proportion to their breadth, tend, even though their limbs be solid, to look wasted and attenuated. The lettering in the Greenleaf book-plate, though far from unpleasing, yet by reason of its excessive roundness seems rather too lacking in virility as compared with letters of rectangular formation. The same criticism applies in a minor degree to the lettering in the design by "Excelsior." One should avoid being capricious or fantastic. Clearness and legibility are the first conditions of good lettering. The intention of making it ornamental should be kept strictly subordinate. Attempts at elaboration usually entail loss of dignity and defeat their own ends, producing, if not a confused, a vulgar and pretentious, the very opposite of a decorative, effect.

And lastly—though this is, perhaps, a detail which belongs rather to the domain of personal tastes and preferences, so that it is unwise to be too dogmatic on the subject—it seems more consonant with their purpose as records in inscriptions of a monumental nature, to employ capitals uniformly.

One has but to compare the lower-case lettering of the "Gwynne" book-plate with the characters of those by "Serlio" and "Rep" for instance, to appreciate the respective effects produced. It may be worth while also in this connection to recall that the late William Morris, in contrasting the relative merits of Gothic and Roman type, remarked that the capitals of the latter constituted its strong point. Admitted then that it would be impracticable to print entire books or newspapers in capitals from end to end, the balance still inclines in favour of the use of capitals for short inscriptions, such as indeed do occur in book-plates.

And now, to take the illustrations more minutely, the most typical of the book-plates belonging to the class of badges or marks is unquestionably that of "Roy" (page 120), already mentioned. For directness and simplicity this example would be hard to rival. Of the same category there are other designs, such as the strong and conventional landscape in silhouette by "Gwyn"; the two little landscapes with cottages by "Simplex," marvels of dainty manipulation in pure line; the same artist's vulture, in like manner; "Carelia's" woodpecker; "Gar's" peacock with tail displayed; "Ymer's" and "West Countryman's" owls, interesting for comparing variant forms of treatment of the same bird in almost the identical attitude in the two instances; "Nick's" symbolic Pegasus; "Arc-



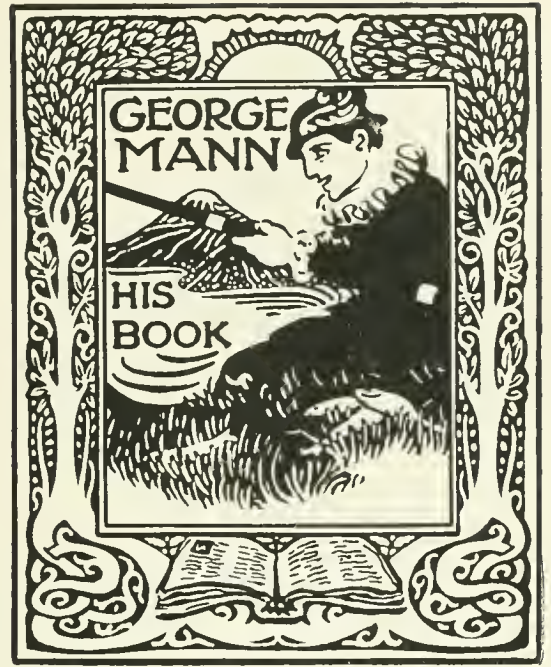
BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "ISCA"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "PLATO"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "EXCELSIOR"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "ALFX"

DESIGNS FOR BOOK-PLATES
(COMPETITION B XX)

Designs for Book-plates



BOOK-PLATE

BY "GWYN"

for the surrounding border. The drawing of the grass and fishes in the foreground is a skilful piece of work, and should lend itself well to the process of wood engraving. In the series of designs by "Isca" is a sustained individuality, together with a strong decorative element, qualities which go to raise the work to a high order of merit. Moreover, the massing and distribution of black and white, together with a keen sense of physical beauty, particularly in the case of the female figure holding up her apron filled with fruit, are welcome features. If this artist's inspiration was derived from any external source it is not easy to locate it. Possibly in the figure with the torch may be discerned a slight *rapprochement* to Aubrey Beardsley; more, indeed, in technique than in physical type, for the

urus's" quaint Noah's Ark figures and trees; and the floral book-plates of "Brush," "Doric," "Hylus," and two by "Isca," the four last-named based on ornamental renderings of the rose. Here again it is instructive to note how diversely the same object comes to



BOOK-PLATE

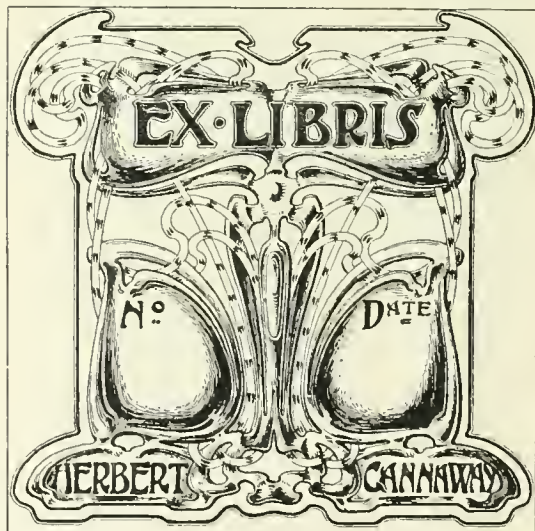
BY "NICK"

exaggerated masculine development of the chin is hardly such as would have commended itself to the latter artist to depict. "Pan" and "O Mimosa San" base their designs upon treatment of the female form. The attitude of the former is, perhaps, somewhat strained, but

be conventionalised in different hands; "Doric's" roses being treated somewhat after the Century Guild manner; while those of "Hylus" recall the methods of certain oriental embroideries. "Iris's" work is based on purely abstract forms, not exactly seaweed and not exactly strap-ornament, but, as it were, a combination of the two.

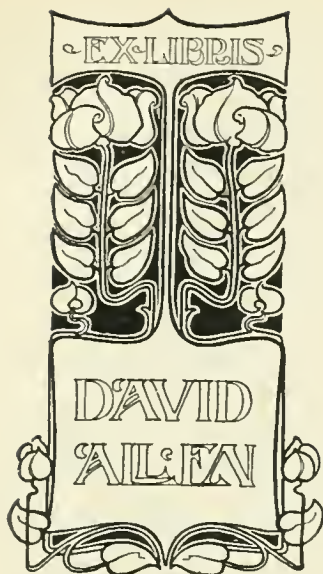
More ambitious—and, since they comprise human figures, more interesting, if less essentially book-plates—are those designs which belong to the other class. "Bardie's" is notable as the unique example framed in an architectural setting. It is true this presents a free treatment that cannot be called a literal rendering of any of the historic styles, but it is none the less striking from the point of view of ornament. "Curlew's" design shows a carefully drawn interior, with furniture. "Excelsior" displays a female head with a dense mass of hair, the whole fashioned in the chiaroscuro method of W. P. Nicholson. "Plato's" design of a man fishing reproduces similar peculiarities of technique, combined with the ornamental treatment of trees

the lines of the latter are decidedly graceful. "Malvolio's" design to express the contrast



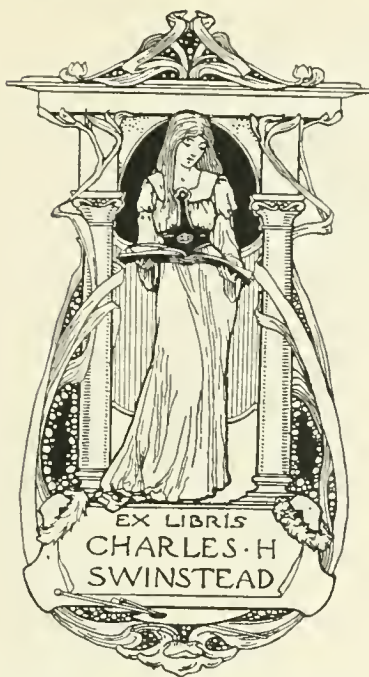
BOOK-PLATE

BY "IRIS"



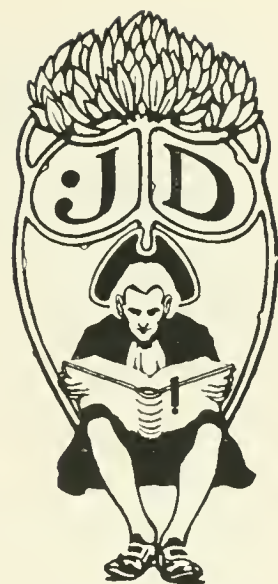
BOOK-PLATE

BY "BRUSH"



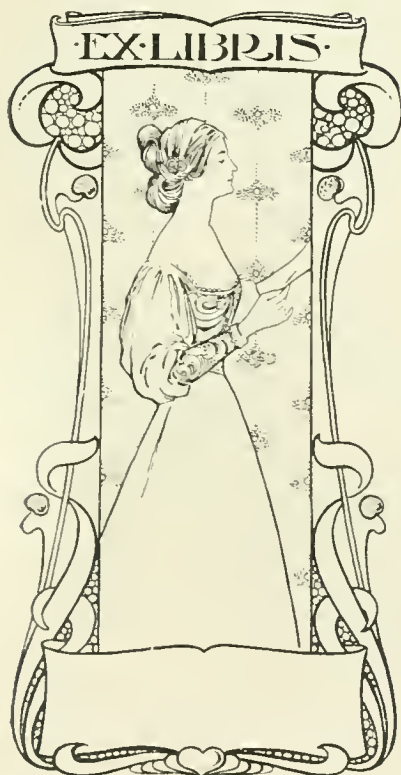
BOOK-PLATE

BY "BARDIE"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "GWYN"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "BRUSH"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "PAN"

DESIGNS FOR BOOK-PLATES
(COMPETITION B XX)



BOOK-PLATE

BY "CURLEW"

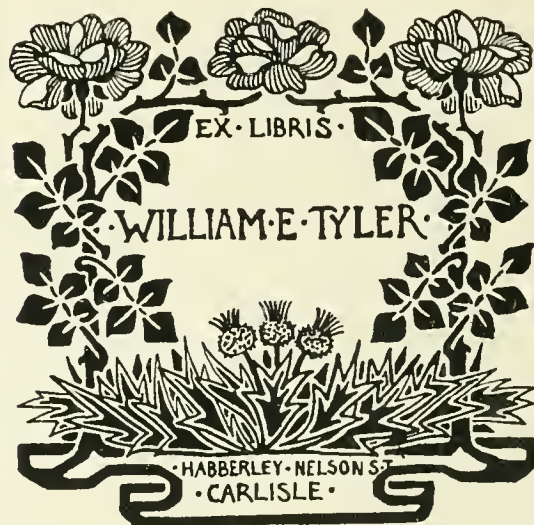
between solid fact and romantic fiction is clever as regards the two figures ; but the artist's method of rendering background or shadow by a pile of coins, or peas, or whatever else they are supposed to be, is not a happy one. It appears rather a convention totally devoid of meaning, and such that "Malvolio" should be persuaded to abandon henceforward.

Four more drawings—viz., those by "Alex," "Brush," "Serlio," and "Flying Fish" respectively—introduce female figures in the act of reading ; but none demand any special comment, except that in "Alex's" design the circular outline of the medallion meets with an accordant response in the attitude of the figure which it encloses. How far it is legitimate to convey the contrary impression, as is done in "Rep's" and in one of "Isca's" designs, may be a moot point. In the one instance a draped forearm, in the other a torch, protrudes, beyond the confines of the frame. In either case surely there is an aberration difficult to justify. Nobody prescribed the shape and dimensions of the space enclosed ; it is entirely the artist's own choosing, being in the one case circular and in the other rectangular. But having once adopted these limits, why do they not observe them ? If the surface first planned for the figure-work subsequently proved to be inadequate, surely its borders could and should have been extended until they were wide enough to include all that the artist proposed to depict in it. As it is, there is produced an uneasiness and uncertainty as to whether that part which appears flat is really so, or whether

there be not two planes of vision ; especially in "Isca's" drawing, where the hand grasping the torch thrusts itself forward with most aggressive prominence.

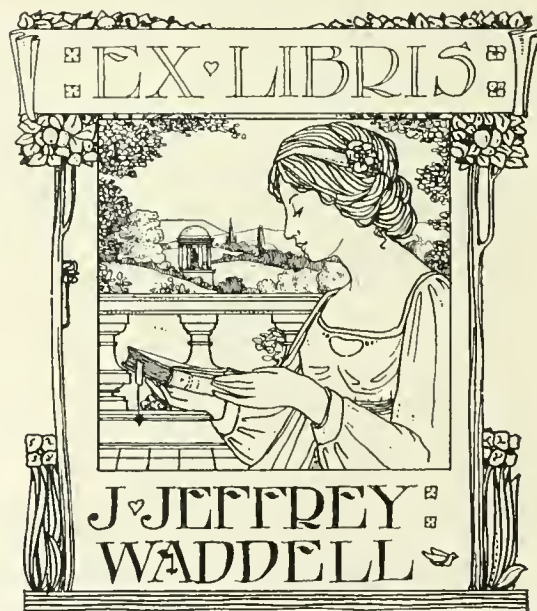
But, after all, any one who is so minded can be a fault-finder, a rôle which, indeed, I did not set out to fill. Rather let me close, as I began, with the expression of my sincerest praise for the exceptionally interesting collection of designs elicited by the Book-plate Competition.

AYMER VALLANCE.



BOOK-PLATE

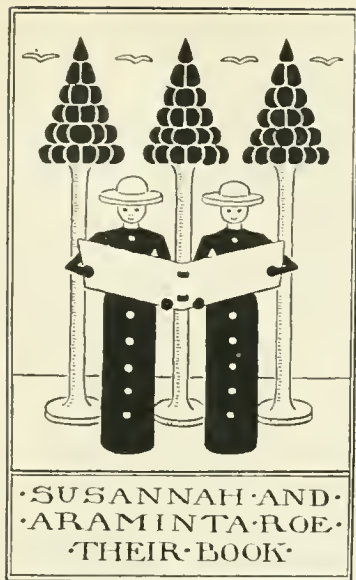
BY "HYLUS"



BOOK-PLATE

BY "SERLIO"

Designs for Book-plates



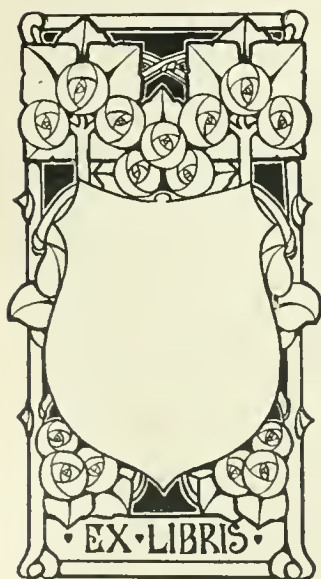
BOOK-PLATE BY "ARCTURUS"



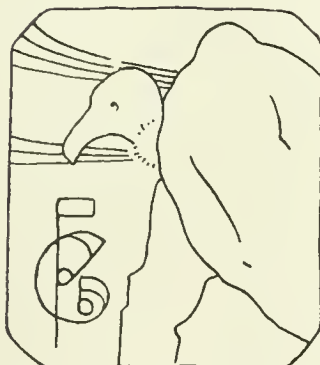
BOOK-PLATE
BY "SIMPLEX"



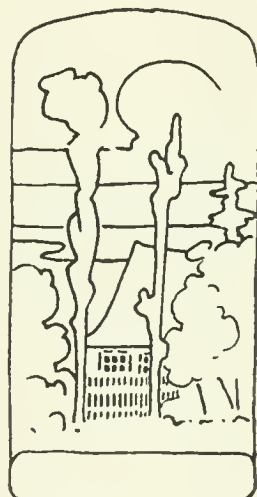
BOOK-PLATE BY "CARELIA"



BOOK-PLATE BY "DORIC"



BOOK-PLATE BY "SIMPLEX"



BOOK-PLATE BY "SIMPLEX"

DESIGNS FOR BOOK-PLATES
(COMPETITION B XX)

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN: THE AUSTRIAN SECTION. BY W. FRED.

AUSTRIA, like many other countries, has not succeeded here in producing an advantageous or even true impression of her arts and artistic manufactures. Many causes have contributed to this result. In the first place, the time that had elapsed since the Paris Exhibition was too short to allow of any new efforts; and in the second place, in consequence of the epidemic of exhibitions in Germany and Austria within the last few years, the careful execution of artistic products, which formerly was almost always praiseworthy, has given way to hasty and careless work. And, so far as Austria was concerned, there was this year an additional hindrance: besides all the national shows, the International Exhibition at Düsseldorf and the special Austrian Exhibition in London had strained every power to the utmost. And it must at least be said that we are accustomed to see far better results of Austrian art and Austrian industry than those which fill their two sectional buildings at Turin.

A special reason for the failure as concerns works of art lay in the fact that the Viennese Secessionists, among whom must be reckoned most of the distinguished talents of Austria—as Otto Wagner, Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, L. Bauer, and others—refused on personal grounds to take any part in the Turin Exhibition. In the same way almost all the schools of applied art in Vienna refused to exhibit, and this abstention, when we consider the remarkable activity of the youthful

talent which is trained in these schools, leaves a conspicuous blank. The readers of *THE STUDIO* are familiar, through many articles, with the tendencies of these artists—amounting, in fact, to a distinct “Modern Austrian” style.

Austria was so exceptionally lucky as not to find herself obliged to display her products in the great bazaar like central hall of the Turin Exhibition; she was able to arrange them in two small buildings erected by the architect Herr Baumann. The opportunity was not altogether judiciously used. One of the buildings, a sort of kiosk with a circular vestibule and a white plaster façade—not too tastefully decorated with black and yellow, the symbolical national colours—showed some affinity with the Viennese Secessionist style of white stucco villas with an irregular façade, and produced a no



ROOM

DESIGNED BY WITZMANN

Turin Exhibition



BEDROOM

DESIGNED BY BAUMANN



ROOM

DESIGNED BY BAUMANN

Turin Exhibition

very satisfactory architectural effect of triviality, with which we are familiar from other examples, without revealing any strong artistic feeling. Some mural paintings by Josef Engelhart which decorate the entrance are, however, worthy of remark. In this kiosk are to be seen examples of the industrial arts of Austria, most of which have already been shown in Paris, and recently also in London; while the second building should have formed a little separate world of its own, since it was intended to represent a little villa, after the model of the exhibition of the artistic colony of Darmstadt, completely furnished and fitted with *objets d'art*; it thus really offered an opportunity of showing the visitors to the Turin Exhibition what the young school of applied art in Austria could do. But I cannot but admit that, though in these two buildings there is some very good work, especially some carefully executed cabinet work and some tasteful effects of colour arrangement, and a certain quiet tone of homely elegance, the subtle element which makes a true work of art is wholly wanting: the impress, namely, of a distinctive artistic individuality.

This villa is designed very much after the English plan, and here again the façade shows a quite singular treatment in its line and architecture, so we must be content to believe that

comfort was consulted in the matter of taste. A large hall, designed by Herr Baumann and very well carried out by J. W. Müller, of Vienna, is the central feature of the interior, and out of it open a suite of reception rooms and a dining room on the ground floor. A dinner lift is, however, wholly lacking, as are many other conveniences for a large household; and such an omission, to say nothing of the absence of a kitchen and of the modern arrangements of domestic offices, is a serious defect in this building. The first floor is designed for bedrooms, but here again we find nothing new, either in their plan or in the details of the arrangements and furniture—little of any artistic merit. Finally, we can but wonder what there is in any way characteristic in the villa to make it an example of modern decorative art. The decoration of the interior is quite pleasing, but in all respects insignificant. The central hall, brown in its general tone, looks warm and comfortable; its whole effect depends on some good wood work. An adjoining boudoir shows a rather odd arrangement of two corners filled in aslant—cosy corners, so called—which has a very unrestful effect. Still the decoration here, designed by Witzmann, a young architect, is very good; the furniture pretty, elegant, and ornamental; the colouring, white and green, very agreeable; and we



ROOM

DESIGNED BY WYTARLIK

Turin Exhibition



VASES

DESIGNED BY K. MOSER. EXECUTED
BY MESSRS. BAKALOWITZ

are happily spared any eccentricities. Another reception room, by Jacob and Josef Kohn, of Vienna, displays the application of the modern invention of bent wood, which has for many years been an Austrian speciality, though it is only lately that artists have hit on the idea that the process by which any curve can be given to wood is particularly applicable to the modern taste for "line." In this room, too, we note with pleasure a remarkably good coloured window by Koloman Moser, who unfortunately, with this exception, has kept aloof with the other Secessionists.

On the first floor we find a bedroom decorated by Baron Krauss, whose work is already known to

the readers of *THE STUDIO*, and another by the architect, Baurath Baumann. What chiefly strikes us in this house, besides the absence of any kind of study or workroom, is the lack of character and individuality in any of the rooms. It is quite impossible to picture to oneself what sort of men and women would inhabit this completely furnished abode—consequently the very first law of modern comfort and taste—that the dwelling and the inhabitants should harmonise—is neglected, since these rooms are exhibition rooms and nothing more. And it must be said that the much abused exhibition of the Darmstadt *coterie* of artists, which was carried out on the same principles, fulfilled its purpose far better.

In the Austrian kiosk a quantity of ornamental objects of very high quality are shown. For instance, the glass made by the Vienna firms of Bakalowitz and Lobmeyer. The latter exhibit a patera-shaped glass executed by R. Marschall, engraved in patterns of remarkable elegance. Bakalowitz's work is for the most

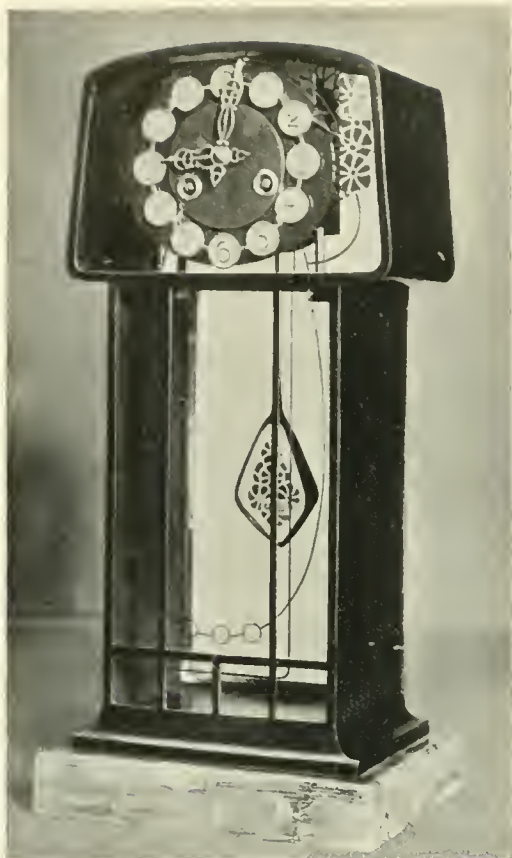
part carried out from designs produced in Professor Moser's school; and, as we might expect from that



BRONZE FIGURE

BY GURSCHNER

Turin Exhibition



CLOCK

DESIGNED BY OTTO PRUTSCHER

artist, are distinguished by variety and elaboration of form, and highly fanciful colouring. The cups and dishes mounted in metal, all more or less inspired by Tiffany's work, are also worthy of mention. In these examples we find a characteristic expression of artistic individuality, and imagination in outline and colour, which is not elsewhere discoverable in this section.

The silversmith Klinkosch, of Vienna, has produced a tea service, designed by Professor Otto Wagner, the first architect in Vienna, who for some years has had a marked and excellent influence over all the younger followers of the modern school of decorative art; this service is not only solid and elegant in form, but, at the same time, light and original. In metal-work we are struck by a number of bronzes by Gurschner, whose work has long been familiar. Among younger artists I would note some ornamental objects, a casket and a clock by Otto Prutscher. An illustration of the clock is given upon this page.

In this kiosk, too, some furnished rooms are to

be seen, some previously exhibited in Vienna; two new rooms by Wytzarlik and Witzmann show the Austrian character which we find in all the capital designs by Professor Josef Hoffmann, under whose inspiration they work, though he is not distinctively represented here; their style is simple and unpretentious, often suggestive of old-world carpentry and furniture, plain and severe taste taking the place of any marked artistic individuality. English influence is as perceptible here as in a good many of the other Austrian exhibits.

It is to be regretted that Austrian industrial art, which is generally so highly praiseworthy, and is making a name for itself all the world over, has not in the present instance done itself more justice.

W. FRED.



HAND MIRROR

BY GURSCHNER

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Mr. G. F. Watts has written to us concerning his equestrian group *Physical Energy*, in order to correct a statement that appeared in *THE STUDIO* for September. A belief was then expressed that the Government might have acquired the group for the nation by merely paying for the bronze-casting, but that the chance had been allowed to slip through the official fingers. Mr. Watts now writes to say that the Government, some years ago, made him a generous offer and wished to cast the design. The offer was appreciated as a great compliment, but Mr. Watts did not then see how he could accept it, for the reason that the work was still unfinished. But the matter was left open, and it remains open to this day.

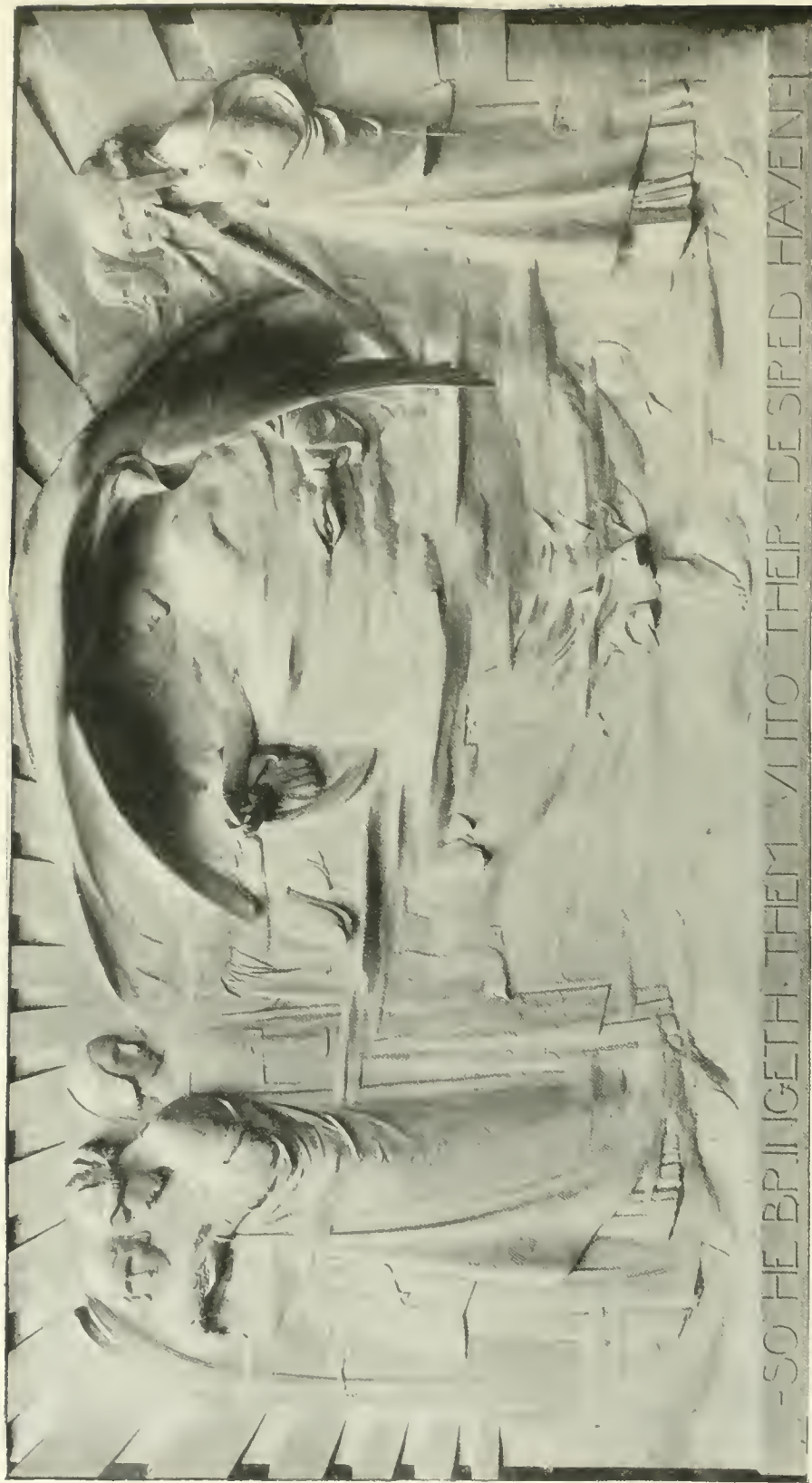
It is common knowledge that a cast of the group is now being made and will be sent to South Africa, as a monument to the late Cecil Rhodes; but in connection with this fact Mr. Watts sends some new and interesting information. "When Mr. Rhodes saw the model he expressed a very strong wish to have a bronze cast of it set up in South Africa, overlooking his projected railway-line. When Mr. Rhodes died, Lord Grey, his friend and principal executor, desired to carry out the wish of the great Englishman, but I at first objected, because the model was not completed. Afterwards I consented, feeling a pathetic appropriateness in the thought of my unfinished design overlooking the greater work also left unfinished . . . The model remains with me, perhaps to be finished hereafter and disposed of as may be."

Mr. Frampton's Memorial Panel, illustrated on p. 136, forms part of a monument to be erected in Scotland to the memory of one who lost his life while endeavouring to save others from drowning in an ice accident. Angels and heralds beckon and accompany his soul "unto the desired haven." The design, conceived and worked out in a spirit of noble tenderness, is one of the best works that Mr. Frampton has given us.

Mr. Carton Moore Park, with whose work we have already dealt at length in *THE STUDIO*, has recently exhibited, at 8 Wentworth Studios, Chelsea, two large oil paintings of considerable interest. One of them is inspired by the poem by Burns entitled "The Twa Dogs." The other, in which the characteristic dogs of England, Ireland, Scotland,

and Wales are depicted, bears the appropriate title of *The National Quartette*. It is probable that these pictures will shortly be reproduced by photogravure, or some like process, and if they are, the prints should appeal to a large number of buyers. These pictures reveal once more the profound interest which the artist takes in canine life and character, and prove his skill in representing the dog on canvas in his habit as he lives.

EDINBURGH.—This year's exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, which is being held in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy on the Mound, is more remarkable for charm of *ensemble*, than for the merit of the individual works which form it. A moderate number of pictures and drawings, and a few pieces of sculpture admirably arranged against suitably toned backgrounds, produce a sense of harmony and repose not often found in more important shows in this country; but on closer examination one experiences a feeling of disappointment. Good work is not wanting, but there is a distinct lack of things marked by distinction of personality or style. Amongst the pictures which stand out from the ruck are two admirably characteristic landscapes by Claude Monet, a delightful little McTaggart of children dancing in a lily-gemmed garden, as gay and joyous as the dancers themselves, and an interesting Segantini, a studio interior by lamplight, which is completely free from the rather contorted and sometimes far-fetched allegory which often strikes a jarring note in the work of that gifted artist's last years. Of the members, a foremost place is taken by Mr. J. Campbell Mitchell, with three landscapes, each of which is pervaded by personal feeling and sympathetic apprehension. The *Twilight in Galloway* is especially charming and refined, and may be said to represent the highest point yet attained by this very promising landscape-painter. Mr. James Paterson's *Rough Pasture* is excellent, and so is a Dutch river bit by Mr. J. C. Noble; Mr. James Cadenhead, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, and Mr. Mason Hunter are well represented; and two or three small landscapes give some indication of the talent of the late William Mouncey. *Easter Eggs* is an admirable example of Mr. Hornel's fine sense of colour and very individual method, and is better drawn than usual, but the want of fresh and personal observation is beginning to tell on the really pretty work of his follower, Mr. T. B. Blacklock. Amongst work of this class—that is, figure associated with landscape—*Primrose Day*, by Miss



MEMORIAL PANEL BY
GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

Grace Stodart, although not quite happy in colour, deserves a word of praise for the charm of its design, and the grace of its unforced sentiment. Of the portraits, mention may be made of Mr. James Guthrie's full-length, of Mr. James Riddel's portrait of a lady, of Mr. E. A. Borthwick's group of *A Lady and Child*, of a man's portrait by Mr. John A. Ford, and of several water-colours by Mr. C. H. Mackie. There are few figure pictures of note, and of these Mr. Robert Burns's *The Tambour*, a study of a woman in black enlivened by a crimson flower in her black hair, is perhaps the most successful. On the other hand, animal pictures are numerous and, on the whole, good. Mr. Edwin Alexander, who sends two slight, but exquisitely sensitive landscape impressions, has a charming drawing of doves in a wicker cage, marked by that wonderfully delicate drawing which gives distinction to everything he does; Mr. George Smith's *Evening*, a Troyon-like subject, is as vigorous as usual and more refined; Miss Cowieson's basketful of cats is excellent in its own way; and Miss Cameron sends several clever studies of exciting incidents in bull-fighting or steeple-chasing.

The sculpture is of little real moment: two or

three big things from Paris are not only quite out of scale with the rooms, but rather coarse in themselves; of work by local artists, the design for a Queen Victoria Memorial by Mr. Birnie Rhind, and a "Memorial Tablet" by Mr. Edward W. Kennedy, are most worthy of notice.

J. L. C.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Art and Industrial Exhibition now open at Wolverhampton hardly lives up to its name, as far as art is concerned.

In fact, the sole exhibit worthy of mention is the collection of work by the students of the Wolverhampton School of Art.

These are on view in a tastefully designed pavilion, also the work of some members of the Art Schools, and though, perhaps, there is nothing of striking merit or originality, there is evidence of a sound spirit both in design and execution. The designs for textiles are very good, and some of the students are turning their attention to jewellery, and have produced some eminently satisfactory pieces of work.



CASKET IN SILVER AND ENAMELS, SET WITH OPALS

DESIGNED BY G. WOOTTEN, EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON SCHOOL OF ART

First in importance is a presentation casket in silver, with enamelled panels and ornamented with precious stones, designed by Mr. G. Wootten, and executed by members of the school. It is excellently carried out in every particular.

Two other caskets—one in steel, ornamented with enamel, by Miss Esther Tatlow; the other in copper and brass and enamel, designed and made by Mr. F. D. Hadley—are worthy of notice, as is also a beaten silver tray, which is well conceived and boldly carried out by Miss Winifred Jones. Mr. A. C. C. Jahn, the head-master, is represented by several pieces of



CASKET IN BRASS, COPPER AND ENAMELS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY F. D. HADLEY

jewellery in his well-known style, and altogether the exhibit is a very tasteful and interesting one.



THE PAVILION OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON SCHOOL OF ART
DESIGNED BY G. H. T. ROBINSON

It is, perhaps, difficult for a hardware town like Wolverhampton to produce much evidence of applied art in connection with its industries, but it seems a pity that, with all the facilities for encouraging a fuller artistic training in our towns, we cannot find more traces of the effect it should produce, or more tangible signs of the channels into which the acquired training may be most profitably turned.

A. S. W.

GHENT.—The committees of the Ghent Salons have always been distinguished among their fellows of the “official” salons of Belgium for their “modern” and international tendencies, and for the efforts they have made to give a worthy display of works selected by a severely critical jury.



ESTUDIO

Studio-Talk

This year's Salon has been installed in the recently completed buildings of the New Museum, the rational arrangement and simple construction of which are worthy of all praise. The works by British painters are many and notable—the Glasgow School is represented by most of its best artists—and lend a very special air of grace to the display.

The most prominent French and foreign painters of the day at the Champ de Mars have sent either their latest successes or old and favourite works, as, for instance, Fantin-Latour's youthful portrait of himself.

The clear landscapes by MM. Claus and Heymans are the most admired among the paintings by Belgian artists, and one may hope the effect of these works will prove powerful in opposition to the brownish colourings of those landscapists who bow before "official" tradition, if one may so express it.

Other Belgians who have contributed good work are the painters J. Delvin and G. Buysse of Ghent, A. Struys and C. Mertens of Antwerp, C. Hermans, A. Verhaeren, A. Marcette, W. Schlobach, Fernand Khnopff, R. Janssens, G. M. Stevens, Bastien, Blicke, and R. and Madame J. Wytzman of



PORTRAIT

BY CHARLES SAMUEL



"AN OLD FARM IN BRABANT"

BY MADAME J. WYTSMAN

Brussels; and the sculptors C. Meunier, C. Van der Stappen, V. Rousseau, C. Samuel, and J. Lagae.

F. K.

PRAGUE.—Before the close of the season the Technical Artists' Union in Prague organised a collective exhibition of Rodin's works. It was quite a great occasion, and the nation supported it with its accustomed energy. A special building, designed by the well-known architect Professor Jan Kotera, was erected for the purpose in the beautiful Kinsky Gardens beneath the romantic Laurenziberg. When Rodin honoured



"WATERING A COLLIERY
HORSE." FROM THE GROUP
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

(By permission of Messrs. Cassirer, Berlin)

Prague with a visit he was welcomed with cheers, just as though he had been a crowned head.

expression. Certainly Rodin's contribution to modern sculpture marks an epoch in the art history of the nineteenth century.

M. G.

It seems almost superfluous further to discuss Rodin's work at this time of day, but everyone must be interested in the words once spoken by the great sculptor at a banquet given in his honour. "My whole life has meant learning, or—to express it better—seeking. I am seeking continually, and each work of mine is simply a landmark in this eternal search; and for what is this search, this seeking? For the realisation of the true form of things. I find it hard to express what I mean, and in theory it must ever remain devoid of clearness. The direction in which my will tended first became clear to me in my work, and what my meaning is can be understood in and by my work alone. Matter is the same all the world over—it is the form of matter that separates men and beasts and plants and stone. That common attribute which unites men and beasts and plants and stone—call it divine, or sprung from nature, as you will—that I worship, strive to express above all else, aiming next at giving form and contour to that which is characteristic therein. Form is everything! I observe carefully and I work carefully. Only when observation and work go hand in hand can both be fruitful. My whole art proceeds from observation of my model. The model is before me, it moves and lives, I seize a pose, a gesture, an expression. Only the form of the man or the animal, especially the model, interests me. I endeavour to reproduce Nature, to serve as her mirror: more than that I never think of attempting. My works are intended as documents of my feeling of life."

The portrait busts of Rochefort and Falguière are works of this kind. It is Rodin's creed that beauty exists not in the lines of the features but in their

PHILADELPHIA.—By the terms of the wills of Emlen Cresson, of Philadelphia, and his wife, Priscilla P. Cresson, a fund has been created as a memorial to their deceased son, William Emlen Cresson, Academician, the income of which is to be applied by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in sending pupils of merit to Europe to study art.

For the school year of 1902—1903 the Academy will thus have at its disposal a number of travelling scholarships to award to students of the schools in painting and sculpture and in architecture.

It is expected that five of these scholarships, of one thousand dollars each, will be awarded in May, 1903. The scholarships will be granted for two years, and the term may be extended for a third year, this being dependent on the results attained by the holder of the scholarship.



THE RODIN PAVILION AT PRAGUE

DESIGNED BY JAN KOTERA

The work required each month in the Academy Schools from students in painting and sculpture will be the principal factor in determining the award of these scholarships. Candidates failing to submit such work will be ineligible.

Participation in the annual competition of the antique and the life and head courses will also be required from students in painting and sculpture, as follows: Drawing from the figure on paper of academy size, painting from head, modelling from life, composition drawing from cast, and painting from still life. In the cases of perspective and anatomy there will be examinations by the instructors of these classes. In the school of architecture the awards will be based on work in the life or antique courses, as well as upon the problems in design.

In view of his experience as instructor in composition in the Academy Schools, Mr. Henry J. Thouron has generously decided to found three prizes, to be awarded annually in the composition class at the close of each school year.

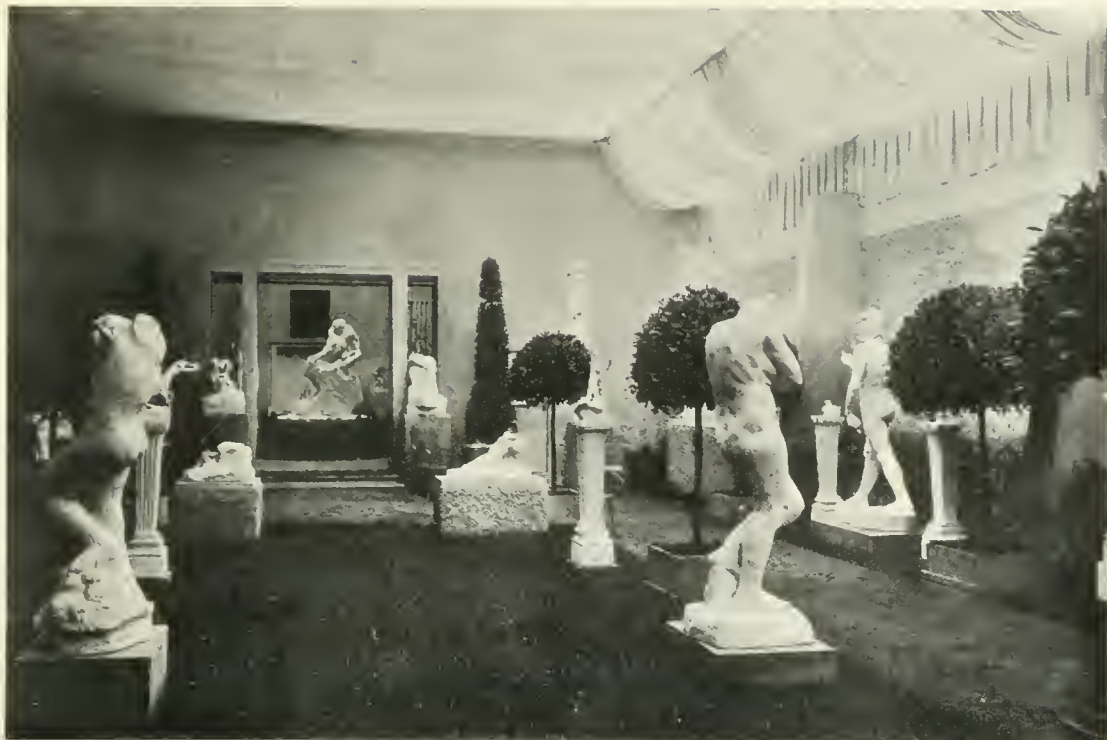
The conditions of these prizes are as follows: One of fifty dollars and one of twenty-five dollars for the best and second best groups of not less than three composition studies upon subjects given to the class during the current season: the first to be decided by the faculty, the second by a vote of the students then working in the schools: and one award of fifty dollars for general progress, the latter to be decided by the instructor of the class. These awards are not to be made twice to the same student, and the same student may not receive more than one of the awards the same season. In the event of not making the annual awards, or any portion of them, the money is to accumulate until it shall amount to the sum of five hundred dollars, when it shall be awarded by a vote of the faculty, as a result of a competition in composition upon a given subject. The amount of the prize will be devoted to a three months' summer trip abroad for the special study of composition.

The prospectus of the "American Art Society," signed by Harrington Fitzgerald, secretary and treasurer, has appeared. It states that a charter



INTERIOR OF THE RODIN PAVILION AT PRAGUE

DESIGNED BY JAN KOTERA



INTERIOR OF THE RODIN PAVILION AT PRAGUE

DESIGNED BY JAN KOTERA



INTERIOR OF THE RODIN PAVILION AT PRAGUE

DESIGNED BY JAN KOTERA

was granted to the society, April 12th, 1902, the purpose being the exhibition, purchase, and sale of American works of art. It is proposed to hold at least two exhibitions every year. Gold, silver, and bronze medals and honorable mentions will be awarded to the best marine, portrait, and figure subjects. A medal will be also awarded to the most popular picture in the regular exhibition, to be decided by a vote of those viewing the pictures. The idea is to encourage American art in every way possible, and to develop the growing talent of America. It is also proposed to employ competent instructors to teach drawing, oil and water-colour painting. The name of Mr. E. Taylor Snow appears in the prospectus as president of the society.

E. C.

VIENNA.—The fifteenth exhibition of the Vienna Secession has just opened. With but few exceptions, none of the members of the "Secession" Society are represented, for the Spring Exhibition will be entirely devoted to the works of Austrian artists. The great central hall is reserved for the works of Count Kalckreuth (Stuttgart), and in another room some selected pictures by the late Wilhelm Leibl are exhibited. For this purpose the Pinakothek (Munich) and other picture galleries have lent works by this artist. Another important feature of the exhibition is a collection of the works of Rudolf von Alt, the honorary president of the Secession, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Professor Kolo Moser's decorations of the room in which Herr von Alt's pictures are shown are well in harmony with them.

Another feature of great interest is the exhibition of the works of "Sztuka," the Polish society of artists, whose members are for the first time exhibiting their productions. The room in which these pictures and sculptures are exhibited is decorated in the Polish national character. In two other rooms are shown the works of the following German sculptors: Hahn, von Gosen Taschner, Urba, and also of some French artists.

Lastly, the youngest of societies, the "Vienna Art at Home," shows two interiors especially made for this exhibition. The members of this new association are pupils of the well-known professors of the Kunst-Gewerbe Schule, Vienna, Hoffmann, Moser, Baron Myrbach, and Roller. The architect Leopold Bauer has arranged the exhibition.

The "Secession" wish it to be known that they would like to exhibit works by American artists, but are prevented doing so by the difficulties placed in their way by the American regulations as to customs, etc. Everything goes so smoothly with all other countries that it is to be regretted that America does not offer the same facilities.

A. S. L.



BUST OF FALGUIÈRE

BY A. RODIN

9.11. 1891





LANDSCAPE

BY GYOKUSHŌ KAWABATA



LANDSCAPE

BY GYOKUSHŌ KAWABATA

TOKYO.—Gyokushō Kawabata, the leading painter of the Marnyama school, recently attained the age of 61. His pupils, desiring to commemorate the event, arranged an exhibition of his many years' work in Bijutsu Kyokwai in Ueno Park.

Gyokushō learned his art under Raisho Nakajima in Kyoto, and afterwards came to Tokyo and began independent work. His name became famous when he taught with Hōgai Kanō and Gahō Hashimoto, in Tokyo, at the time of the first establishment of the Tokyo Art School. He survived

both Hōgai and Gahō, and still holds his former position in the school.

His paintings have become so popular that he finds considerable difficulty in supplying the demand for them. Among the exhibited works, the best, we think, is the one which represents spring scenery, now the property of Toyotarō Aoyama. Though the method employed is not new, it reminds us that he knew the Chinese style of painting as well as the Japanese style of Marnyama and Shijō. The scene of the woods with a stream running through it, owned by Kōmei Ishikawa,

is another good example of the artist's work. Each of these paintings displays remarkable technical skill. The artist's chief strength lies in his landscape, but he has also done excellent work in figure and animal painting.

J. S.

REVIEWS.

The Story of Chartres. By CECIL HEADLAM. Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON. Medieval Towns Series. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) Price 4s. 6d.—This small volume forms one of the excellent series which Messrs. Dent & Co. are publishing, with a view to giving the "intelligent traveller"

rather more opportunity of making himself acquainted with the art and the civic history of certain mediæval cities than is afforded by either Baedeker's or Murray's Guides. The series, on the other hand, is not addressed by the various authors and the publishers to the expert, either architect or antiquarian. Indeed, Mr. Railton's sketches in the present volume emphasise this; for they are manifestly for the benefit of the general reader, and are hardly detailed or explicit enough to point any of the author's architectural morals—adorn, though they may, his tale. Mr. Cecil Headlam writes on this highly interesting old French town out of a full knowledge, and has a special enthusiasm for the history and architectural remains of that Cathedral which the Middle Ages have handed down to us as perhaps their most sumptuously illustrated "Bible in stone." But as we, so to speak, turn over its pages, we recognise all too frequently the gaps and, even worse, the interpolations for which the "restorers" from 1750 to the present time have earned a right to our execration. Happy, indeed, in our own day, is the building that is *not* included in the list of "Monuments historiques!"

Grützner. By Fritz v. Ostini. (Leipzig: Velhagen and Klasing.)—The present is the forty-third issue of the scholarly studies of artists entitled "Künstler-Monographien." It consists of over one hundred pages of text, adorned with one hundred and four admirable illustrations, and is published at the modest price of three shillings. We confess that Herr Eduard Grützner is an artist of whom we do not know very much at first hand. His more elaborate pictures, consisting of drinking and wine-cellar scenes, represented in these pages are doubtless popular, but frankly we do not care for them. That Herr Grützner is an able draughtsman is proved by the slight sketches and studies which are scattered up and down this monograph. Indeed, these sketches themselves make the book a desirable possession.

Darlington in Silhouette. By GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL. (Darlington: The County Publishing Company, 1902). This is an amusing rather than an artistic production. It is elaborately printed on Whatman paper, and the get-up, with the exception of the cloth cover, is unusually good. We do not know Darlington, but judging from Dr. Fothergill's silhouettes, it is by no means overwhelmingly picturesque. Some of the silhouettes are really skilful, but it is altogether a pity that one of the letters of the alphabet is introduced into each design.

Schwarz auf Weiss. (Vienna: H. O. Miethke,



PLUM TREE AND POULTRY

BY GYOKUSHŌ KAWABATA

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

11 Dorotheergasse. 1902.)—This little volume is a venture of the scholars of the Vienna School of Applied Art. The students are evidently in holiday mood, and they are fully determined to be eccentric at all costs. Some of the work, nevertheless, is good. We like H. Unterkalmsteiner's silhouette of a courtyard, and O. M. Miethke's shipping scene. We notice also a pretty page of decoration by J. Sika, and some strong work by W. v. May. The little book speaks well for the enterprise of the students, and it is produced with much care. The cover and end papers are pleasantly original.

Hints on Chip-Carving and the simple Northern Styles. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. *Hints on Wood-Carving for Beginners.* Fourth Edition. By ELEANOR ROWE. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1902. Price 1s. each).—It is needless to say more of these little manuals than to call attention to the fact that they have been lately reprinted, with many additions. They are thoroughly practical, and the illustrations are selected with genuine discrimination.

We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons a collection of Christmas and New Year cards for the present season. Last year we noted a decided artistic advance in many of the cards issued by this firm—an advance which does not appear to have been well sustained this year. Perhaps it is that the general public does not appreciate good drawing and clever design, but prefers the meretricious prettiness more commonly seen in this class of work. Although we do not find any design among the smaller cards which calls for particular remark, some of the larger calendars show unusual merit. Among these may be mentioned the "Dickens Series," consisting of four spirited drawings by Mr. Ludovici, excellently reproduced in colours, which deserve the popularity undoubtedly in store for them. A series of six humorous drawings by H. Cowham, representing the game of ping-pong, are decidedly clever. Mention must also be made of a beautifully printed large panel representing the "Infant St. John," by H. M. Bennett.

From Messrs. Winsor and Newton we have received a selection of their "stiff" oil colours. The colours are contained in convenient wide-mouthed tubes. They are well ground and, on account of their consistency and uniform quality, commend themselves to those who work in this class of material.

We have received from Messrs. Window and Grove an admirable photograph, representing a

tableau of the first act of "Paolo and Francesca," as recently played at the St. James's Theatre, London. The picture, which is 24 ins. long by 7 ins. deep, forms a pleasing memento of the play.

The overmantel illustrated on page 205 and the buffet on page 206 of the August number were designed and executed by Mr. de Graaf, of the firm of Onder S. Maarten, and not by Mr. K. Sluyterman as stated.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(A XXX.)

DESIGN FOR A FORMAL GARDEN.

The designs in this competition being very unsatisfactory, the Editor is obliged to withhold the First Prize.

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Sir Esperance* (Arabella L. Rankin, S. Adrian's, Crail, Fife).

(A XXXI.)

DESIGN FOR A CATALOGUE COVER.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*) has been awarded to *Nightbird* (Hans Reitz, 7 Wharton Road, West Kensington).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) to *Pan* (Fred. H. Ball, 7 Lismore Street, Carlisle).

Honourable Mention:—*Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Doric* (G. W. Mason); *Sira* (E. Aris); *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Nightbird* (Hans Reitz); *Tion* (F. J. Carmichael); *Old Clo* (J. W. Lisle); *Solemnucholy* (C. J. Jennings); *Stannix* (T. E. Martlew); and *Chelvie* (H. L. Vahey).

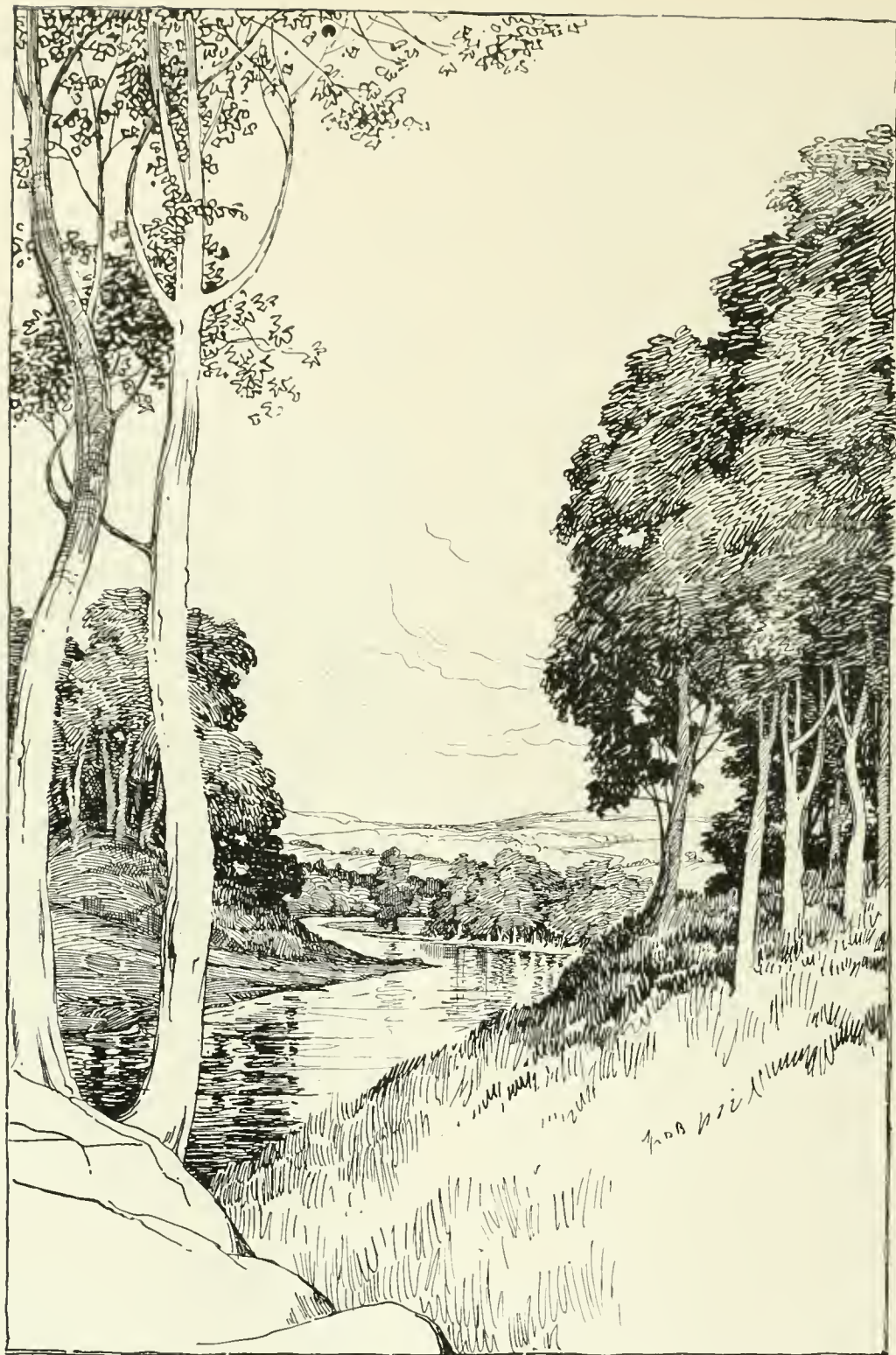
(B XX.)

DESIGN FOR A BOOK-PLATE.

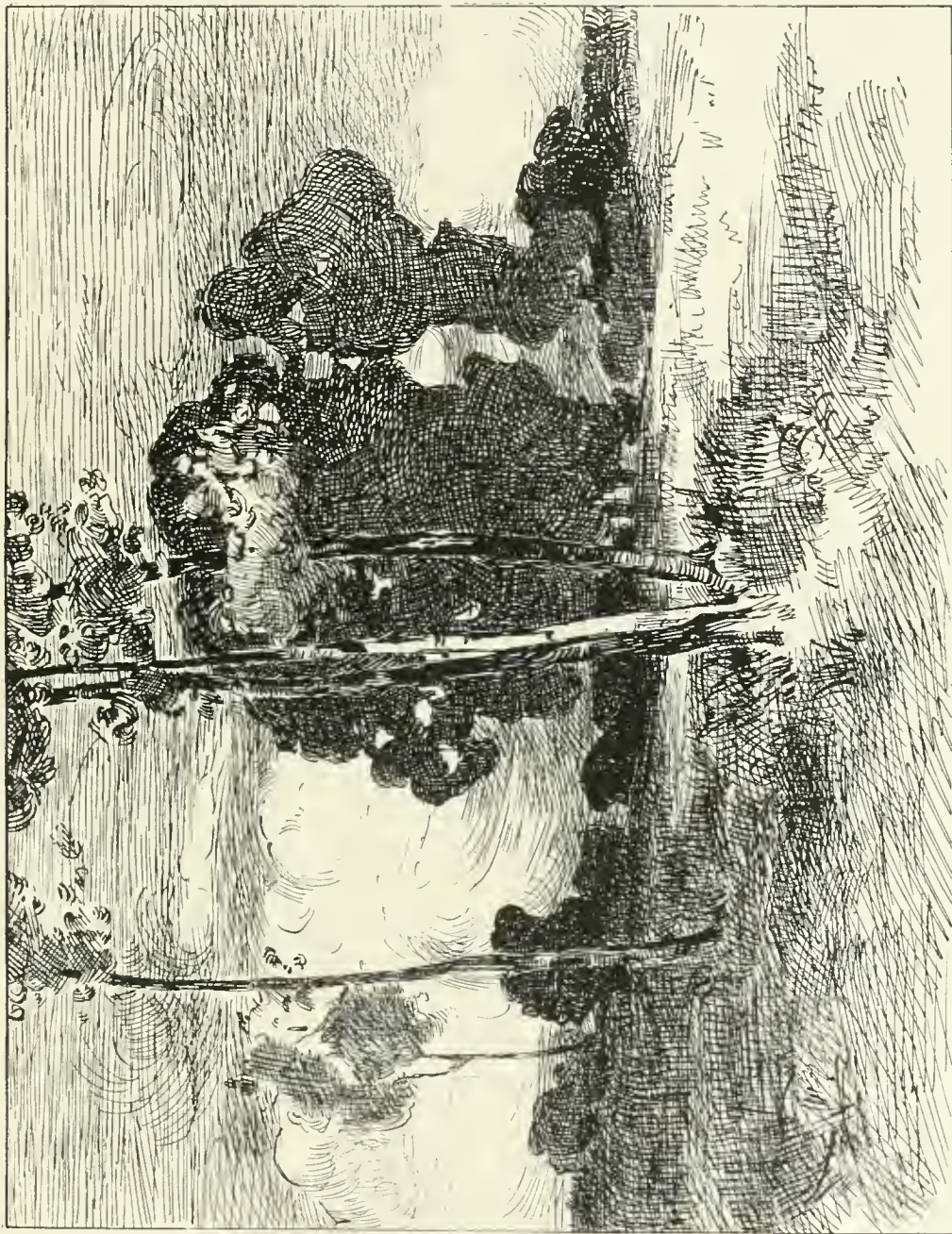
The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been gained by *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) by *Roy* (Roy Greenleaf, 1 Union Square, New York City, U.S.A.)

Honourable Mention:—*Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Serlio* (J. J. Waddell); *Alex* (A. Scott Carter); *Rep* (E. R. Phillips); *Iris* (H. Gannaway); *Flying Fish* (Lilian Busbridge); *Simplex*; *Ymer* (Svante Olsson); *Gwyn* (D. H. Smith); *Excelsior* (Henry Niestlé); *Hylus* (T. C. C. Mackie); *Doric* (G. W. Mason); *Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Nick* (M. L. Kirby); *Arcturus* (M. Igglesden); *Carelia* (Birger Brunila); *Malvolio* (Olive Allen); *O Mimosa San* (Grace M. McClure); *Bardie* (E. H. Swinstead); *Plato* (Scott Calder); *Pan* (F. H. Ball); *Gar* (E. G. Perman); *Gwyn* (D. H. Smith);



FIRST PRIZE (B XXII)
"TEE-SQUARE"



SECOND PRIZE (B XXII)
"SEASALTER"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXIII)

"APPERUP"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XXIII)

"SEPTEMBER"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

Curlew (L. G. Bird); *Nemo* (E. H. Rouse); *West Countryman* (E. H. Atwell); and *Killicrates* (G. M. Ellwood).

B XXII.

LANDSCAPE.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been won by *Tee Square* (E. C. Bewlay, The Cottage, Park Hill, Moseley, Birmingham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) by *Seasalter* (Mrs. Grace White, 47 Barnmead Road, Beckenham).

Honourable Mention:—*Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Diss* (E. W. Roberts); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brown); *Lino* (C. J. Beese); *Vis* (W. R. Flint); and *Walcot* (Miss A. M. Williams).

(C XXIII.)

A STREAM OF RUNNING WATER.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Apperup* (N. FISCHER, Stengade 12, Copenhagen).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) to *Wake* (C. Wanless, 31 Westborough, Scarborough).

Honourable Mention:—*Lux* (Cecil Shaw); *September* (Dan Dunlop); *Borderer* (G. T. Hogg); *Ed. A.* (E. Adelot); *Garnet* (J. R. Dunn); and *L. de B.* (L. de Burgh).



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XXIII)

"WAKE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XXIII)

"LUX"

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON COLLECTING AND COLLECTORS.

“It’s the puzzle of my life,” cried the Journalist, laughing. “In Europe alone, I should think, not less than half a million pictures must be painted—and decently painted, too—every year. What becomes of them? You don’t find them in average homes. The ordinary householder has pictures of a kind, but even a fourth-rate student of the schools would feel insulted if he found his name upon them. So it is not the rate-paying public that buys the annual output of well-painted new pictures. And yet, somehow, anyhow, the pictures disappear, like the yearly supply of new-made Old Masters and of other ‘antique’ rubbish. Yes, they disappear, as though they were packs of cards handled by good conjurers. Can any one explain the mystery? Is there, I wonder, a cemetery for pictures, a public burial-ground, where much of to-day’s work is buried quietly at night by those official undertakers, mere connoisseurs of the dead, who prefer a defunct man of talent to a living genius?”

“You forget America,” the Critic put in, smiling. “The United States, in the course of a year, buys many shiploads of European pictures.”

“Of course!” returned the Journalist with sarcasm. “America in my time has purchased every year in wild reports a vast multitude of paintings—all gems of the first water. Are you not surprised that masterpieces have yet to be discovered on the Rocky Mountains? Myself, I found in American homes a great scarcity of good modern painting, so I think there must be a great deal of fiction in the reputation of the United States as a buyer of pictures. Where, then, is the year’s work of the European painters stored away?”

“It’s a puzzling question,” said the Reviewer, “but the private collectors must take a great many. There are more little-known museums and private galleries than most of us are aware. I know several that overflow with good pictures, chiefly of the modern schools. In some rooms they are stacked together in great piles, and every wall in the house is covered. The owners of all this wealth have a passion for collecting, and being men of taste they have spent their money wisely, anticipating the success of men of genius. They have been real patrons of art as well as collectors.”

“Good!” cried the Man with a Briar Pipe. “You can’t insist too much upon that point. Connoisseurship is commonly looked upon as a love for old work, and thousands of amateurs believe

that they can make a fortune by speculating in the artificial prices realised by old work under the influence of a craze. They give enormous prices for this thing or that, merely because the mania of the hour directs their minds in a given direction. When the mania passes away, at the end of a few weeks or months, prices drop suddenly, and become normal. Then its victims count up their losses, and curse the dealers instead of their own stupidity. Common sense should tell them that crazes of taste are good only for those who are experts in the art of ‘buying cheap and selling dear.’ And common sense should tell them that the time has passed for amateurs to gamble in ‘antiques’ of all kinds. The value of old things is now so widely known, and so many experts ransack Europe in order to find rare curiosities, that the amateur in collecting has no chance at all in his odd half-hours of research. If he wants to benefit himself and others, he can find many young men of talent who need help, and whose work at the present time may be bought for trifling sums.”

“No doubt,” said the Critic; “but what has common sense to do with the amateur who yearns to collect old things? Study the type of man, notice his wonderful self-confidence, his invincible ignorance, and you will soon understand how easy it is for a ring of dealers to start a craze in some form of speculative connoisseurship. Speak to him of the many forgeries which experts have accepted as genuine, and he will wink at you knowingly, and call you an ass behind your back. One of my own friends thought he could make a fortune by gambling at his leisure in the recent craze for old English prints, so he gave fantastic sums for clever imitations made in Germany. He is now at Bruges, practising economy.”

“Well,” cried the Reviewer, “most collectors live to be gulled, and deserve to live for that one purpose alone. The pity of it all is that, while immense sums of money are being fooled away in rash collecting, the arts of our own time suffer for want of patronage. Certain men of real merit whom I could name earn less in a year than some rich simpletons will pay at an auction for two Chippendale chairs.”

“Yes, yes,” the Critic sighed. “But, remember, living artists have usually fared ill, like Vandyck at the height of his success, when Charles I. of England made serious deductions from his moderate accounts, and forgot to pay his pension regularly. Artists of all kinds need a business training.”

THE LAY FIGURE.



ESTUDIO

MANUEL ROBBE. AN ETCHER
IN COLOURS. BY GABRIEL
MOUREY.

ON various occasions, either in current numbers of *THE STUDIO*, or in the special number devoted to a study of modern etching, we have sung the praises of the charm, refinement, and peculiar quality of coloured etching as practised now in France. The favour it finds with engravers of original work is fully accounted for by the endless and peculiar resources of the process, the scope it offers, and the readiness with which it can be applied to an infinite variety of expression. It is a really fascinating method of work, adaptable to the purposes of the most dissimilar temperaments. The productions to which it has been applied during the last few years amply prove this. It is obedient to the hand of each artist, a pliant instrument lending itself equally well to graceful and to powerful themes, to hints of mystery, and to subjects that demand sharpness and decision.

The plates—already numerous—which constitute

the work of M. Manuel Robbe are evidence of my meaning. It is a real pleasure to note the dexterity with which he makes use of this process, the new and unexpected effects he gets out of it; very few artists could achieve so great a variety of expression by one single method with such certainty of touch. This is very modern and very attractive.

M. Robbe especially excels, in my opinion, in depicting the modern woman—a somewhat special type of the modern woman, it must be said. See the series of plates in which he depicts her—the lady, the artist's wife, or the model—seated or reclining or standing, in a studio or a drawing-room, or studying some work of art: the woman he shows us is of a quite peculiar stamp. There is a wide gap between her and the women of Helleu or Chahine. But indeed, M. Robbe cares more for mass and outline than for character, or, rather, for blots of colour than for expression—in short, for silhouettes, yes, and *blots*; and his coloured etchings are carried out on this principle. Consequently they are decorative; they are intended to hang on the wall rather than to



"THE TRAIN"

FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY MANUEL ROBBE

be kept in the collector's portfolio. In our eyes this is a merit, and, at any rate, it is a tendency in art worthy of enthusiastic encouragement. In fact, every endeavour towards decorative effect aims at synthetical treatment, that is to say, the expression of the absolute, the typical, the ideal. Can there be a better school for forming an artist, now especially, after many centuries of experiments and struggles?

We may therefore congratulate M. Manuel Robbe on not remaining petrified in the worship of ancient dogmas. He has hit on a new technique, and has striven to embody new impressions in the series of etchings of which we have spoken. And he has been most successful. Some of them, by the admirable balance of line and colour-blots that he achieves, and the harmonious key in which he conceives and executes them, are really delightful pictures, giving rise to quite a new scale of

sensation. The subjects even, trivial in themselves, have a charm of their own. But it is the scheme of colouring which more especially delights the eye and holds our attention. Thus he excels, for instance, in producing a vibrant effect of every tone of white by skilful contrast, and by curious, hard wiping which brings up the grain of the paper, making it velvety or silvery, misty, grey and mysterious; and he thus produces a richness of surface rarely seen in an engraving—even in an engraving in colour. I am also particularly fascinated by his rich black, of velvety surface with undertones of iridescent quality—golden brown, deep blue, gleaming green; and, as he prints off his own plates, he obtains effects of the most subtle quality and refinement by bringing out these deep chords of colour, especially in his interiors. Conventional effects, it must be owned: realistic scenes imbued with a dreamlike haze, where solid shapes

are immersed, as it were, in the dim moonlight of an autumn evening coming in through an unseen window. And thus these dim embodiments of women, somewhat strangely garbed and so elegantly slender, these still rooms in which they dwell, and where the introduction of some work of art—a statue or a cast by Rodin, perhaps, a picture on an easel, or some prints in a portfolio—gives a touch of subtle refinement, all assume a strange implication of acutely modern feeling.

In other plates, where the artist, abandoning domestic scenes, yields to the witchery of broad outer daylight and the strong influences of nature, his touch is bright and full of dazzling glow. Whether he wanders across the open country and loses himself in the study of landscapes and peasants; or, strolling through Paris, lingers in some swarming square on Montmartre, at the corner of a crowded street, we find him always master of his expressive



"LA CRITIQUE"

BY MANUEL ROBBE



powers and curiously eager for new effects. Not in his etchings only does M. Robbe reveal himself as a shrewd observer of the female nude; his sense of the modern always finds a personal key of expression, irresistibly refined and charming. He boldly paints pictures in which a respect for the real does not exclude a very special way of seeing the living model—audacious, but penetrating. Nor are these the least remarkable of his engraved works. Among a group of interesting young artists, all captivated by the life around them and eager to record its various aspects by means of coloured etching, M. Manuel Robbe is conspicuously gifted with a peculiarly sensitive nature, alert for what is new and skilled in rendering with keen and subtle completeness his impressions and sensations, his feeling and his point of view.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

SOME MODERN AUSTRIAN PILLOW AND POINT LACE. BY A. S. LEVETUS.

THAT there should be an Austrian lace, as distinct from French, Flemish, Italian, Belgian, and others, is only another proof of the rapidity of progress which modern art, applied to technical execution, has made in Austria. Five years ago things artistic were at the same dead level as in the forties of the last century, but the sudden revival of interest in lace-making has affected favourably all industries in which technical skill and art are essential.

The making of lace is no new thing in the Austrian dominions. Torchon lace, which is always more or less *en vogue* in England, is chiefly made in the villages situated on the Austrian side of the Erzgebirge. Here, for hundreds of years



"HELPLESSNESS"

FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY MANUEL ROBBE



"QUIÉTUDE MATERNELLE"
FROM A COLOURED ETCHING
BY MANUEL ROBBE

(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot.)

peasant women have gained a living by making this particular sort of pillow-lace in winter, and hawking it about the spas and cities in summer. At the present time far more is produced on the Austrian side of these mountains than on the Saxon. Of course the art was learned from the Netherlands, probably being brought to Saxony, from whence it came over the mountains with refugees, who also taught the natives how to make "point" or needle lace.

In the Southern provinces the art of lace-making came from Italy, most likely when certain Italian provinces belonged to Austria. There was at that time frequent intercourse between the different

provinces, peasants making their way over the mountain passes which separated the then Austrian provinces of Italy from the South Tyrol and other parts of the Austrian Empire. But it was the Bohemian peasants (Austrian subjects) who introduced their method of point and pillow lace-making to the North Tyrol, for a large number of the men were employed in making roads and fortresses, and in mining; and what more natural than that their wives should take their needles, bobbins, threads, and pillows to gain money during the dark wintry evenings, as they had done in the Erzgebirge. But change of location had no effect upon the patterns, which were carried out in exactly the same way as



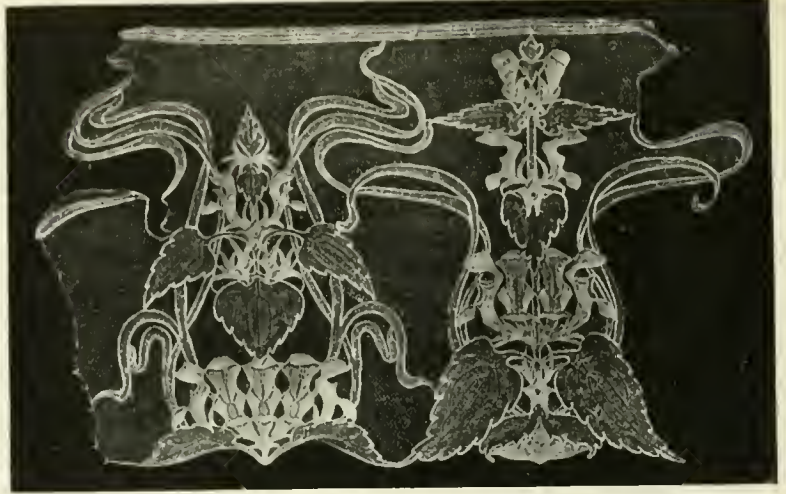
TABLE CLOTH
IN PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY FRAU HRDLICKA
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA

Modern Austrian Lace

in the countries of their birth. Matters continued so till the sixties of the nineteenth century, the lace being Italian, French, or Belgian in pattern, but coarser in texture and cheaper in price. With the introduction of machinery came machine-made nets to replace the hand-made ones. This was brought to Bohemia, and a prosperous trade arose in hand-made application work on this machine-made net, and did much to oust real lace : but, on the other hand, pillow lace was eagerly bought.

But in the sixties there was a sudden advance in trade in Austria, an advance which made the exhibition of '73 possible. This was followed by the so-called Vienna Renaissance, which not only influenced manufactures in general, but also the lace industry. Van der Nüll, the architect of the Imperial Opera House, had a very enlightened pupil, one Storck, who in the course of time became first Professor of the Vienna Kunst Gewerbe Schule (Arts and Crafts Schools), and later Director of the



POINT LACE

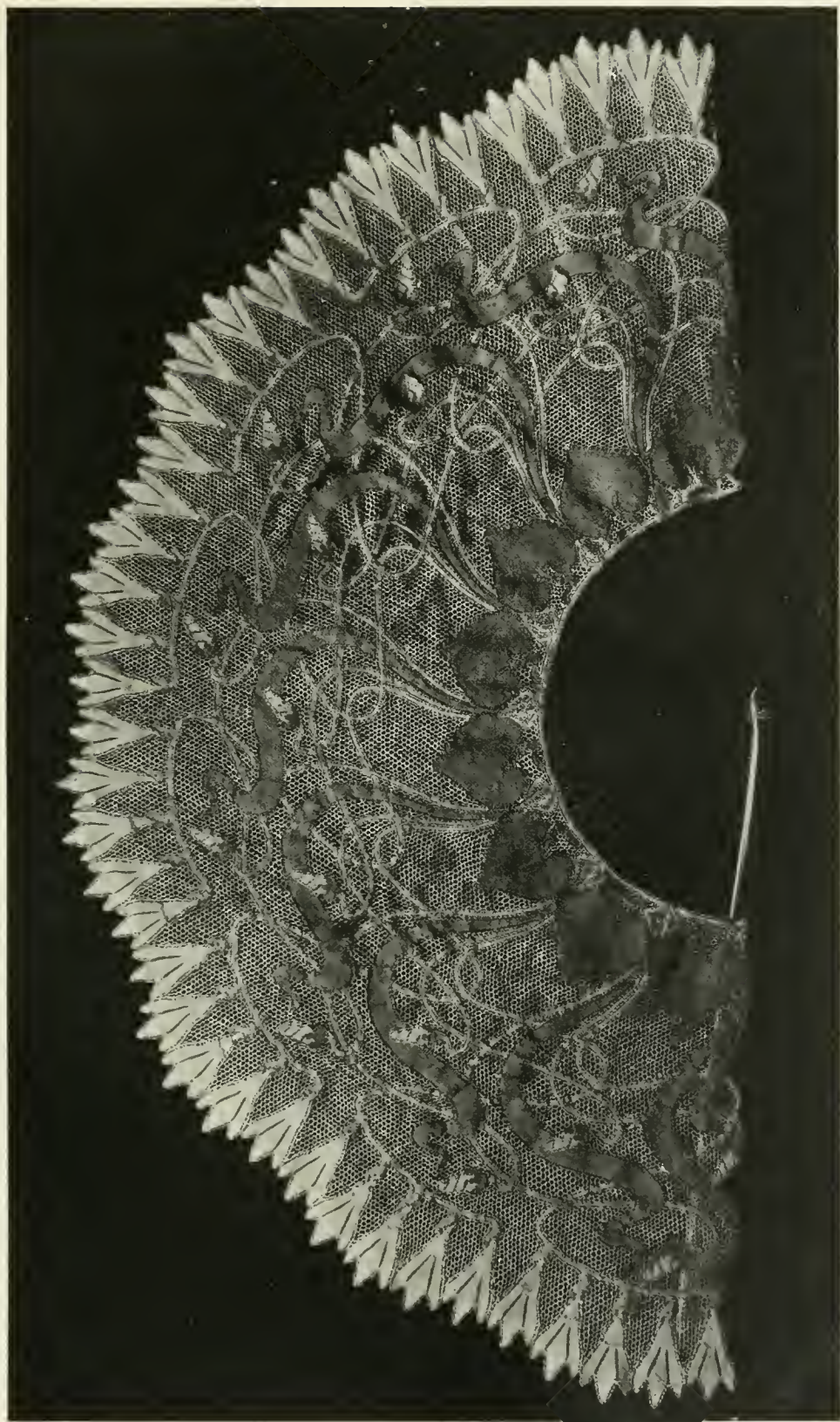
DESIGNED BY FRAU HRDLICKA
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA

Austrian Museum : and in '79 a special *atelier* was arranged for students to design patterns for lace, and peasant women were brought from the Austrian Erzgebirge to teach girls how to carry out the patterns. Now things are the other way about : the teachers are trained in the Imperial and Royal Central Lace Schools in Vienna, of which Professor Hrdlicka is the head, and then sent to the Erzgebirge and other parts of the Austrian dominions,

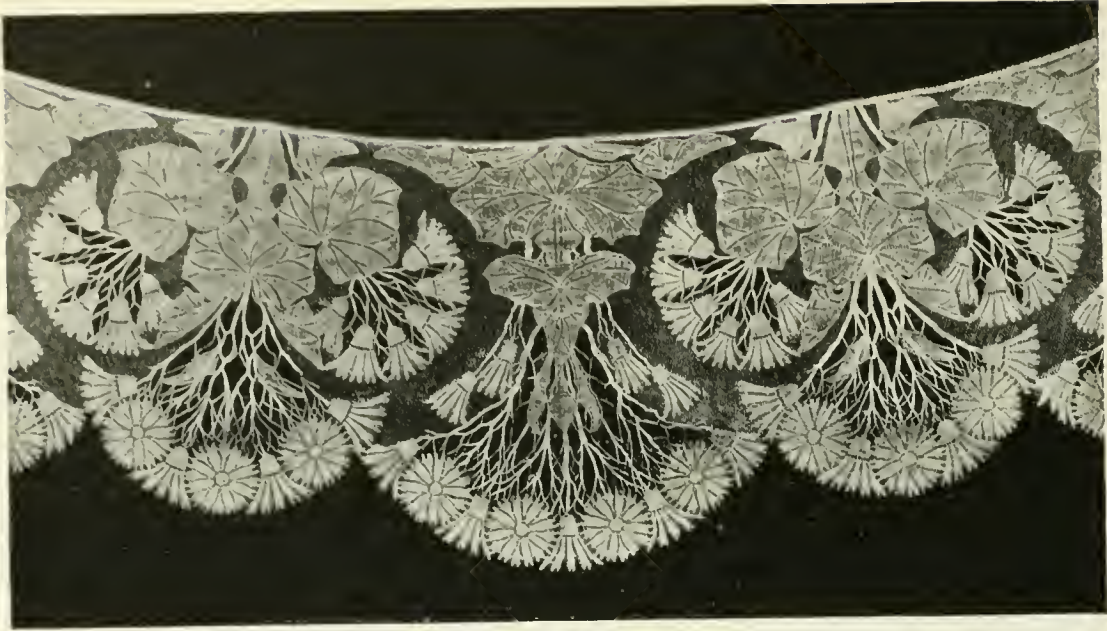


FAN IN POINT LACE

DESIGNED BY FRÄULEIN HOFMANNINGER
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA



FAN IN PILLOW LACE. DESIGNED BY
V. SUCHOMEL. EXECUTED BY THE
IMPERIAL ROYAL SCHOOL OF LACE-
MAKING, VIENNA



PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY FRÄULEIN HOFMANNINGER
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA



PILLOW LACE HANDKERCHIEF

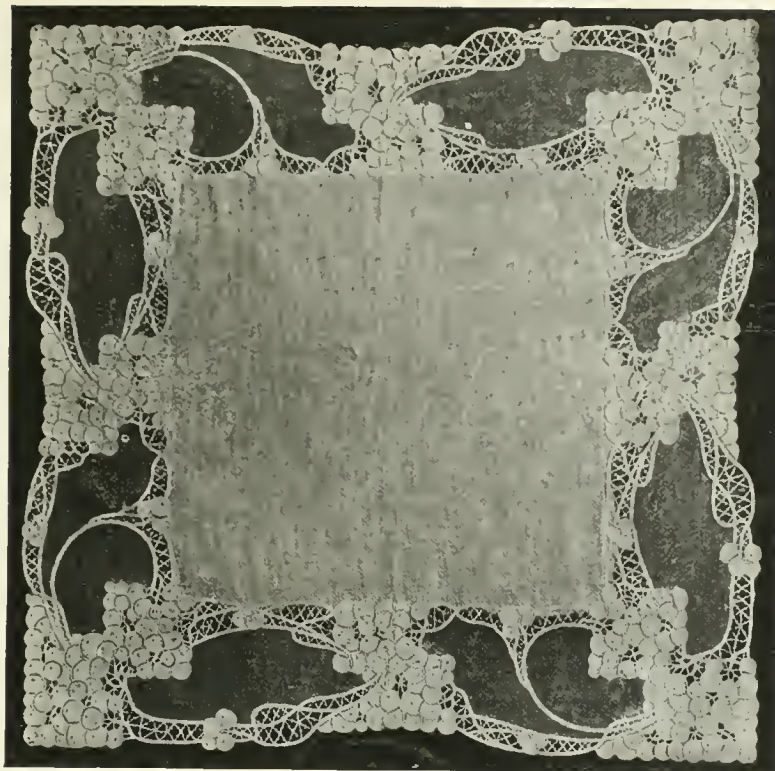
DESIGNED BY FRAU HRDLICKA
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA

not only to practise their art, but to teach it in the Royal Schools there.

The designs made by Storck's students were in no sense what one would call modern. But as far as possible they avoided copying the French and Belgian patterns, turning to Italian as affording more change in treatment ; and they had a particular liking for Venetian *relief* forms, and occupied much of their time in copying the old Renaissance style. But although Professor Storck was content for his pupils' phantasy to be applied to the past, it would be unjust to underrate the value of his work. To him is due the merit of collecting together the most beautiful specimens of lace possible, and it is to him that Vienna owes the

beautiful collection of lace—a collection too little known, but more varied, more beautiful, and more valuable than that of South Kensington and other Museums. No work was too arduous, no journey too difficult, for Professor Storck where there was a probability of obtaining good specimens, very many valuable ones being obtained from peasant women who had received the lace as presents from ladies who had no further use for it. The collection of lace made by Professor Storck has been further enriched by Hofrath von Scala, the present Director of the Austrian Museum, who is now busy in collecting specimens of old Irish lace.

The late Empress of Austria did a great deal



HANDKERCHIEF IN POINT LACE

DESIGNED BY V. SUCHOMEL
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA



COLLAR IN POINT LACE

DESIGNED BY V. SUCHOMEL

COLLAR IN PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY HERR VLCEK

EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA



COLLAR IN PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY FRÄULEIN HOFMANNINGER
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA

towards reviving it in Austria, as did Queen Margarita in Italy. It was they who, in their respective countries, by setting a noble example, encouraged the humble workers, not only by giving orders, but by setting the fashion; and since that time—the seventies—the fashion has remained. The Empress placed herself at the head of a committee of high-born ladies pledged to wear Austrian lace, and so set the example to others. At the present time the Archduchess Maria Theresa takes a warm interest in the art of lace-making, and helps in every way possible: though, being a widow, it is not permissible, according to Austrian Court etiquette, for her to hold any public position, no matter what the character of it may be.

But, in spite of fashion, no change was made in the patterns till five years ago, when modern art “awoke one day to find itself famous.” Professor Hrdlicka succeeded Hofrath Storek as teacher at the Kunst Gewerbe Schule, and to him is due the merit of giving the incentive to new creations, his wife, Mathilde Hrdlicka, and Fräulein Hofmanninger composing the designs for the “new school.” A special *atelier* was arranged for them in

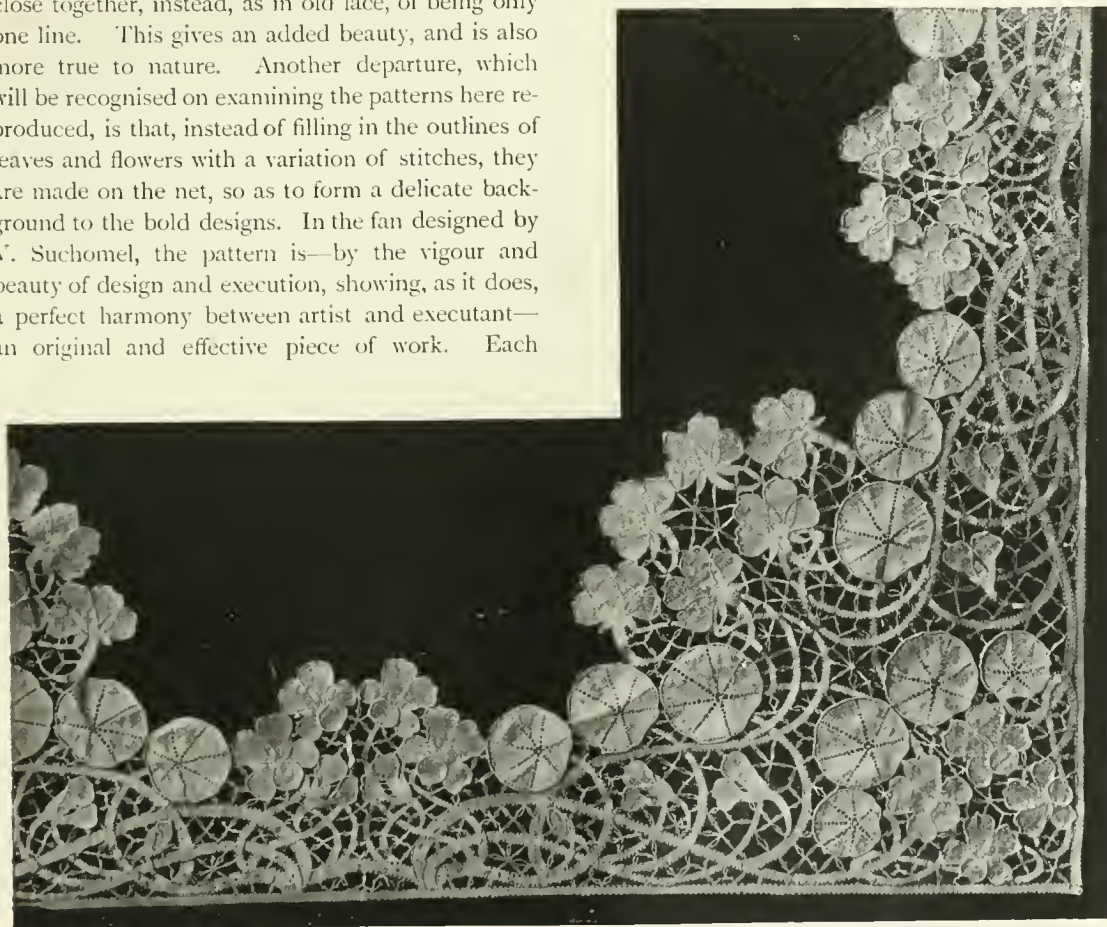
the Austrian Museum. There they design the patterns, and there they are copied and sent to the various Royal schools in the Crown Lands and provinces of Austria under the direction of the Austrian Museum. These designs are first sent to the Imperial Royal Lace Schools, where the making of point-lace is taught by Frau Pleyer and pillow-lace by Frau Jamnig. These ladies work out the patterns, seek for and evolve new stitches, and teach them to the students in training that they may spread their knowledge. These students are at absolutely no expense for their training, all being paid by Government, and neither the “Central” School nor the sister ones can even boast a prospectus.

The products of the New Austrian technique in lace were seen for the first time at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, where the lace exhibited was accorded universal praise, and the *grand prix* was awarded to it.

In designing, neither Frau Hrdlicka nor Fräulein Hofmanninger are deterred by any probable difficulties in the executing of their patterns. The fan in point lace here reproduced, designed

by Fräulein Hofmanninger, at once shows the new departure from beaten tracks. The large amount of openwork requires a very delicate and subtle hand, such as can only be met with in the best-trained workers, for they must also possess artistic feeling for the work they are carrying out, and be in touch with the designer. The holes are made in much the same way as in needlework, but with this difference: that instead of working on the pattern, cutting out the hole first, the worker has to form her holes by means of thread and then sew over on that foundation, her only guide being the traced pattern before her. The hardest work of all is in keeping the stitches firm and regular—a difficulty very few can even imagine. The veining and contour of the leaves constitute another arduous task. In old lace the contours are flat; here they are raised, the effect being gained by applying the technique of embroidery to lace—*i.e.* by working over a layer of threads. The stems are formed by a number of lines placed very close together, instead, as in old lace, of being only one line. This gives an added beauty, and is also more true to nature. Another departure, which will be recognised on examining the patterns here reproduced, is that, instead of filling in the outlines of leaves and flowers with a variation of stitches, they are made on the net, so as to form a delicate background to the bold designs. In the fan designed by V. Suchomel, the pattern is—by the vigour and beauty of design and execution, showing, as it does, a perfect harmony between artist and executant—an original and effective piece of work. Each

bud is so separated from the other that the contours can be distinctly recognised, while the firmness and exactness of the lacemaker is such as can only be found in trained workers; and much is due to the fact that the women must learn to draw and understand what they are reproducing with their needles. The lace by Frau Hrdlicka is beautifully conceived and executed; the delicate leaves are made of the very finest of cottons, and they are thrown into relief by the heavy blossoms. On examining this Austrian lace, one is struck by such regularity of stitches as is rarely to be met with. These contours are wonderfully even and well curved, never running to an irregular point or being unevenly sewn, such as is often the case in old lace. One sees this again in a fan by Fräulein Hofmanninger. The bold woodruff, standing out from the waves of fine dainty grass, is a beautiful thought; the lace-maker too has done her share; for, spite of the intricacies of the design, there is an



CORNER OF TABLE CLOTH
IN PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY FRÄULEIN HOFMANNINGER
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA

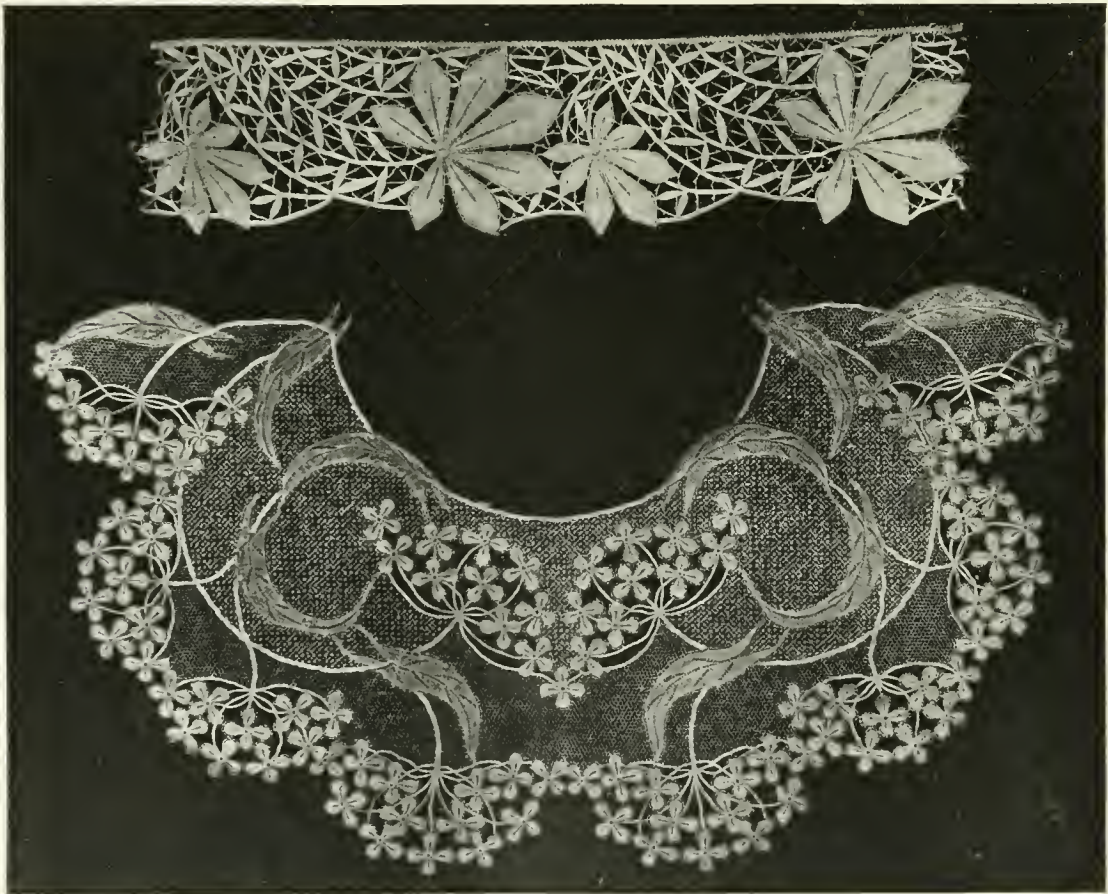
Modern Austrian Lace

exactitude and vigour of workmanship showing that she thoroughly comprehended the designer's intentions.

In pillow-lace, too, there is in Austrian work a great advance on the conventional patterns of bygone ages. This is at once seen in the work of Frau Hrdlicka, which displays fine technique in design and execution. In pillow-lace the greatest difficulty is the junction where the stems meet. This has been got over by a clever manipulation of the thread, thus avoiding the use of the scissors. In old lace the stems are made by running lengths of thread through the net and cutting them to the required length at either end. Modern lace can only be made by the most talented and dexterous of workers; for, not only must they be *au fait* with the technicalities of lace-making, but they must be in touch with the designer and possess a fine sense of feeling for their work. This new method of working

the stems has been evolved by Frau Jamnik, and is only to be met with in work done under her direction. She is now engaged in working out other new methods of treatment, and we may expect further developments in this as in point lace. In some of the pieces of work by Frau Hrdlicka, which are illustrated here, one sees the same variation as in the point lace. The leaves too are curved, a manipulation never to be found in fine old pillow-lace, owing to the difficulty of forming the curve, though one may meet with it in coarser kinds.

A contrast to this may be seen in designs after old patterns, though the groundwork of net, with its openwork stitches, is modern. The lights and shades are not so effective as in the modern designs. In some of Frau Hrdlicka's designs the blossoms are rather too heavy; though there is no question as to the beauty or the lace-maker's work. Frau Hrdlicka's tablecloth (page 165) in



PILLOW LACE

DESIGNED BY FRÄULEIN HRDLICKA
EXECUTED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL
SCHOOL OF LACE-MAKING, VIENNA



"ENTRANCE TO SAN PEDRO"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HENRY SANDHAM

heavy thread is very bold in treatment: and the daintiness of the handkerchief, illustrated on page 168, forms a strong contrast to it. The corner of the tablecloth is very rich in design and phantasy.

Of course in so short a time it has been impossible to produce either a large number of designs or much work. This branch of modern art is in its infancy, but we may expect much from these promising beginnings. The Government is doing its best to further its development, and the training of the lace-makers to think for themselves instead of doing their work mechanically, as is only too often the case, is a step in the right direction. Crochet lace is now receiving much attention, and we may also expect some further advance in this branch of lace making.

A. S. LEVLUS.

A CANADIAN ARTIST IN THE AZORES: H. SANDHAM, R.C.A. BY WILL JENKINS.

ABOUT one-third of the distance, going directly west from Lisbon to New York, are the Islands of

the Azorean Archipelago, first officially discovered by one Gasçalo Velho Cabral in the year 1432, who acted under the instructions of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator. Mohammed al Edris, who discovered the Cape Verde Islands in the twelfth century, is cited as having indicated a group of islands in the Atlantic somewhere to the west of Europe. Even in far back Greek mythology their existence seems to have been based on something more than mere supposition.

These beautiful islands are teeming with fable and romance, as well as with splendour of natural beauty—the passionate human interest of a beautiful people in beautiful environments. Situated in a semi-tropical climate, full of rich, blazing colour and a great variety of atmospheric effect, in the words of Mr. Sandham, they form a near approach to the "Painter's Paradise."

Of volcanic origin, the landscape features are most strikingly effective in natural lines and contours. St. Michael, the largest and most important of the islands, is, perhaps, the most picturesque of the group, containing as it does the town of Ponta Delgada, which abounds in picturesque architecture and costumes almost

A Canadian Artist in the Azores

oriental in splendour of colouring. The town approached from the sea is like a fairyland. Dazzling groups of white-walled buildings, iridescent with pearl-like tints of pink, green, and greys; broken lines of roof covered with tiles of various colours; here and there masses of brilliant green foliage, the whole thrown into strong relief by the background of dark, dome-shaped hills, it seems an enchanted city of the sea.

Of the kindness of the Azorean people for the stranger and their solicitude for his comfort and pleasure, one cannot say enough. The village life is religious, whole-souled, passionate, and withal intensely picturesque. Children of the soil, with little knowledge and few of the vices of the outside world, their primitive, simple life is of the kind that Millet would have loved,

understood, and painted with as tender sympathy as he did the lives of his own French peasants. These people, self-centred children of nature, so simple and devout, have yet the racial qualities of power that only the primitive possess. Here the mystery of tradition and fervent religious faith is perfectly mingled with the other great mystery of romantic nature in all its tragic intensity and beauty. Of racial types there is a curious blending of West and East.

There is no end of charming variety of landscape: lakes, mountains, caves, waterfalls, dome-shaped hills covered with luxuriant verdure to their very tops, and fields of flowers running riot with the whole gamut of sensuous colour. The remarkable variety of trees and shrubbery suggest that every growth to be found in tropics or temperate zones finds fertile ground in this equable atmosphere.

Around the dark rock bed of the coast the precipitous cliffs sometimes drop sheer to depths of water going down thousands of feet. Some of these towering black volcanic groups cutting the tropical sea into myriads of sparkling, multi-hued gems, in their towering sombre outlines, seem brooding a spirit of deepest melancholy.

The agricultural parts of the island are dotted with white-walled cottages, thatched or tiled in brilliant colours, while here and there a stone windmill adds interest to the already paintable subjects.

The town of Ponta Delgada is of particular artistic interest in both architecture and people. Mr. Sandham shows the charming variety of their costumes in the typical group on the steps of the Matriz Tabernacle. With quaint garments blazing with rich colours, these people seem to dress in perfect artistic accord with the splendour of their tropical surroundings.

The Matriz is the largest church in the island. The south door was presented by King John of Portugal, skilled artificers being sent to construct it,



STEPS BY THE OLD FISH MARKET
PONTA DELGADA

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY H. SANDHAM



"PONTA DELGADA"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY HENRY SANDHAM

together with the beautiful blocks of coloured marble from the Continent. Here the Mass is celebrated to the accompaniment of an excellent military band, and the somewhat unique feature may be witnessed of the troops attending, kneeling at the word of command from their officers.

The celebration of the many church festivals, such as the yearly procession of the "Santo Cristo," are most imposing spectacles of colour and costume. Survivals of the pageantry of the middle ages, such occasions are full of interest to the artist.

The "Santo Cristo" is a carved figure of wood, richly dressed in robes studded with jewels of great value. The figure holds a sceptre studded with brilliants, and is surrounded in the procession by ecclesiastical dignitaries in rich vestments and civil and military officers in gorgeous uniforms. Further heightened by the wealth of colours of the people's costumes and the soldiery, with embroidered banners flying, the whole set off by the picturesque architecture and tropical sunlight, the spectacle is one of gorgeous splendour.

At Ponta Delgada there is a good library, excellent museum, hospital, a clean, well-paved public square, an interesting market, many picturesque

churches, and the crumbling ruins of a castle. Of these paintable features of the Fortunate Islands, Mr. Sandham has for many months been engaged in making a sympathetic series of pictures, and has again shown his masterly insight into the romance and beauty of picturesque places.

These subjects have appealed to him perhaps more strongly, and his feelings have, I believe, been recorded with more convincing power in these drawings than in those of the many picturesque, out-of-the-way places he has heretofore painted. The furrowed lands, the straining figures of ploughmen or rowers, the beauty of primitive agricultural occupations, the flapping boat-sails, or vistas of homely cottages, have touched his sympathies and have been transferred to his drawings with more vital force and keen appreciation of their poetic beauty than he has before shown. He has secured extremes of tropical light without hardness, brilliant, pulsating colour, vigorous, and yet full of purity and tenderness.

Of the man himself, no word of introduction is necessary to Americans, nor in his native Canada, where he has done his part in the noble fight of the past quarter of a century to establish a living existence of art in a young and growing country,

where success is measured by material rather than by æsthetic standards.

At the beginning of his career a painter of marine subjects along the St. Lawrence River, he afterwards took up landscape, and finally figure and portrait painting. On the formation of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and the able direction of the then Marquis of Lorne, he was one of the first group of Canadian artists called to the organisation; and further honours fell to him by the purchase of several of his more important works for the National Gallery at Ottawa, and later the commission to paint the portrait of the late Sir John A. MacDonald for the Senate Chamber. He has also executed many prominent Canadian official portraits,

as well as private commissions, and there is practically no private collection of importance or public gallery in Canada that does not contain one or more of his works. After some years of work in Canada he came to England and painted much both there and on the Continent, during which time he made many lasting and happy friendships in the Motherland. Returning home, he was called to Boston, United States, to execute some private portrait commissions, intending to remain but a few weeks. The warmth of welcome from the Bostonians to the young Canadian painter, and their generous appreciation of his work, led to a residence there of nearly twenty years, during which time he has been a conspicuous figure in the social and artistic life of that city. Unanimously chosen as the head of their principal

organisation of artists, he has received several important commissions from the State, while his portraits and historical pictures have been acquired for the Massachusetts State House, Lexington Town Hall, the Washington and Baltimore Galleries, as well as many private collections. His black-and-white work has also been an important feature of his career. He has illustrated in this medium many important books, as well as special articles, on such out-of-the-way places as Peru, Mexico, Southern California, and Hayti. The series of drawings for the works on ranch life and the West by President Roosevelt, so pleased the distinguished author as to call forth his direct personal praise. Notwithstanding the largeness of his output, there has invariably been a spirit of conscientious conviction in all his efforts, as well as good workmanship, and a distinction of clear, logical thought. The expression is characteristic of the man—the kind, studious gentleman who lives with good reading, good breeding, and earnest minds, loving purity of thought and an outdoor life.

WILL JENKINS.



"LOOK-OUT ON A HOUSETOP
AZORES"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY H. SANDHAM.



ESTUDIO

"SOUTH DOOR OF MATRIZ CHURCH, PONTA DELGADA." FROM THE WATER COLOUR BY H. SANDHAM



SOME RECENT ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS BY ARNOLD MITCHELL. BY HUGH P. G. MAULE.

THERE are perhaps few architects to whom success has come so rapidly and so early as to Mr. Arnold Mitchell, and in a brief consideration of some portion of his work this fact must be borne in mind.

Articled in 1880 to R. S. Wilkinson of London, his chief educational influence was undoubtedly obtained from the office of Messrs. Ernest George & Peto, coupled with a considerable amount of foreign travel at different times, while a working knowledge of materials was wisely gained by acting as clerk of the works to a London church.

In Mr. Arnold Mitchell's domestic work, which is all this article proposes to touch upon, the chief reason for his success is not far to seek. He is essentially a convenient and happy planner. His designs for houses, be they large or small, have a quality of "homeyness" and common-sense (a quality oftentimes sadly lacking in men with big reputations), combined with a thorough and practical grasp of all those numberless and at the same time small considerations which make all the difference between a house, fine perhaps architecturally, but wanting in just that almost indefinable something which, from

the moment you enter, sets upon it the seal of a home.

Mr. Arnold Mitchell possesses the happy faculty of making his houses appear roomy and large for their size. This would seem to have been a carefully studied effect, and in small houses particularly it often lends a distinction and charm which would otherwise be lost if the real limitations of size were immediately apparent. It is not easy to say exactly how this effect is obtained, but it is observable in nearly all the houses designed by him.

He has, indeed, in small houses carried the art of economical planning to a high level, and comfort and convenience are never sacrificed to effect—in fact, comfort is everywhere considered.

It is not only in mere arrangement and economy of space that Mr. Arnold Mitchell excels, and in order to thoroughly understand this it is almost necessary to know his actual work, and not merely drawings of it on paper, for there are many points which do not reveal themselves by illustrations even to a trained eye.

Realising to the full that most clients both want and expect more than they are prepared to pay for, he has studied economy in roofing and grouping, and is proportionally generous in fittings and those small details which help to make home-life easier, and which, if treated sympathetically, cannot but help the architect in lending just that personal and human element, linking both



HOUSE AT NORTHOLT

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

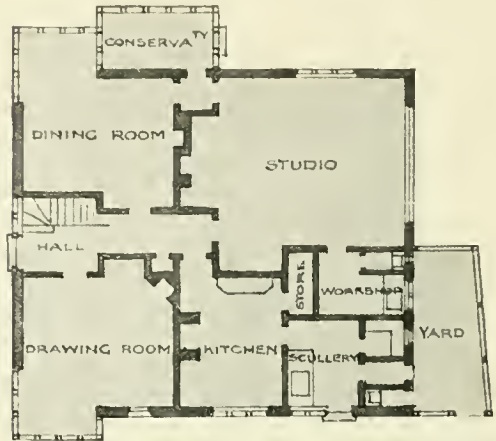
house and owner, which should find architectural expression in every house worthy of the name of home. It is in the definite architectural treatment of these details, and in their combination with the general scheme, that much may be learnt from Mr. Mitchell's work.

It is, unfortunately, often the case that able designers and good architects neglect the practical for the so-called æsthetic, and altogether overlook the fact that modern conditions of life have changed, and are still rapidly changing: the standard of comfort is higher, and the difficulties of service are greater than they were even a few years ago. New materials, giving economy of time, labour, and money, are being constantly introduced—in fact, an architect must not only be abreast of his time, but in front of it, in thought and feeling so far as actualities go, if he wishes to succeed in modern house-planning. But “replete with every modern convenience,” to use the house-agents glib phrase, is not the be-all and end-all—it is not, in fact, architecture. A house may have all this, and yet only be essentially commonplace and vulgar—indeed, if knowledge of the modern is all that is brought to bear, it will be this and nothing more: and here it is that Mr. Arnold Mitchell's strongest point is revealed.

The convenience and modernity are there, but subordinated and under control; and thus the result is achieved of an entirely liveable home, because it is based upon just those conditions which the spirit of the age demands, and science can now so readily give, combined with that knowledge and thought which a careful study of old work and the widening influence of travel must create in the student.

The all-important question of cost is a point upon which Mr. Arnold Mitchell holds strong views. Having a thorough grasp of the practical side of his art, and knowing the trouble into which some men fall, by reason of either carelessness or the wilful shutting of eyes to the common moralities, he has set himself to the task of asking those who build to face the problem of ultimate cost at the very beginning, a policy which invariably brings its own reward and saves endless trouble to all concerned.

It is, perhaps, a little curious that Mr. Mitchell's



PLAN OF "THE SUNDIAL," NORTHWOOD
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

plans and interiors are generally in some degree in advance of his elevations, about which it is rather more difficult to speak. It may be said

(Continued on page 187.)



"THE SUNDIAL," NORTHWOOD

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT LEWES

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



COTTAGE AT RICKMANSWORTH

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

Arnold Mitchell



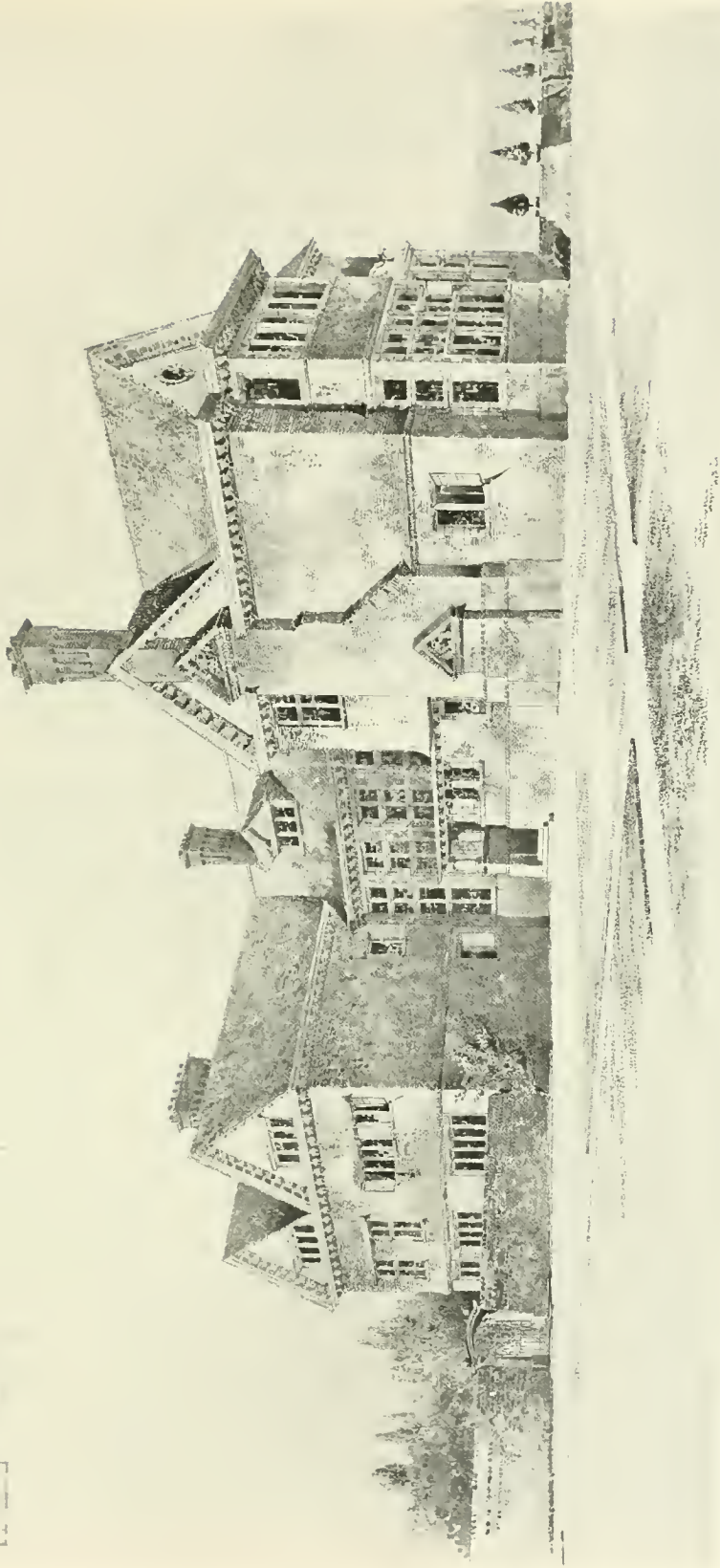
HOUSE AT GREAT STANMORE

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

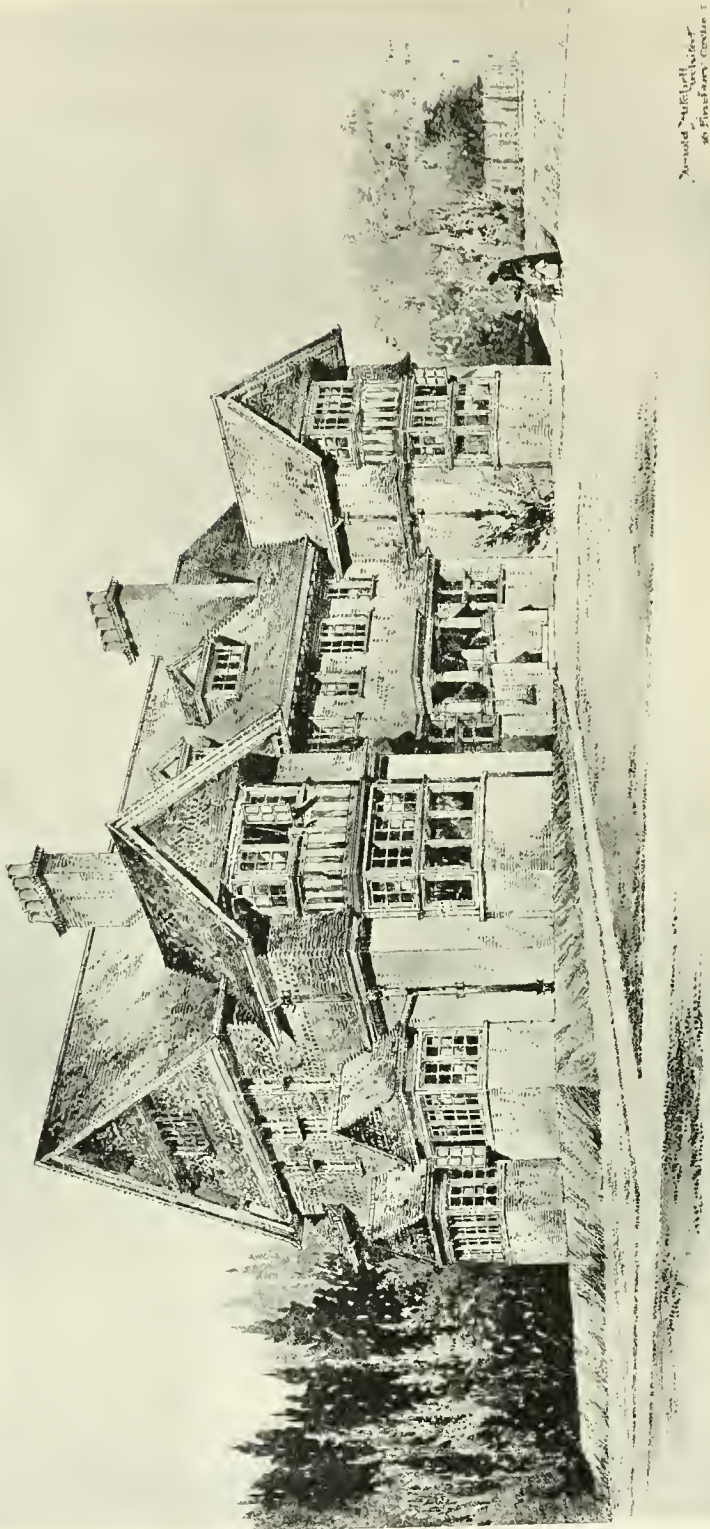


HOUSE AT PANGBOURNE

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

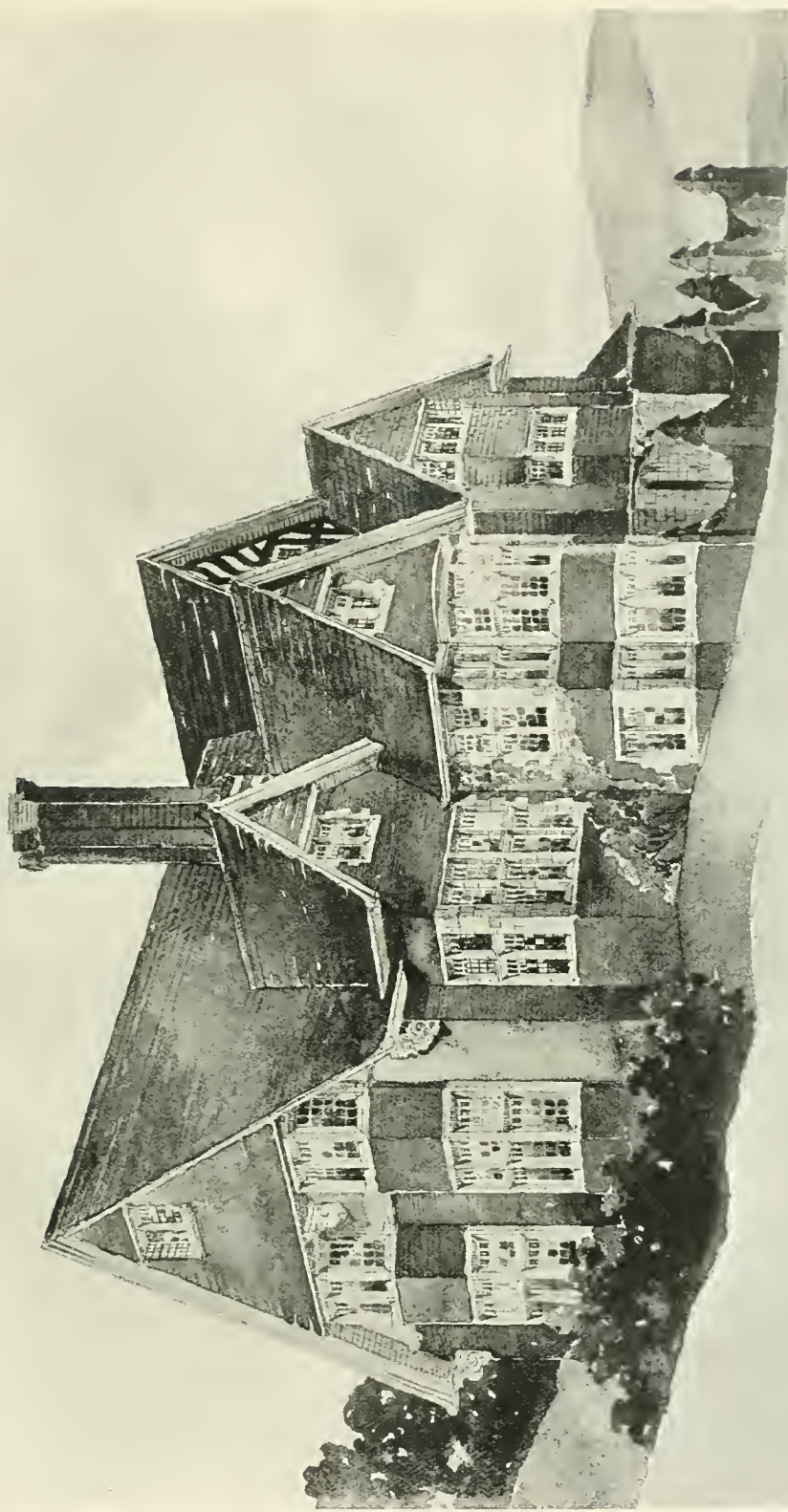


HOUSE IN HAMPSHIRE. ARNOLD
MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



Arnold Mitchell, Architect
40, Grosvenor Street, London E.C.

HOUSE AT HARROW. ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



THE ROYAL COTTAGE, COQ-SUR-MER, OSTEND. ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



THE ROYAL VILLA AND
 GOLF PAVILION, COQ-SUR-MER
 ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

that hitherto the dominant features have been variety of outline and a picturesque treatment which sometimes has the effect of being strained and artificial, the outcome of the tee-square and set-square rather than the happy and spontaneous growth of needs suitably clothed with the vernacular of the district, so distinct and striking a characteristic in most of the old domestic buildings: but his later work shows more repose and more reliance upon simple materials used in a natural and unaffected manner.

There is a restlessness and appearance of effort about some of the smaller houses, which, though it may be accounted for in various ways, and is not always the fault of the architect, is at variance with the deliberate thought of the plan.

At the present time, Mr. Arnold Mitchell is engaged upon work of considerable importance, both in England and elsewhere. The Royal Golf Club House for the King of the Belgians is a model of simplicity and good planning, though it must be confessed that the elevation appears too elaborate for such an exposed situation, and more dependence upon the mere use of materials would be even more effective, but in this regard the architect was probably hardly his own master.

The house at Stanmore certainly gains from the restraint imposed by the simple treatment, and Maesverugian Manor, illustrated in the July number of *THE STUDIO*, confirms the impression already mentioned, that in his later designs Mr. Arnold Mitchell is working with a firmer touch and a stronger feeling for the unadorned beauty of materials rightly applied and rightly used as opposed to architectural features and ornament.

There is a distinct and happy trend in this direction at the present time, an endeavour to gain more frequently that subtle sense of texture and "growth," which can only come by a perfect knowledge of the materials handled, and by a careful study of each particular locality.

The self-evident evolution of the old homestead or manor from the raw material of the district is not the least of the many points to be studied, and the modern appreciation of it is an encouraging sign.

The development of this tendency, added to Mr. Arnold Mitchell's undoubted facility and capacity for fine planning, is bound to carry him further than he has yet gone, and is a hopeful augury for even greater work in the immediate future.

HUGH P. G. MAULE.



CENTRAL ROOM OF THE GERMAN SECTION, TURIN EXHIBITION

(See article on Turin Exhibition)

DESIGNED BY H. BILLING

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN.
THE GERMAN SECTION.

GERMANY has certainly taken a very prominent position in the Exhibition at Turin, thanks to the liberal subsidy of the Imperial Government and the generous contributions of the Confederate States, amounting to some 120,000 francs. The Committee, presided over by the architect, H. E. von Berlepsch-Valendas, of Munich, has collected a very representative series of examples of the new departure in decorative art, recently inaugurated in Germany, and although that country does not enjoy, as does Austria, a separate building, its exhibits are shown in a gallery designed expressly for them by Mr. von Berlepsch-Valendas, which is in itself a practical illustration of the decorative work recently done by German architects. Truth to tell, beautiful and effective as is the general design of the accomplished Munich architect, with its characteristic sloping roofs,

courts, etc., the details added by his collaborators do not in every instance do justice to the progress made of late years in Germany. There are points open to criticism in the work of Mr. Behrens, of Darmstadt, for instance, who designed the Hall; of Mr. H. Billing, who is responsible for the chief room of the section; of Mr. Kuhke, who decorated the Lecture Hall; and of Mr. Kreis, who designed the ceramic decorations, executed by the house of Villeroy and Bock, for the Saxon Section.

Peter Behrens' Hall, with its heavy arches and vaulting, is only relieved by the fountain in the centre, with the noble, but somewhat stiff, winged figures so characteristic of their author. The great Hall of Herr Billing is not altogether satisfactory from an architectural point of view, and is somewhat lacking in originality; while the Saxon Room, the ornaments of which, by the way, were designed by Karl Gross, though there is a good deal that is clever about it, is not entirely harmonious.

Germany was especially well prepared to take her true place in the modern decorative movement,



THE PRUSSIAN ROOM

DESIGNED BY E. MÖHRING AND R. KIMBLER



HALL IN THE GERMAN SECTION
OF THE TURIN EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS

Turin Exhibition

for her artists were thoroughly imbued with the spirit most closely in touch with modern requirements; and although it is too soon to speak of a modern German style—for German designers are still much influenced by those of France, England, and Austria—there are tokens that the evolution of such a style is only a question of time.

The influence of the ingenious, but somewhat irritating, style of Van der Velde is here seen in the Prussian-Room, in the work of Bruno Möhring and R. Kimbler, and the furniture of B. Pankok, whilst a reflection of that of Plumet will be noted in the exhibits of Bruno Paul. To set against this, the visitor will be reminded at every turn of Viennese work or, rather, of that of one Viennese designer Olbrich. A notable instance of this is a Room evidently inspired by Olbrich's celebrated Reception Hall at Darmstadt—in fact, little more than a copy of it—of scarcely any interest except to those who have not seen the original. The change of national character is of course more noticeable in orna-

ment than in architecture. In the decoration of furniture German artists are disposed to neglect the naturalism employed by their ancestors, in favour of the geometric patterns of Van der Velde and other designers like him.

To this, however, Mr. Berlepsch-Valendas is an exception. The three rooms in the Turin Exhibition do not perhaps give a just idea of his ability, but some of the ornaments of the ceiling, the painted friezes and the decorations of the mantelpiece in the Bavarian Antechamber are full of individual character.

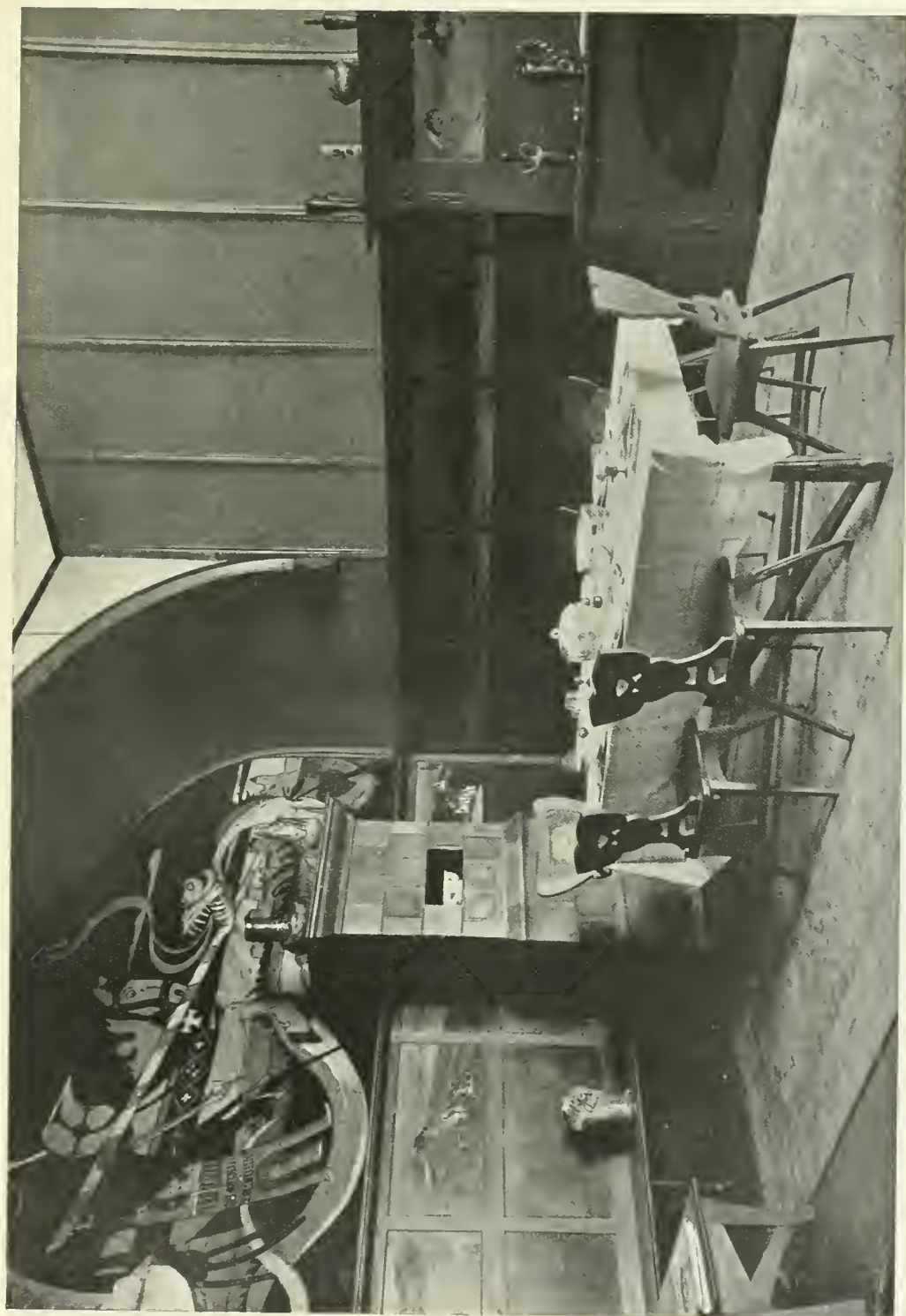
German designers of decoration are just now divided into two parties, those who follow Olbrich and those who think there is no one like Behrens; but although these two artists of Darmstadt are rivals, their work is really not unlike. In Germany Behrens is considered the modern German master par excellence, but this is a mistake. His style, it is true, is thoroughly Viennese, with some of the Viennese imagination left out; but it is Olbrich who is the real leader, the real impersonation of modern tendencies, and whatever individual



THE POTTERY ROOM OF THE GERMAN SECTION

DESIGNED BY W. KRIEG AND KARL GROSS

CARRIED OUT BY MESSRS. VILLEROY AND BOCK



DINING-ROOM IN THE GERMAN
SECTION, TURIN EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY CARL SPINDLER

Turin Exhibition



BEDROOM

DESIGNED BY JOSEPH OLBRICH
CARRIED OUT BY T. GLÜCKERT



STUDY

DESIGNED BY ANTON HUBER



STUDY. DESIGNED
BY PETER BEHRENS

Turin Exhibition

opinion may be as to his art as a whole, he is the very prince of modern decorators, the most powerful and prolific of them all. It is impossible to help admiring his style, and it must always be remembered that it is his very own, and that he knows how to turn it to account with a verve, an irresistible logic, such as is indeed rare amongst those who devote themselves to decorative art. No one has known as he has how to combine simplicity with lavishness in decoration, and on certain occasions he has approached perfection. He has, indeed, become almost a classic master: there is something Greek about him, and he has borrowed from the Greeks many of his decorative motives. There really is very little of the German in him, and it is almost painful to watch the efforts of his fellow countrymen to follow in his steps.

Olbrich exhibited three rooms at Turin: a Dining-room in blue and grey; a Tea-room in lemon yellow, with a white ground: and a Bedroom in white varnished wood, with chestnut-brown decorations. The first is certainly the most successful: the bow window is a charming detail, and the furniture is beautiful in design. The Bedroom is less satisfactory, though the woodwork is very fine,

for the chandeliers are heavy, and the bed is rather clumsy. I have reserved mentioning the yellow Tea-room to the last, because, bearing in mind the designer, it is especially interesting, recalling, as it does in some of its details, the time of Louis XVI. and of the Empire. The walls are enriched with panels in stucco. The acanthus-leaf ornaments are classic in feeling, a fact which has amused those who have not yet developed a love for modern art, and caused them to exclaim, "Why, even the anarchist Olbrich reverts to ancient types!" It is not, however, surprising that a man of such intelligence and such wide sympathies should study the art of every period. I am not so sure that these Turin exhibits are far different from the designs for the Friedmann Villa. For my part, I think there was more freshness, more *élan*, about his early work than there is in these later more classical productions.

With regard to Behrens, it is just the very reverse. He has lately made a very distinct advance, and that simply because he has approached Olbrich more nearly. The Library designed by him for the Koch Collection is very superior to the various interiors for which he is responsible in



DINING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY JOSEPH OLBRICH



BUST OF NIETZSCHE

BY C. STOEVIING

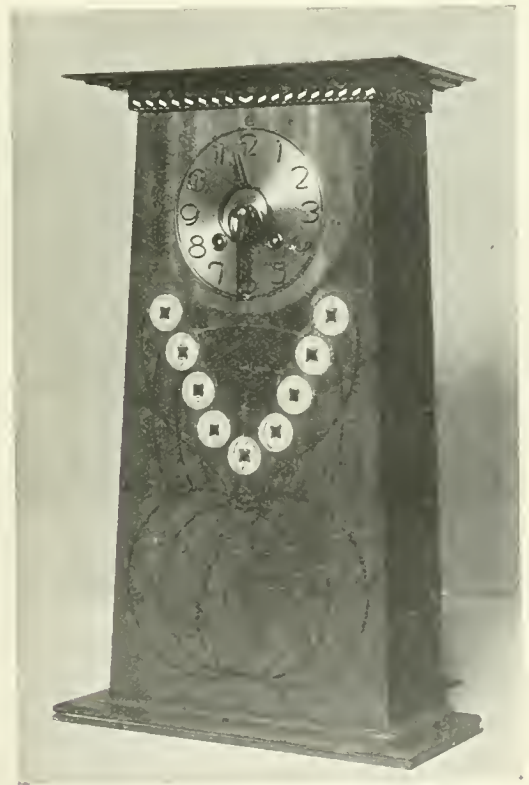
his house at Darmstadt, and the Mahogany-Room in Mr. Alter's house is good in many ways. Much may yet be expected of Behrens: for though he has not yet shown a great amount of versatility in his work, he is a sound, sincere, earnest, and thoroughly reliable worker.

Mr. Anton Huber, the Berlin architect, exhibits the design for his own studio, which to some extent resembles the work of Behrens, though it is freer in execution, and in some respects more harmonious.

Other noteworthy exhibits are those of the society known as the "Vereinigte Werkstätten für Kunst im Handwerk" of Munich, under the direction of the painter F. A. O. Kruger, with whom the artists, Bruno Paul, Bernard Pankok, and Hermann Obrist, are the able collaborators: and the designs executed after the drawings of Bruno Paul, Pankok, and Friedrich Adler, by the "Königliche Lehr- und Versuchswerkstätte," of Stuttgart, also under the direction of Kruger, who is now Professor

of Art in the Government Schools of the same town.

Some of these rooms had already been shown in Paris, and in last year's Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at Munich and Dresden, but certain decorative details have since been added, notably in the case of the Room by Bruno Paul, and a Smoking-room by Bernard Pankok, the latter of which is an example of the too frequent use of the curved line, which is the great defect of the Van der Velde School. It contrasts remarkably with the Entrance-Hall of F. Adler, of simple design, and the Drawing-room of Bruno Paul, which is one of the most interesting designs in the exhibition, and presents a marked contrast with the geometrical style of Olbrich, or of Behrens, as well as with what may be characterised as the undulating style of Van der Velde. The chairs and cabinets, indeed, remind us rather of French work, but they all bear the stamp of originality. The "Vereinigte Werkstätten," or Associated Manufactories of Munich, which were the first to espouse the cause of modern decorative art in Munich, complete their show



CLOCK

DESIGNED BY F. MORAWE
EXECUTED BY THE
VEREINIGTE WERKSTÄTTEN, MUNICH



CHAIRS

DESIGNED BY BRUNO PAUL

with a number of interesting bronzes, jewels, etc., with some fine pieces of porcelain designed by Theodore Schmutz-Baudiss, which are undoubtedly so far the best modern examples of German work of the kind. Their author has lately been appointed Director of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Charlottenburg, and there appears some hope that he may revive its old traditions. Some clocks designed by Mr. Morawe, shown in the same section as the porcelain of Mr. Baudiss, are also worthy of notice. They are quite in Olbrich's style, and altogether charming.

Other rooms of secondary importance are those designed by Messrs. Arnokörnig and Heinrich Kleinhempel, with that by Frau Gertrude Kleinhempel, of Dresden; and although it cannot of course be classed as modern, the Romanesque Chapel of Professor Otto Lüer, of Hanover, should be noted. I should also like to call attention to the marqueterie panels of the Room designed by Carl Spindler, of Strasburg, in the Alsace-Lorraine Section, for although there is nothing very remarkable in the architectural design of the furniture, the panels are fine pieces of decorative art. Amongst the minor exhibits of Germany are some good designs in pewter by Messrs. Kayser and Scherf, some chandeliers by Seifert, leather-work by W. Collin of Berlin, bookbindings by Kersten, bronzes and textile fabrics by Willy O. Dressler,

porcelain by Müller of Dresden, enamelled pottery by Laeuger of Karlsruhe, and some really good enamelled plaques by von Heider. The metal-work is especially good, and in it the influence of Mr. Berlepsch is more distinctly seen than in the furniture, notably in the tea service, by Mr. Kindler, of Munich. Good too are the carpets from the celebrated "Kunstwebeschule," of Scherrebeck, especially those after the designs of Messrs. Vogeler and Christiansen, which excel even those of the regretted Eckmann, whose colouring was, perhaps, a little too vivid.

The painting and sculpture—notably the bust of Nietzsche, with its remarkable expression, and the panel above the mantelpiece, the colouring of which recalls the work of Böcklin—in the Room of the well-known designer, Stoeving, is well worth careful study, though there is nothing of especial interest in the furniture.

The exhibits in the Section reserved to the graphic arts are, of course, numerous, and of great value, for Germany is well to the fore in that particular field. The books, designs for bindings and engravings collected by the "Buchgewerbeverein," of Leipzig, are most interesting; and the "Künstlerbund," of Karlsruhe, exhibits many most beautiful chromo-lithographs, amongst which those by Biese and Kampmann are especially noteworthy.

Nicolas Gysis

With the exception of the two landscapes by Dinneberg there is nothing nearly so fine in the stained glass exhibits as the work shown at Karlsruhe last year, but to make up for this there are some extremely good textile fabrics, and it is to be regretted that Frau Wille and Frau Oppler did not send more of their beautiful work.

To sum up, Germany is taking a very important place in the modern art movement, though so far her actual position cannot be very distinctly defined. She is to a great extent under the influence of Olbrich which checks her instinctive leaning towards naturalism; and whilst awaiting further developments, we congratulate her on the position she has taken in the first International Exhibition of Decorative Art.

A GREEK PAINTER: NICOLAS GYSIS. BY DEMETRIUS CACLAMANOS.

NICOLAS GYSIS, who died a short time ago at Munich, was a painter of Greek nationality. He

was essentially Hellenic in intuition and in inspiration, but he lived very little in his native land, and Greece possesses but few of his works, and those few by no means the most characteristic. Gysis lived for many years at Munich, and was, indeed, a professor in the Academy of Art of that city. He belonged to no special school, nor can he be said to have founded a new one, for he had the very greatest horror of anything approaching to limitations of any kind—to the formation of art groups or art associations. He loved his own independence, and, what is far more rare, he respected that of others.

If I say that Gysis was an artist profoundly imbued with the Greek spirit, I do not merely repeat a conventional phrase which has become all too hackneyed. Intuitively did Gysis, the son of a simple carpenter of Tinis, an islet of the Cyclades, or Greek Archipelago, where he was born in 1842, imbibe the lessons taught by certain mystic harmonies, which were his only education—received, indeed, as unconsciously as it was given. When at early dawn the gleaming sun rays gilded the jagged coast-line of Greece, or at eventide the dying rays touched with transient



"SCENES FROM THE GREEK WARS OF INDEPENDENCE"

BY NICOLAS GYSIS

Nicolas Gysis

glory the summits of the mountains, or at moon-rise, to quote the words of Byron, "long streams of light o'er dancing waves expanded," the beauty spread out before the sensitive gaze of the future poet made upon his mind an absolutely indelible impression, so that he carried, as it were, his own environment with him wherever he went. Never throughout his life did he swerve from his allegiance to the supreme law of harmony and of beauty, the omnipotence of which he recognised from the first, and which was to the last the inspiration of all he undertook.

There was something of priestly solemnity in Gysis' speech; his voice was clear and sonorous; and his whole bearing left upon the spectator an impression of combined nobility and

grace. He led a very simple, quiet life, with no unnecessary luxuries about him—a life altogether absorbed in his work, in his ceaseless endeavour to retain his individuality unaffected by external surroundings, to reach an ever higher standard of achievement. His studio in the handsome Academy of Art at Munich was a kind of oasis of peaceful silence, in which it seemed possible sometimes actually to hear the soft whispering of the ideal figures with which it was peopled. His home, on the other hand, was full of all manner of dainty objects of art, rare knick-knacks, statuettes, antique vases, valuable textile fabrics, picked up here and there in his rambles in Italy and in the islands of the Greek Archipelago, amidst which the artist led a life of unremitting toil.

Two distinct periods, two totally different phases, can be distinguished in the more important works of Gysis; the first, that, so to speak, of his initiation of his more or less successful groping after certainty of aim, of realisation of his own powers in the midst of all the confusion resulting from his sympathy with conflicting tendencies, his memory of his early aspirations, impressions, and disillusiones. The pupil of Karl Theodor von Piloty, the Greek painter learnt from him the importance and beauty of correct drawing and how to appreciate truth and vividness of colouring. Some few of the early pictures of Gysis reflect very clearly the influence of the German master—the hall-mark of the *atelier* in which they were originated, and in others the spectator is reminded of the *genre* paintings of Knaus and Defregger—to the latter of whom, the intimate friend of Gysis, we owe an excellent and life-like portrait of the Greek painter, for full though these little pictures undoubtedly are of life, motion, and humour, excel-



"AN ARAB"

BY NICOLAS GYSIS

(In the possession of Professor F. von Defregger)





FROM THE PAINTING

BY NICOLAS GYSIS

lent as is their delicate colouring and their indefinable air of distinction, they give the impression of having been seen before. Their subjects were most of them founded on sketches made in Greece and Asia Minor, where the artist was, of course, thoroughly at home, and they combine the freshness of imagination of an unspoiled nature, with the new mastery of technique and expression gained in his earnest studies at Munich. Amongst the earliest of these paintings of the first period must be specially noted the *Grandmother's Story*, the *Painter in the Orient*, the *Carnival*, and the *Stealer of Poultry*, whilst amongst the later the *Joseph explaining the Dreams* and the *Judith* are perhaps the most characteristic, and reveal yet another influence—that of Hans Makart—for in them Gysis may be said to have almost trodden on the heels of the gifted young Austrian.

None of these subjects were, however, the true *métier* of the Greek master, who was not really in sympathy with *genre*—or, for that matter, with history. He began, after producing the pictures just enumerated, to develop his own particular style—to be, in fact, himself. He now forgot Piloty and his studio, and remembered only that he was Gysis, a Greek, born beneath the sky which had witnessed the production of the greatest masterpieces ever conceived in a human brain. The most salient characteristics of his genius are idealism, depth of emotional feeling, and intensity of intellectual vision. He saw everything in nature with the undimmed eyes of the poet; he

Painted what he saw with the skilled hand of an expert. Nature aroused in him feelings full of a profound mystery, and evoked in his imagination figures instinct with nobility, ideally beautiful, and of sculptural majesty, incarnations of the refined classicism and romanticism which brought him, as it were, into direct touch with the very spirit, the inner essence of the antique Greek art from which his own is derived by right of direct inheritance. The study of the work of Gysis, in fact, recalls a certain definition of neo-idealism: “After naturalism has taught artists to work from actual impressions of real scenes in an independent manner, a transition was brought about by some amongst them who embodied impressions made upon their own minds, in an original manner which they had not borrowed from the old masters.”

The *Spring Symphony* was one of the first pictures painted in the second and most prolific period of Gysis' art life. It is almost impossible to do justice by mere description to the delicate *finesse*, the almost intangible grace, the charming freshness, the incisive symbolism of this fascinating poem in colour, in which the young life of the painter seems to be vividly reflected. Sprites and Cupids are issuing from the calyces of flowers in a diaphanous haze of exquisite colours, in an atmosphere palpitating with ethereal loveliness. To quote the words of the great critic of antique times, Philostratus, “the flowers are painted perfume and all, and the winged genii who are rising from the midst of them are their very



FROM THE PAINTING
BY NICOLAS GYSIS

spirits, their very souls." The beautiful lines of Shelley instinctively recur to the memory when he says they belong to "some world far from ours, where music and moonlight and feeling are one," so aptly do they describe the beautiful *Spring Symphony*. The *Pilgrimage* has been three times chosen as his subject by Gysis, and each interpretation of it was more ideal, more full of dignified melancholy. A young girl, desperately and hopelessly in love with one to whom she can never be united, is taken by her mother on a pilgrimage to a little chapel at the top of a hill. The enamoured maiden is carrying with her a golden heart as an offering to the image of the Virgin, as she climbs up the steep and rugged path to the sanctuary. She is weak and emaciated, and sinks down upon her *Via Dolorosa*, whilst her mother, broken-hearted and helpless, endeavours in vain to console and sustain her. The surrounding landscape forms an admirable setting to this Christian Ariadne, whose Theseus has left her; it is full of sympathetic sombreness and sadness, and gives to the two figures something of supernatural gloom. The whole picture is, in fact, a mystic poem, a pathetic dirge, a classic lament in colour, and the deep bluish greys and browns, which are the predominant tones, are peculiarly appropriate to it.

Once launched in the new path, able to translate into tangible form his most fanciful dreams, his most intimate emotions, Gysis pressed on ever more and more eagerly, a true pilgrim, in love with his own aim. One grand composition now succeeded another, varied by less ambitious work, such as designs for bookbindings, posters, etc. Amongst these some few must be selected for special commendation—the Cover for the *Illustrirter Zeitung* and that for *Ueber Land und Meer*; the Advertisement of the Olympian games, a veritable masterpiece, with the seats of the stadium on one side, on the back of which is seen a bas-relief of the Parthenon, with the Genius of the city of Athens, crowned with laurel leaves, listening to the beautiful music drawn from the lyre by Time, who is seated behind him, in praise of the glory of the ancient town, devoted to the pursuit of noble games. Beyond is seen the well-known Victory, and in the background the Temple of Pallas gleaming with glory as in an apotheosis. *The Dawn of the New Century*, a picture in which white, diaphanous, and luminous figures, lit up as it were from within, typify the hopes of progress, of happiness, and peace, leading invisible humanity onwards to an ideal aim; whilst the "Gloria Immortalis,"

hovering above them all, draws her flaming sword to strike down the beast typifying evil; *Victory*, a winged figure, full of a majesty recalling that of the best antique work, yet totally unlike the many Victories which have come down to us from the remote past; *Narcissus*, a dainty little painting of refined and delicate colouring, in which the beautiful boy of Greek mythology, so graceful and so vain, gazes at his own image in the crystalline waters of a brook: the fine group of Centaurs, typifying the wild torrents dashing in angry foam down the sides of the mountains; Cupid, whose hands have been bound by a Centaur, so that he may not be able to do any more mischief amongst mankind; and the charming chorus of Bacchantes, lovely girls mad with joy and love, dancing gracefully together in a circle in the soft moonbeams, which give to their rose-tinted flesh the appearance of mother-of-pearl. The *Triumph of Religion* is a superb figure, full of austere majesty; Glory rises up proudly upon the crest of Psara, the famous island, of which the heroic inhabitants laid down their lives in a noble struggle for liberty; the Conqueror in the Olympian games, with his noble head raised in conscious pride, as he paces along upon the gleaming height of Olympus, his faultlessly modelled nude limbs gleaming in the resplendent atmosphere, with many another charming conception, the enumeration of which would but weary the reader.

In all his later pictures, with their harmonious yet sombre colouring, their statuesque and noble figures, which are yet never theatrical, though, to quote the words of William Ritter, "they resemble marble, alabaster and snow," Gysis is a faithful interpreter of the Greek genius, a true descendant of his Greek ancestors. There is, however, about his work no servile imitation; no fictitious or superficial resemblance to the work of others: he is a true scion of the old stock, and, thanks to the mysterious influences of heredity, it would seem as if the very spirit of the past lived again in him, for even as some time-worn monarch of the forest puts forth new shoots full of fresh and vigorous sap, so has this modern artist produced original work of real value. He is a visionary, no doubt, but his vision is not obscured by any false preconceptions, his ideal creations are real, full of beauty and of life, unshrouded by any fictitious atmosphere. He is an idealist and a symbolist, but a symbolist who wields his brush with an assured hand, who is confident of his own powers, who has laid the foundations of his art by hard study, and knows how to indulge in

flights of imagination without infringing any of the restrictions which should be observed even by the most highly gifted. He is, if one may coin an expression, a *modernised classic*, an artist who, though he left Greece in early youth, never lost sight of his origin; never ceased to suffer from a noble nostalgia, a home-sickness which has lent to his work a pathos and a passion that leave upon the spectator an indelible impression. May not the beautiful words of Wordsworth be justly applied to him: "Creative art, whether the instrument of words she use, or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues, demands the service of a mind and heart"; or those of his fellow countryman, the poet Costis Palamas: "Was not his brush, now, alas! destroyed, as a lyre of sonorous tone?" D. CACLAMANOS.

LONDON. What is the best scheme of decoration for a school? It is a sign of the times that this question, altogether neglected in past generations, is now being considered in many quarters; indeed there are many who feel sure that their early education was hindered by the barn-like rooms in which they worked at school. To bring children up as bar-

barians inured to ugliness is not the best way in which parents can invest their money or schoolmasters their time. Rooms may be made serviceable and comfortable without the least appearance of misplaced luxury, and to encourage a love of colour and of form is in itself an education. Mr. Wickham Jarvis, in the work which he has done for a school at Sandgate, appeals at once to the parent who detests pampering and to the reformer who likes a good blending of comeliness with utility. His rooms are airy, well lighted, well constructed, easy to dust, easy to keep clean, and pleasant to look at and to study in.

We hear with pleasure that Mr. Alexander Fisher is trying to set on foot a scheme for the encouragement of enamelling, and also of refined work in the precious metals. Full particulars of the scheme will be given at a later date for the benefit of those to whom it will be of interest and value. Meantime we trust that Mr. Fisher's enterprise will be successful, as it promises to be a return to that fine old system of teaching in the crafts which surrounded the best experts with willing pupils and apprentices.



SCHOOL AT SANDGATE

WICKHAM JARVIS, ARCHITECT



STUDIO



SCHOOL AT SANDGATE

WICKHAM IARVIS, ARCHITECT

Mr. George Clausen is such an interesting artist, with methods so markedly individual and with so fresh a conception of his responsibilities, that every exhibition of his work deserves a special amount of attention. He has lately put on view at the Goupil Gallery some fifty pictures and drawings, which summarise in a fascinating way many of his most attractive qualities. *The Path by the Ricks* and *The Little Orchard* are perhaps the most notable of the oil paintings. The first is a decisively handled study of a typical rustic subject, full of rich contrasts of colour and very vigorous in its effects of tone; the second is a brilliantly luminous record of sunlight, very sensitively observed and exquisitely subtle in modulations of tender greys and greens. Of the pastel drawings the most remarkable is *The Sawpit*, very dignified and sincere in style; but there are many others which claim unqualified praise for their beauty of method or their originality of design.

Mr. Oliver Hall, devoted though he is to a comparatively limited form of expression, avoids very cleverly those conventions which are apt to hamper the progress of a man with strong artistic convictions. In the exhibition of his oil paintings which is now open in Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, as in previous shows of his work, he proves himself to be a shrewd observer, with a well-defined decorative leaning that inclines

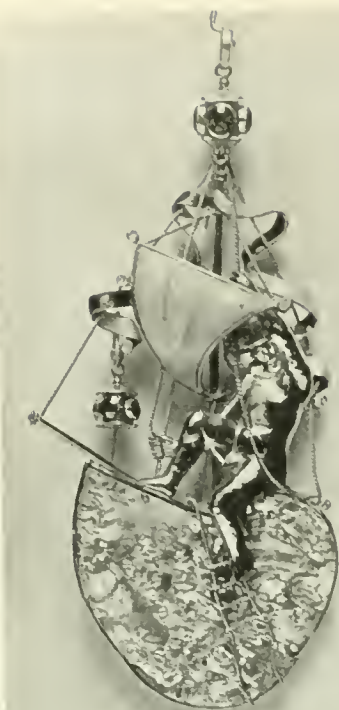
him to choose discreetly the worthiest aspects of nature. He gives his individuality full play, and both in the



GOLD PENDANT WITH MOTHER-O'PEARL BACKGROUND. SET WITH A PEARL AND SMALL DIAMONDS. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBE. EXECUTED BY W. JONES

for their dignity of conception and delicacy of execution.

The exhibition of the Guild of Handicraft at the Woodbury Gallery, New Bond Street, in November, drew attention once more to a society which for the last fourteen years has been doing good work under the direction of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. It is a guild conducted on co-operative lines, the craftsmen having an interest and a share in its prosperity and a voice in its management. As a protest against the inartistic work which is being turned out in such large quantities by the manufacturing goldsmiths and silversmiths, the thoroughness of the Guild of Handicraft invites and receives our heartiest praise; and we hope that the re-



"SHIP" PENDANT IN GOLD, SET WITH ALMANDINE AND PEARL BLISTER. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBEES. EXECUTED BY E. VINER AND W. MARK

selection and treatment of his subjects he makes plain that he possesses more than ordinary understanding of pictorial exigencies. His landscapes are finely composed, noble in design, and always harmonious in colour; and they are carried out with a broad simplicity of handling that makes them especially persuasive. This exhibition is in many ways the best that he has so far brought together.

At the Leicester Gallery, in Leicester Square, a mixed show of pastels and water-colours by Mr. Fred Mayor, and of sculpture by Mr. Albert Toft, has lately been arranged. The combination is certainly an agreeable one; and as both artists have much more than average capacity, the exhibition can be frankly praised. Mr. Mayor's drawings are pleasant records of nature, somewhat slight and summary, but neither careless in execution nor trivial in motive. They have for the most part a real charm of vivacious colour. Mr. Toft's work is always scholarly and sincere, and he has chosen to represent him some of his happiest productions. His bust of *Miss Winifred Emery* is excellent, and many of his statuettes are memorable



GOLD AND SILVER PEACOCK PENDANT, SET WITH PEARLS AND DIAMONDS. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBEES. EXECUTED BY THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT, SET WITH PEARLS, SAPPHIRES, ETC. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBEЕ. EXECUTED BY E. VINER AND W. MARK

moval of the workshops from East London to the historic village of Chipping Campden, in Gloucestershire, will help the management to a wider success than has yet been won.

The exhibition at the Woodbury Gallery was very various in its appeal, including furniture, jewellery, bookbinding, book-illustrations, colour-prints, enamelling, silver cups, and other silver-work of excellent quality. Special attention may be drawn to the writing cabinet in ebony and holly, designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, and very well carried out by Mr. T. Jelffe and Mr. E. Johnson, with wrought-iron and plated fittings by Mr. W. Thornton and Mr. Fred Brown. There was also some admirable jewellery designed by Mr. Ashbee, and executed by Messrs. W. A. White, F. C. Varley, W. Mark, A. Gebhardt, A. Cameron, J. Baily, S. Viner, A. Toy, and other craftsmen. Mr. F. C. Varley, a descendant of the water-colour painter, showed in his enamels a beautiful sense of colour as well as a pleasant freedom of design; and Mr. W. Mark also, in some attractive enamels, gave proof of unmistakable ability. The book-bindings, simple in design and skilfully forwarded

and finished, attracted much attention; and we remember with pleasure the work of the Essex House Press, work distinguished by fine type and good printing, and enriched with clever woodcuts after drawings by Mr. William Strang and by Mr. Reginald Savage. Altogether, the exhibition was a distinct success—to be followed, we hope, by many others.

The best characteristics of the winter exhibition of the New English Art Club are its general atmosphere of serious endeavour and its freedom from any excess of eccentricity. It includes very little work that can be condemned as wilfully extravagant; and though there is in it a certain proportion of immature effort, this is amply counterbalanced by the admirable contributions of the more accomplished exhibitors. There are some masterly landscapes by Mr. P. W. Steer—one especially, *The Valley of the Severn*, is a splendid effort of aerial effect and diffused sunlight; and in the same class



HEAD ORNAMENT IN GOLD, WITH ENAMEL, AND SET WITH ROUGH PEARLS AND MOONSTONES. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBEЕ. EXECUTED BY A. GEBHARDT AND W. MARK

of art there are extremely good things by Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. J. L. Henry, Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. James Charles, Mr. Hugh Carter, Miss L. Blatherwick, and Professor Brown. Of the figure pictures, the most remarkable for strength of handling and grace of composition are *The Return from the Ball*, by Mr. H. Tonks, and *Needlework*, by Mr. W. W. Russell. Mr. Tonks shows a fine sense of large design, and manages a difficult colour scheme with thorough discretion: Mr. Russell aims more at elegance of line and delicate suggestion of form. Another clever canvas is *The Chess Players*, by Mr. W. Orpen; and there are two good portraits, by Mr. Francis Bate, of *Mrs. W. Goldfinch Bate* and *Miss Agnes Larkcom*, the famous singer. Both these are full of character and agreeable in colour. Some memorable water-colours by Mr. H. B.



HAMMERED SILVER GOLF CUP, WITH RED ENAMEL AND CARBUNCLES. DESIGNED BY W. A. WHITE. EXECUTED BY J. EDWARDS



HAMMERED SILVER CUP, SET WITH TURQUOISES AND ENAMEL. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBEE. EXECUTED BY W. POYSER

Brabazon, Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. H. Bellingham Smith, Mr. F. E. James, and Mr. George Thomson add to the attractiveness of the exhibition.

KESWICK.—The illustrations on pages 211 and 212 show some of the work of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts,—one of the oldest and the most successful of the village industries,—which was carried on under the direction of Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley from its foundation in 1884 till about four years ago, when

the work having grown so arduous, it was found necessary to appoint a permanent director, and a year later Mr. Herbert J. Maryon succeeded Mr. Harold Stabler to that post. About the same time some of the more skilful workers were induced to devote their whole time to the work instead of, as formerly, attending only in the evening. The steady progress made during the last few years is shown both by the improvement in design and craftsmanship and by the greater variety of the work undertaken. All metals, including gold and silver, are used; the methods of treatment varying from simple repoussé



HAMMERED SILVER CHALLENGE CUP, SET WITH CHRYSOPRASE. DESIGNED BY C. R. ASHBE. EXECUTED BY J. BAILEY
(See London Studio-Talk)



SILVER CUP

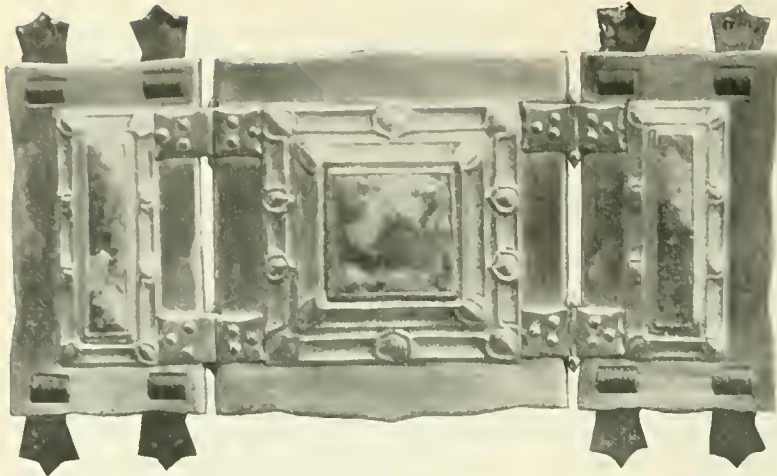
DESIGNED BY H. J. MARYON
EXECUTED BY R. TEMPLE

to beaten hollow ware, silversmith's work and the finer crafts of jewellery and enamelling; other branches are woodcarving and smithing.

From the illustrations of examples of Mr. Maryon's design, here shown, it will be seen that he aims at simplicity of form with great reserve in the application of ornament. A. E. S.

BANGOR.—At the National Eisteddfod held in Wales annually it is the custom to present a chair and a crown to the successful bards. The designs in previous Eisteddfods have been of the poorest description. In connection with the Eisteddfod held in September in Bangor, the executive committee ventured to strike out a new line.

The bardic chair, illustrated on page 213, was designed and made by Mr. Robert Hilton. The chair is of oak, wax polished dull. The ornaments and finials are of copper and translucent enamel; the back of the seat is of cowhide, fastened with copper studs; the rail in front contains a bronzed copper panel of a dragon. The symbolism is Druidical Celtic. On the back is the cauldron of Ceridwen,



MORSE IN SILVER AND ENAMEL

DESIGNED BY H. J. MARYON
EXECUTED BY THOMAS CLARK

(See Keswick Studio-Talk)

and, in connection with it, the oak and mistletoe are used ; on the finials are two eagles.

The bardic crown was designed and made in beaten copper by Mr. R. L. Rathbone. It is formed of eight rectangular panels, on which are designs of interlaced Celtic ornaments in repoussé. The panels are hinged together, and the four principal ones are connected at the top by four shaped straps, which meet together under a boss, and are ornamented with a conventional treatment of bay leaves and berries.

All the medals given at the Eisteddfod were made from the design of Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A. In connection with the art competitions, Mr. Frank Brangwyn kindly gave his services as chief adjudicator. H. H

BARNSTAPLE.—Several illustrations have already appeared in THE STUDIO of the capital work being done by the Guild of Metal Workers established at Barnstaple under the able direction of Mr. G. L. Morris. On pages 213 and 214 are

shown some admirable jewellery executed by the Guild from designs by Mr. F. T. Partridge.

MANCHESTER.—The twentieth autumn exhibition of pictures at the Manchester Art Gallery, if not of surpassing excellence, contains much that is of considerable interest. In the place of honour is Mr. Sargent's *Wife and Children of Arthur Knowles, Esq.*, a typical example of this painter's work. Good ex-

amples of portrait painting are Sir W. B. Richmond's *Mr. Gladstone*, and the picture of *Earl Egerton of Tatton*, by Professor von Herkomer. *St. Monica's Prayer*, by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, and Mr. F. J. Shields' *Mercy Knocking at the Gate* and *Patience* are studies of fine conception, which make a distinct appeal to the imagination. Mr. Hallé shows three studies, *In Infancy*, *In Manhood*, and *In Old Age*. *Weary Ends the Day*, by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, is a remarkably fine example of this painter's work, but Mr. B. W. Leader is not at his best in *A Breezy Morn.* An excellent sunlight effect is



COPPER AND PEWTER WORK

DESIGNED BY H. J. MARYON. EXECUTED
BY T. SPARKS, J. RICHARDSON,
T. CLARK AND R. TEMPLE

(See Keswick Studio-Talk)



BARDIC CHAIR

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY R. HILTON

(See Bangor Studio Talk)

obtained by Mr. La Thangue in *Sunset in Provence*, and Mr. A. Parson's *Poplars*, Mr. David Murray's *Braes of Yarrow*, Mr. David Gow's *Landscape*, Mr. Muirhead's *The Old Mill, Houghton*, are all worthy of note. Mr. Hobkirk's *The Flower Market in Paris* is another picture with a particularly good sunlight effect. Portraits of interest are *Mrs. F. Hawthorth*, by Mr. A. Nowell; Mr. Tom Mostyn's *A Little Norwegian*; *Miss Vanessa Stephens*, by Mr. Charles Furse; and Mr. Graham Robertson's *Black and White* a portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Other pictures of merit are *The Goat Herd, South Tyrol*, by Mr. Adrian Stokes; *La Louve*, by Miss Winifred Austen; *Ground Swell*, by Mr. Rudolph Hellwag; *Making for the Harbour*, by Mr. Eugene Dekkert; and *Au Bord de la Mer*, by Mr. Somerville Shanks. There are several minia-

tures and a little sculpture. Altogether an exhibition of interest above the average.

A collection of pictures, lent by Mr. M. R. Cotes, of Bournemouth, to the Oldham Art Gallery, was opened recently by Mr. Winston Churchill. Of the 187 works some are naturally of more interest than others. In the former category come Sir John Gilbert's *Timber Wagon* and two admirable seascapes by the late Henry Moore, *A Breeze off the Isle of Wight* and *Shine and Shower*, the glittering light on the waves of the latter being painted with rare faithfulness. Mr. Marcus Stone is represented by *The Letter Bag*, the composition of which is faulty, though the figures—two men and a girl—are well painted. There are two small pictures by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, neither of which, however, represents his work at its best. A Cairene street scene, by David Roberts, is full of animation and vivid contrasting colour. *Bristol Docks*, by J. B. Pyne, *A Lock-Keeper's Garden*, by Mr. Alfred Parsons, and some landscapes by Mr. Edwin Ellis are all of merit and interest.

W. J.

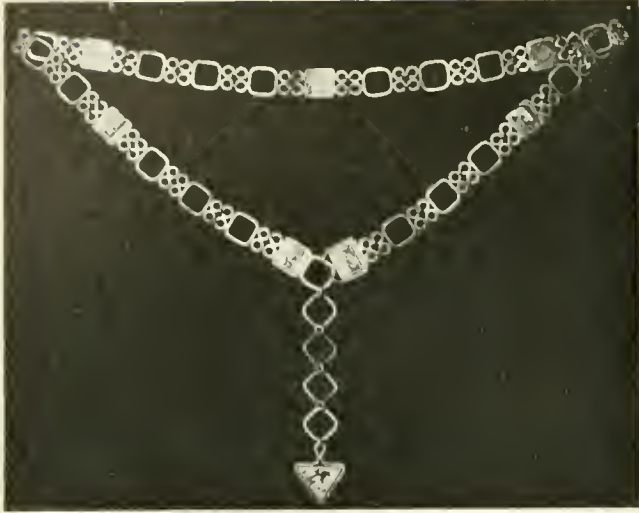
LIVERPOOL.—The Annual Exhibition of the students' work at the Laird School of Art, Birkenhead, shows its general progressive character under the direction of the head master, Mr. Walter H. Chaplin and his assistants. The number of those students who remain long enough in the school to attain



SILVER NECKLET AND
THREE STEEL BROOCHES

DESIGNED BY F. T. PARTRIDGE.
EXECUTED BY THE GUILD OF
METAL WORKERS, BARNSTAPLE

(See Barnstaple Studio-Talk)



A BRASS GIRDLE DESIGNED BY F. T. PARTRIDGE. EXECUTED BY THE GUILD OF METAL WORKERS, BARNSTAPLE (See Barnstaple Studio-Talk)

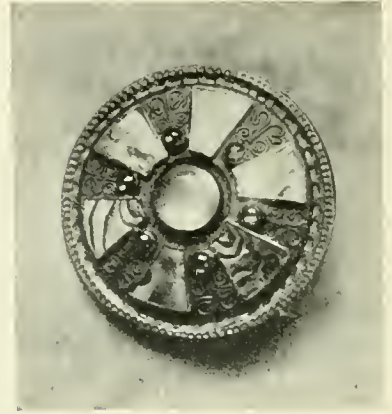
proficiency in decorative design seems to be comparatively small, consequently the display of applied art work is proportionately small.

Embroideries and lace designing attract the most attention, and an embroidered cushion square, designed by Harold W. Hewitt, and worked by Miss Eglen, together with a point-lace collar designed by Miss Sophia Walsh, and worked by the sisters of Holt Convent, Tranmere, are examples which claim principal notice.

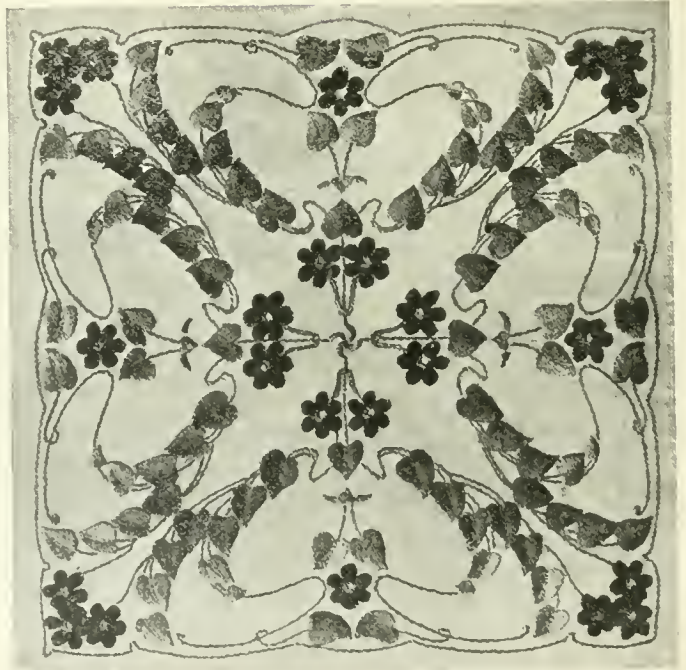
The following purchases from the Autumn Exhibition have been made by the Liverpool Corporation for the permanent collection at the Walker Art Gallery: *Forest Oaks*, *Fontaine-bleau*, by Sir Ernest Waterlow, A.R.A.; *Gibraltar, from Algeciras*, by Alfred East, R.A.; *A Cornish Idyll*, by Walter Langley, R.I.; *Holland*, by Moffat Linder; *Showery Weather in Little Langdale*, by Walter Cooke, R.B.A.

Robert Fowler's Studio Exhibition included a number of moderate-sized canvases, chiefly landscapes in North Wales. The subjects are chosen with rare taste, and painted for the most part with rapid, decisive touch at one sitting, thus securing records of

Nature under every variety of illumination. In these pictures the facts are observed by a sure-seeing eye and translated with a sympathetic brush, presenting the details with harmonious relations of space, distance, and lighting. *Calm Morning: Springtime near Conway*, *Leaves and Sunshine*, *Silvery Noon: Barmouth Estuary*, and *A Green Glade*, are especially delightful examples of



COPPER BROOCH BY F. T. PARTRIDGE (See Barnstaple Studio-Talk)



EMBROIDERED CUSHION SQUARE

DESIGNED BY H. W. HEWITT EXECUTED BY MISS EGLEEN

WINTER.



hen icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd
blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes
frozen home i' the pail;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit; tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



hen all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns
the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth
keel the pot.



the freshness and charm obtained by Robert Fowler's original method of treatment.

H. B. B.

NORWICH.—At the autumn exhibition of the Woodpecker Art Club, Norwich, the most striking works were *Carrow Abbey*, by the President, Miss C. M. Nichols, R.E., of which the whole effect was charming in the extreme: a fine picture, *Beati Immaculati*, by the Vice-President, Miller Smith, R.B.A.: and Edward Elliot's *Wreck off Corton*, wonderfully good in the depiction of rain, sea, and sky. Other pictures worthy of note were A. J. Munning's *Fair*, H. Robinson's *Lincoln*, H. F. Hitchcock's *Chancellor Lias*, Rosa Howlett's *Etaples Peasant Girl: Midst the Grey Drift*, by Tatton Winter, R.B.A.: a miniature of Miss V. Colman, by Miss C. M. Nichols: Savile Flint's *Haysel*, Montague Crick's *River Scene*, Mrs. Charles Havers' beautiful *Study of a Girl*, and Geoffrey Birkbeck's *Market Place, Ely*. Other exhibitors of interesting work were Edmund de Poix, Arthur Weston, John Dudley, E. Adcock, A. E. Hight,

L. Luard, C. Alston, E. Sawford Dye, A. Watts, K. Margaron, L. Farquhar, E. M. Girling, Forbes Marion, Horace Tuck, C. Baxter Nurse, Walter Dexter, Mrs. Tallack, M. Wright, and G. May.

Among the most important works shown at the autumn exhibition of the Art Circle were those by the President, Mr. R. Bagge Scott, including *Calm Afternoon at Dordt*, and *Yarmouth Roads*: Montague Crick's *Passing Clouds*, Savile Flint's *Mendham Rectory*, A. J. Munning's *End of an Auction — Michaelmas*, Geoffrey Birkbeck's *Garden of Sleep*, Miss R. Howlett's *Life of Toil* and *Home from School*, Miss C. M. Nichols' *Horning*, Miss Gertrude Offord's *Roses* and *Rhododendrons*, A. E. Hight's *Nightfall*, and miniatures by Mrs. Charles Havers and Miss Nichols. Among other contributors of works deserving careful attention were M. Beverley, Miss Buckworth, E. Adcock, L. N. Barwell, F. B. Barwell, Miss Buxton, Walter Dexter, Russell Dowson, L. W. Finch, Amy Frere, Miss Gurney, M. Holmes, Mrs. Adrian Hope, J. Bayfield, Hon. Constance Lindley, Mrs. Sandford, Miller Marshall, A. Neville,



"WASHERWOMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE MARNE"

(See Paris Studio-Talk)

BY L. LHERMITTE

Georgina Offord, Mrs. Tallack, M. Wright, K. Sturgeon, Mrs. Buckworth, and M. Montgomerie.

L. P.

PARIS. —Prominent among the women artists of the day whose talents are attracting attention is Mme. Berthe Girardet. She has a very delicate and very tender vision of things, which stamps her work with genuine originality. She does not seek her subjects far from the life around her: quite the reverse: and therein lies the charm of her sculpture—a great, sincere, and simple charm, which at once arouses one's emotion. What, for instance, could be more poignantly sad than this *Enfant malade* group, with the father, racked with anxiety, bending over the pillow of his fragile little son, and the mother, already in an attitude of despair, at the foot of the bed? The whole thing is great in its profound humanity.

The *Bénédiction de l'Arcule* is less tragic. Behind her granddaughter, delightful in her white veil and dress of a *première communicante*, stands the old woman, her wrinkled face full of quiet joy. She is thinking of the past, moved by the melancholy of the bells, and she is happy with a happiness with which is mingled something of sorrow and regret. It is really exquisite. By simple means Mme. Berthe Girardet obtains broad emotional effects. She won a great and a legitimate success at the last salon of the Société des Artistes Français.

M. Léon Lhermitte excels in translating Nature—*la grande nature*—the open country, the poetry of peasant life. Sureness of brush, delicacy of vision, and entire sincerity have made him justly famous. He is equally familiar with all methods, being as successful in pastel as in oils or in *fusain*. There are those indeed who consider that he is most at his ease in the *fusain*—certainly by this process he obtains results astonishing in supple-



"L'ENFANT MALADE"

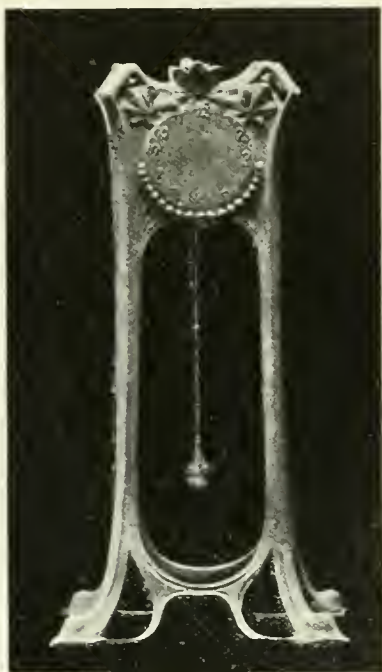
BY BERTHE GIRARDET



"BÉNÉDICTION DE L'AIEULE"
BY BERTHE GIRARDET

ness, grace and power. The *Washerwomen on the Banks of the Marne*, now reproduced, is one of his latest pictures, and was seen in this year's Salon. It is a truly delightful work, in which a very keen sense of nature is united with a curiously original and personal manner of interpretation.

M. Lucien Gaillard is ever on the look-out for that which is fresh and novel. As gold-worker and jeweller he has been foremost among the most resolute supporters of the modern decorative art movement. At first the jewels he produced were



CLOCK

BY M. BARFOORT

somewhat complicated and distorted, but now he has attained to greater wisdom and greater simplicity, this evolution being the result of serious and patient study of the Japanese masters. He has been at great pains also to recover the secret of the marvellous oxidations on the bronzes of the Far East, and he has succeeded therein. He has lately shown some hair-pins and small-combs thoroughly characteristic of his present manner.

We give illustrations of a clock by M. Barfoort and a bust by M. Escouba, which have recently been completed for M. Frédéric Goldscheider.

G. M



BUST

BY M. ESCOUBA

VIENNA.—Pen-drawing has of late been much practised by the younger group of painters and architects in Vienna, whose tastefully - arranged exhibitions have proved so beneficial to Austrian art in general.

The peculiar charm of the pen-design, with its vivid outline and facility of individual expression, renders it pre-eminently suited to the taste of the present time, especially for decorative and illustra-



BOOK-PLATE BY HANS PRZIBRAM

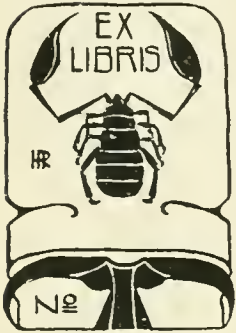


FROM A PEN-DRAWING

BY HANS PRZIBRAM



FROM A PEN-DRAWING
BY HANS PRZIBRAM



BOOKPLATE
BY HANS PRZIBRAM



BOOK-PLATE
BY HANS PRZIBRAM



FROM A DRAWING
BY HANS PRZIBRAM

of the construction, but constitute a principal feature of the design itself. In his pen-drawings, as will be seen by the one reproduced on page 224, his style is marked by that same flowing curve of line which characterises his stained glass.

Friedrich König has been illustrating folk lore and fairy tales in that grotesquely humorous manner which characterises the drawings of Schwaiger, reproduced in a former number of *THE STUDIO*. He is a close observer of country folk and peasant life, a good example of his work being the three tipsy tramps, illustrated on page 224. In his illustration for the old legend of "Sieben-Meilenstiefel" (the lad with the "Seven-mile Boots"), the artist is seen at his best.

Another humorist, Mr. Bacher, as well as the animal drawings by Hänish, likewise deserve mention. Of these artists, and also of Ferdinand Andri (who is known to readers of *THE STUDIO*) and Ernest Stöhr, pen-designs will be shown on a future occasion. The drawing *Sisyphos*, on page 225, is by Otto Friedrich.

tive purposes. Dr. Hans Przibram, specimens of whose work have been illustrated in *THE STUDIO*, No. 85, vol. xix., has recently completed a new series of animal and insect drawings in that peculiar style of his, combining a strict knowledge of anatomy with a vivid sense of what may be justly termed "animal psychology." A fine disposition of the lines and a touch of quaint humour render his small book-plates very charming. We give examples of these on pages 222 and 223.

Adolf Böhm is an artist of much depth and power, whom I have had an opportunity of mentioning before as a designer of stained-glass windows, in which the leads not only form an important part



"BEDOUIN GIRLS"

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. V. KRÄMER



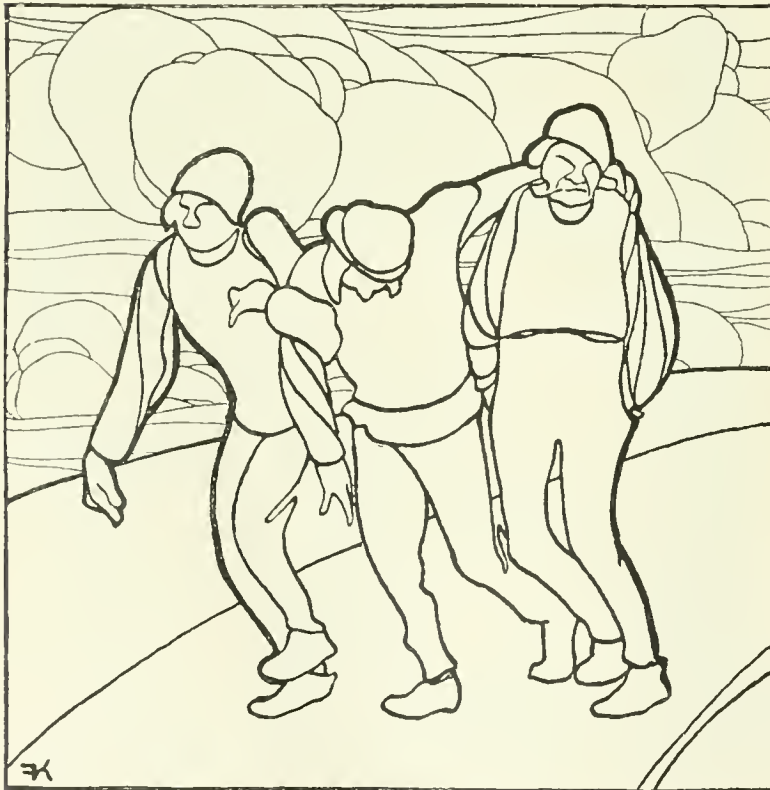
"AUS MEINEM REICH"

FROM THE PEN DRAWING BY ADOLF BÖHM

Joseph Victor Kramer is, like the before-mentioned group of artists, a member of the Secessionists, or "Vereinigung bildender Künstler Oesterreichs," an artist of great earnestness in the

study of the human figure. Portraits and subjects taken from the Holy Scripture have occupied most of his time; and about a year ago he undertook a voyage to Palestine and Egypt, where his studies with brush and pen were exceedingly strong and vivid. A number of them were reproduced in the "Ver Sacrum," and the illustration here given on page 223 may be counted among his best.

W. S.



"TOP-HEAVY"

FROM THE PEN DRAWING BY FRIEDRICH KÖNIG

BUDAPEST.—An exhibition has recently been opened at Budapest of paintings by the late Ladislaus von Paal, a Hungarian artist who died in Paris in 1879. The contemporary of Munkacsy, the influence of that great master was very distinctly noticeable in his work, but he was also much affected by the French realists. There is genuine poetry in his landscapes; but his fellow countrymen, who are not altogether in sympathy with

the modern spirit in art, failed to appreciate them, and they are little known in Hungary, although a short time before the death of their author they won cordial recognition from good judges in Paris. Von Paal's paintings were most of them sold by auction soon after he died, and the greater number were sent to England, whence they have been returned for the present exhibition, organized by Count Julius Andrassy, Herr Prases, and Herr Ludwig Ernst, Director of the Art Society of Nemzeti Szalon, all of

whom have done their utmost, with the cordial co-operation of the English owners of the pictures, to make the show a thoroughly representative one.

On the 14th October the grand Equestrian Statue of the celebrated Hungarian monarch Matthias I. was unveiled at Kalozovar in the presence of the Royal family and the chief representative men of the capital, amid much popular enthusiasm. The monument is the work of the well-known sculptor Johann Fadrusy, one of the most prominent artists of Hungary, who also designed the Maria Theresa Monument at Pozsong, as well as many ideal works of which his fellow countrymen are justly proud. Fadrusy, who began life as a locksmith's apprentice, has won the high position he now holds in the art world by dint of hard work and perseverance. In this last composition, a worthy memorial of the great monarch of the Renaissance in Hungary, he has probably reached his highest point of excellence,



"SISYPHOS"

FROM THE PEN DRAWING, BY O. FRIEDRICH

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

and he may be said to be now at the very zenith of his art career. The model in plaster of Paris of the bronze statue, which is the chief feature of the monument, was accorded the first gold medal at the exhibition held in the French Capital.

The Hungarian Museum of Industrial Art, in which the works of the successful artists in the South Kensington Competition were shown in 1898, and a collection of examples of the art of Walter Crane in 1900, was this year given up to an Exhibition of British Applied Art. Its success was due to the co-operation of Messrs. H. Thomson Lyon, Walter Crane, George Donaldson, Isidore Spielmann, Lewis F. Day, F. H. Newbery, James Paton, and C. Harrison Townsend, with Jenő Radits, Director of the Hungarian Museum of Industrial Art, and Herr Lipésez of Budapest. The exhibition was a thorough success in every



"STIEBEN-MEILENSTIEFEL"

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

BY FRIEDRICH KÖNIG

way. It won the cordial appreciation, not only of the press, but of experts: and many artists have since betrayed in their own work the influence it exercised over them. Within a fortnight no less than 50,000 visitors were admitted, a practical proof of the interest taken in industrial art in Hungary. We may add, that the Poster advertising the exhibition was the work of George Walton, who made a present of his design to the authorities of the Museum.

KIEL.—In connection with the general progressive advance of modern handicraft-work throughout Germany, applied art is gradually gaining ground also in the more northern provinces of the empire, notably in Schleswig-Holstein. Of the local landscape-paintings by Olde, Dettmann, Johannsen, and others, we have had occasion to speak before in the pages of *THE STUDIO* (vol. xxi., No. 91). Professor Olde has recently been called to Weimar by the reigning Grand Duke (to the post of Director of the old Fine Art School of Weimar), probably with the view of placing the artistic *genius loci* of that "classical" centre of Germany on a more modern footing than before.

On this page appears an illustration of a rug, meant to hang on the wall of a large hall,

representing a sort of mythological chariot race, *Night and Morning*. The artist's conception has no doubt been influenced by reminiscences of Norse mythology, but he has succeeded in imparting vigorous life and movement into the spirit of his subject. The design is by Mr. August Wilkens, of Ladegaard, and has been executed in a new kind of *technique* by the art weavers of Scherrebeck, that well-known institution in Nord-Schleswig, which owes a great part of its revival to the combined and energetic endeavours of two men—a clergyman and an artist—Pastor Jacobsen and Professor Eckmann. The premature death of the latter has been felt as a severe loss by all interested in the modern art-movement in Germany.

W. S.

REVIEWS.

William Hogarth. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With an Introduction by Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. (London: W. Heinemann.) Price £5 5s. net. It cannot be said that the art of Hogarth has in the past been appreciated at its full worth. As in the case of other artists of surpassing talent, his contemporaries were unable to recognise the full measure of his abilities, and were inclined to slight, and even to ridicule, some of his best and most serious work. In later times he has been acknowledged a great satirist of the vices of his day; but



RUG: "NIGHT AND MORNING"

DESIGNED BY A. WILKENS. EXECUTED BY THE WEAVING MANUFACTORIES OF SCHERREBECK

his critics for the most part have failed to consider at their proper worth the artistic characteristics of his productions, apart from their merely anecdotal value. In his introduction to this sumptuous volume Sir W. Armstrong has done a real service to the memory of the painter by pointing out in clear and forcible language his many real artistic excellences. "When he has a story to tell," says Sir William, "he sees it, not only as action, but also as hue and colour. He combines the faculties of the stage-manager with those of the decorative painter. He contrives to manœuvre his characters into positions which equally suit his fable and his arabesque." Of the memoir by Mr Austin Dobson it need only be said that it is all that could be anticipated from the pen of so cultured



ILLUSTRATION FROM "LUCA AND ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA" (LONDON: J. M. DENT AND CO.)

and charming a writer. We commend this fine work to the attention of our readers, not only on account of the profusion of excellent photogravure reproductions with which it is illustrated, but also, and even more particularly, because of the lucidity, the informing value, and the literary excellence of the text. In these days, when so many books about old painters are published which add so little to our general knowledge, and court so rarely our appreciation, it is a veritable treat to turn over the leaves of this volume, in which so many evidences of study and research, and such a thorough knowledge and wide appreciation of its subject are exhibited.

Luca and Andrea della Robbia, and their Successors. By MAUD CRUTTWELL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.)—The fact that Luca della Robbia was the inventor of a new process for applying enamel to terra-cotta ware, whilst it has added much to his general popularity, has, unfortunately, greatly obscured his fame as a sculptor of the highest rank in marble and bronze, worthy, indeed, to be classed with Donatello and Ghiberti. Moreover, the accident that he had two nephews who worked in the same direction as himself, with far less success, has led to the attribution to him of many of their inferior productions. In her richly illustrated monograph, marked by the careful research

for which she is noted, Miss Cruttwell has given to the great Luca his true place, sorting his sculptures from those of Andrea and Giovanni, and, by her lucid definitions of the characteristics of each of the three Della Robbia, she has made identification easy for all future students. Passing lightly over the causes which led to the great Renaissance in art of the fifteenth century, which have already been thoroughly sifted by many writers, Miss Cruttwell reviews in detail the work, first of Luca, then of Andrea, and lastly of Giovanni, giving to Andrea more than one piece of sculpture hitherto attributed to Luca, and illustrating her theories by many fine reproductions of well-known works, such as the exquisite *Visitation*, by Luca, in S. Giovanni Fuorcivitas, Pistoja, as well as of others lately discovered, including the beautiful Head of the Madonna, by Andrea, found by Miss F. Gilbert in an antiquarian's shop in Florence.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. By LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F.S.A. (London: Bell & Sons.) 7s. 6d. net. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.* By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. (London: Walter Scott.) 3s. 6d. net.—That two new biographies of Reynolds should have been recently published is a convincing proof of the ever-widening interest in art characteristic of the present day. Both these attempts to give fresh interest to a somewhat outworn theme are good in themselves, and will appeal to different classes of readers. Lord Ronald's scholarly and richly illustrated volume will be welcomed by connoisseurs already well acquainted with its subject, for although it contains little that is new so far as the letterpress is concerned, it includes many pictures by the great portrait-painter which have never before been reproduced in a biography, as well as facsimiles of drawings, letters, and relics, the property of Lady Colomb and Sir R. Edgcumbe. The treatise by Miss Keeling, on the other hand, is but a *rechauffé* of old material thrown into a somewhat novel form; it contains no new illustrations, and, although the various appendices will be found useful to the student and art historian, there is but little in the criticism worthy of commendation.

Old English Masters. Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE. With Historical Notes by JOHN C. VAN DYKE. (London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd.) Price £2 2s. net.—That Mr. Cole has raised wood-engraving to the level of a fine art, to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries, is apparent to all who have given the subject close attention. There is a beauty and a refinement in his work, added

to an individuality of treatment, that at no time in the history of the craft have been surpassed, nor do we think, even equalled. The collection of his engravings from the Old English Masters brought together in this volume is one of abiding interest. The notes upon the pictures illustrated, which the artist has added to Mr. Van Dyke's informing text, are of great technical value and will be studied with much profit by the reader.

The Holy Land. Painted by JOHN FULLEY-LOVE, R.I. Described by JOHN KELMAN, M.A. (London: A. & C. Black.) Price 20s. net.—The large number of illustrations reproduced in colour from the drawings by Mr. Fulleylove form the chief feature of this volume. As transcripts of the original watercolours, they fail to catch all the subtlety of tint and colour-values characteristic of the painter's work; but they are, nevertheless, of surprising illustrative value. Both to travellers in the Holy Land who wish to renew their impressions, and to those who desire to obtain some idea of its old-world cities with their picturesque inhabitants and of its poetic landscape, the volume cannot fail to be welcome.

Frans Hals. By GERALD S. DAVIES, M.A. (London: Bell & Sons.) £2 2s. net. This masterly examination of the work of a man who stood alone in his life-time as an interpreter of passing phases of feeling, especially of mirth, and has remained without a rival in his own peculiar line ever since, will be gladly welcomed, not only by those who have already recognised his genius, but also by the many to whom his paintings are comparatively unknown. In dealing with Frans Hals the critic is met with a problem still practically unsolved. How was it possible for a man of his known habits, whose life, says Mr. Davies, was "entirely Bohemian, the absolute reverse of simple living and high thinking," to produce masterpieces which challenge the admiration of the most hypercritical, who stand amazed before their marvellous technique, their combined freedom and force of handling, their unfaltering strength of expression? Was the man altogether distinct from the artist, or has injustice been done to the former by his biographers? To both these questions the author of the new volume replies in the affirmative; the artist must be judged apart from his work, but at the same time injustice has been done to the man, for even when certain painful facts are admitted to be true, it still remains impossible that paintings bearing witness to "swift, decided, unerring certainty of eye and hand could have been produced by one whose nerve had been wrecked by dissipation."



WOOD-ENGRAVING BY TIMOTHY
COLE. FROM "OLD ENGLISH
MASTERS" (MACMILLAN & CO.)

The biographer urges his readers to turn from the weakness, the failures and the mistakes of the man to the strength, the success, the achievement of the artist, and having thus cleared the ground of prejudice he proceeds to review the work of Frans Hals, from the first signed and dated picture to the last, illustrating his text with numerous admirable reproductions of typical examples.

In his account of the series of what are known as Regenten pictures, the accomplished author of this most fascinating volume explains that they were paid for, not out of the funds of the guilds whose walls they adorn, but by a private subscription amongst the officers, arranged on a sliding scale, so that those who paid most occupied prominent positions in the picture, whilst those who paid least, were introduced in the background only, an arrangement that must have greatly hampered the artist and makes his skill in composition all the more remarkable.

The Shakespeare Story Book. By MARY McLEOD. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).—Mr. Sidney Lee, in his entertaining introduction to this book, refers to the fact that in Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* the omission of numerous details of the plots causes the reader to obtain but a fragmentary knowledge of the scope of the author's plays. In the present collection of stories an effort is made to render a more accurate account

of the originals, and the result is one which should be appreciated by the young readers for whom the sixteen stories in the book are more particularly intended. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne are in every respect excellent.

World Pictures. By MORTIMER MENPES. Text by DOROTHY MENPES. (London: Adam and Charles Black.) Price 20s. net.—This work fully sustains the reputation Mr. Mortimer Menpes has made in book illustration, as exemplified in his previous works upon "War Impressions" and "Japan," reviewed some time ago in these pages. "World Pictures" in many respects is one of the most remarkable illustrated books issued in modern times—remarkable not only for the large number of clever drawings which it contains but also for the high degree of merit which they exhibit. Mr. Menpes is never stronger than in his pen-and-ink work, his remarkable facility of line and knowledge of composition, his mastership of the art of "leaving out" being of infinite use to him when working in this medium. We consider that the large number of line drawings in this book help to place him, as a book illustrator, upon a higher pinnacle of fame than the coloured ones with which his name has hitherto been more particularly associated. These coloured drawings are necessarily slight, being made expressly for reproduction by the "three-colour process"—a process which is ill-



DRAWING BY GORDON BROWNE FROM "THE SHAKESPEARE STORY BOOK" (LONDON: GARDNER, DARTON & CO.)

adapted for reproduction of serious work. If the exigencies of publication would permit him to use a larger number of colours in printing, such as are employed in the coloured supplements of *THE STUDIO*, the result would be more beneficial to his fame than is possible by the process he employs. The necessary limitations which he imposes upon himself in drawings for the "three-colour process" materially limit the artistic success which he otherwise might easily enjoy. The enormous amount of labour which Mr. Menpes' latest production has involved is remarkable, and it is to be hoped, as it may be confidently anticipated, that the public will not be slow to recognise it in their appreciation of his book.

Modern Mural Decoration. By A. LYS BALDRY. (London: Newnes.) 12s. 6d. net.—Written in the bright and interesting style to which readers of Mr. Baldry's critical articles in *THE STUDIO* are familiar, this fascinating volume includes in its wealth of illustrations, reproductions of mural decorations in fresco, tempera and spirit fresco, mosaics, sculpture in marble, stone, terra-cotta and bronze, gesso, sgraffito, ceramic ware, wood-carving and mixed materials. In it the work of such great exponents of religious subjects as Raphael and Puvis de Chavannes can be compared with the achievements of Leighton, Burne-Jones and Madox Brown, while the very latest phases of mural decoration as practised by such essentially modern masters as F. Brangwyn, Heywood Sumner, Anning Bell, Ernest George and others may also be studied.

Mr. Baldry's explanations of the various processes employed, alike by the men of the past and of the present, in the application of art to wall surfaces, are remarkably clear and lucid, and he supplements his descriptions by the actual words of many of the most noteworthy living masters of decoration.

Old Picture Books. By ALFRED W. POLLARD. (London: Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.—All lovers of the art and literature of days gone by will find pleasure in this delightful little volume, the author of which, in his charmingly written essays, imbues the most jaded reader with his own enthusiasm, whilst the quaintly *naïve* illustrations, some of them reproduced from the very earliest picture-books in existence, bring vividly before the reader the time when the world was still young, and faith in the marvels of the Miracle Plays was yet undimmed. Florentine Rappresentazioni, Woodcuts in English Plays before 1660, School Life four hundred years ago, as

reflected in the Latin Dialogue book, called "Es tu Scholaris?" "Hore," ancient Printers' Marks, and many other fascinating subjects are fully discussed, every page bearing the unmistakable impress of a keen and cultured intellect.

Pictures in the Wallace Collection.—By FREDERICK MILLAR. (London: C. A. Pearson, Ltd.) Price 10s. 6d. net.—This work consists of a series of twenty of the master-pieces in this well-known collection, nicely reproduced in collotype, together with an account of the various painters whose works are illustrated. The volume is well printed, and would make an excellent gift-book.

Old English Songs and Dances. By W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. (London: Heinemann.) £2 2s. net. Lovers of auld lang syne, and all who can appreciate the combined pathos and humour of the quaint old songs which have been handed down from generation to generation, will welcome Mr. Graham Robertson's beautiful volume with its daintily coloured illustrations, true interpretations of the very spirit of the past. How entirely does the attitude of the lover, "the poore soule who sate sighinge by a sikamore tree," singing "Willow, willow, willow, with his hand in his bosom and his heade upon his knee," express his despair and his loyalty as he moans: "Let nobody chide her, her scornes I approve!" And how full of suggestion is the tailpiece to the "Love lies bleeding," in which the clasped hands of the lovers are a protest against the false assertion that Love the immortal is dead! What fun there is in "O Mother, A Hoop," and in the "Cupid's Garden"; what life, what action, what energy in the illustrations of the Dances, especially in the "Barley, Break" and the "Lusty Gallant!"

Lombard Studies. By the COUNTESS EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Price 16s.—It would be impossible to speak in anything but terms of the highest eulogy of this peculiarly fascinating volume. The author's sympathetic reverence for the ancient traditions—historical, literary, artistic, and political—of the country of her adoption, and the anecdotes and reminiscences which lend interest to every page of the book, are set forth with a literary grace and distinction altogether refreshing in these days of slipshod writing. The illustrations are numerous and well reproduced, and include a fine photograph after Corot's *Bords du Lac de Garde*.

Fra Angelico. By LANGTON DOUGLAS. (London: George Bell & Sons.) £1 1s. net.—The position of the subject of Mr. Douglas' monograph, which already ranks as a classic, is of a very unusual

character, for the universal admiration of the man has greatly obscured the just estimate of the artist. The name of Fra Angelico conjures up a vision of a saintly personality too absorbed in the contemplation of divine mysteries to be affected at all by the outside world, and the application of the usual tests to his art work has hitherto appeared almost like sacrilege. In the able hands of Mr. Douglas, who enforces his view by many exquisite reproductions of typical works, the shadowy form of a secluded friar is converted into that of the leader of a new art movement, who, though he undoubtedly dedicated his art-work to the service of God, and never accepted payment for it, was yet deeply interested in technical problems. Fra Angelico was the first to give to the Blessed Virgin the tender lineaments of a loving human mother, and the first to express in painting the love of natural scenery inherent in every Italian. But he was also something more. He was one of the pioneers of the Renaissance, worthy to rank with the great leaders of thought, who, whilst he was working in his cloister, were revolutionising every department of human endeavour.

The Compleat Angler. By IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON. Edited by GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. With an Essay by Sir EDWARD GREY, Bart., and numerous Etchings by WILLIAM STRANG and D. Y. CAMERON. Two vols. (London: Freemantle & Co.)—In recent years lovers of Izaak Walton have had little cause to complain of neglect on the part of publishers to provide an adequate choice of editions. That an ever-increasing demand has created the liberal supply there can be no doubt. As Mr. Dewar points out in his introduction to the two handsome volumes under review, it is the serene atmosphere of leisure which makes "The Compleat Angler" a delight to a tired generation. As time goes on, and the strain and stress of life become even more wearing than they are to-day, the value in this respect of "The Compleat Angler" may well become enhanced, so that Walton may be even better known and more cared for at the end of this century than he is at its beginning. The text is an exact reprint as regards spelling and punctuation of the last one published in Walton's lifetime, and the large number of fine etchings and pen-and-ink drawings contributed by such masters of their art as Mr. D. Y. Cameron and Mr. W. Strang render this edition one of the most sumptuous and attractive yet issued.

The Social Ladder. By C. DANA GIBSON. (New York: R. H. Russell; London: John Lane).—Mr. Gibson's pictures of pretty American girls and

of society scenes are ever welcome, because they display an incisive knowledge of character and a facility of penmanship to which only the mind and the hand of a great artist can attain. His ideals and his means of expression remain the same as we have always known them, but year by year there is an added strength in his work, the result of maturity of experience. We have always held that the work of this capable draughtsman somewhat loses in force by the great reduction in size from the originals which is often made in their reproduction. We are glad, therefore, to see in this volume several drawings reproduced upon a more liberal scale. The nearer the reproductions are made to the scale of the original drawings, the greater their artistic value.

Side-Lights on the Georgian Period. By GEORGE PASTON. With sixteen illustrations. (London: Methuen & Co.) Price 7s. 6d.—Notwithstanding the large amount of attention bestowed by previous writers upon the eventful times between 1714 and 1830, Mr. Paston has succeeded in collecting a good deal that is fresh and much that is interesting for the entertainment of his readers. His most valuable chapters are perhaps those dealing with "The Illustrated Magazine of the Georgian Period," "London through French Eye-glasses," "A Spinster's Recollections," and "An American in England." The illustrations consist of excellent reproductions of contemporary prints, and the book is one which students of history will find of considerable assistance.

The Golden Vanity and the Green Bed. With pictures by PAMELA COLMAN SMITH. (London: Elkin Mathews.)—The text consists of an old English ballad from a collection of *Songs and Ballads in the West*, by the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD and the Rev. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. The illustrations by Miss Smith are highly spirited in treatment. They exhibit a strong decorative sense on the part of the artist, the colour scheme being remarkably bold and well harmonised.

Christmas: Its Origin and Associations. By W. F. DAWSON. (London: Elliot Stock.)—A seasonable work, in which the history of the subject from Anglo-Saxon times to the present is most exhaustively treated. Historic events, legendary lore, holiday sports and popular celebrations are liberally described, and numerous illustrations, consisting for the most part of old woodcuts, lend interest to the pages.

The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond. By W. M. THACKERAY. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (London:

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)—Mr. Thomson's illustrations to this very handy and well-printed edition are charmingly conceived and executed. The period of the stories is one in which the artist is thoroughly "at home," and the value of the edition is greatly enhanced by the inclusion of so many examples of his dainty pen work.

The Adventures of Don Quixote. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)—In recent years "Don Quixote" has fallen somewhat from his high estate in the favour of young readers, and beautiful editions such as the one under review will go far towards reviving an interest in Cervantes' fresh and lively romance, so full of a satire of that rare kind which moves to sympathy rather than to contempt, and to tears as well as to laughter. Mr. Robinson's drawings are decorative in treatment; and, while illustrating with effect and dignity the various

episodes of the story, remain at the same time in perfect harmony with the printed page.

Kitayk. By MRS. JOHN LANE. (London and New York: John Lane.)—We congratulate the authoress upon her excellently written and entertaining book. It is one that may be read again and again with renewed interest and pleasure. The insight which one gains during its perusal into the life of out-of-the-way corners of Holland is so vivid and so intimate that it is easy to imagine an actual acquaintanceship with some of the characters portrayed.

Just So Stories. By RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrated by the Author. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)—The nimble, vivid, and always delightful imagination of the "Jungle Books" had already established Mr Kipling permanently in the affections of young readers, and "Just So Stories" will not only maintain his ascendancy, but will enhance his reputation as a consummate master of the art

of story-telling. His departure in the direction of illustration will probably come as a surprise to many. Mr. Kipling's omniscience is at once the admiration and the despair of his admirers, and has even at times aroused suspicions of superficiality. No such suspicion need attach to his efforts in draughtsmanship, in which the spirit of his grotesque humour finds admirable expression. In spite of the levity of his descriptions of the pictures these drawings are not mere amateur work, and but for the pre-occupation of his genius in other grooves distinction as an illustrator might well have fallen to his lot. His inspiration appears to have been derived from a study of ancient Norse art.

The Literary Associations of Shropshire. By CHARLES HIATT. (Wellington: Hobson & Co.)—The publishers of this well-printed little book are to be congratulated upon the care bestowed upon its production. Mr. Hiatt has dealt with the large amount of interesting material at his disposal in a manner attractive enough to appeal to a larger circle of readers than the Salopians for whom the book is primarily intended. It is to be hoped that the literary associations of other counties may in due course enjoy the advantage of his careful research and skilful



"WHILE WE WERE DANCING," BY HUGH THOMSON
FROM "THE HISTORY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH"
(LONDON: GARDNER, DARTON & CO.)

presentation. Mr. Carton Moore Park has supplied an admirable cover design.

A Child's History of England. By CHARLES DICKENS. With many illustrations by PATTEN WILSON. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.)—Dickens' gifts as a narrator, his descriptive genius, and his powers of illuminating dry facts, are perhaps nowhere better exemplified than in his "Child's History." To this handsome new edition, just issued by Mr. Dent, Mr. Patten Wilson, whose work is familiar to readers of *THE STUDIO*, has contributed a hundred drawings, of which *The White Ship*, here illustrated, is a characteristic example.



"THE WHITE SHIP," BY PATTEN WILSON. FROM "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND"
(LONDON: DENT AND CO.)

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford: a Study of Politics and Letters in the Age of Anne. By E. S. ROSCOR. (London: Methuen & Co.)—There is much in this book that appeals strongly to the student of political history, but the most interesting parts of it are those which bring us clearly in touch with the famous writers of the age of Anne, who, like Swift and like De Foe, were busy in the affairs of party strife. All admirers of De Foe should read this book, and then study again his admirable writings.

Bell's *Miniature Series of Painters*, to which reference has previously been made in these columns, continues to be augmented by numerous additional volumes. Among these may be enumerated *Sir*

Lawrence Alma Tadema, by HELEN ZIENERN; *Hogarth*, by G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER; *Raphael*, by McDUGALL SCOTT; *Lord Leighton*, by GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON; *Holbein*, by ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN; *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by ROWLEY CLEEVE; *Gainsborough*, by MRS. A. BELL; *Holman Hunt*, by G. C. WILLIAMSON; *Watteau*, by EDGUMBE STALEY.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co (London) are publishing also, at a low price, a nicely printed and bound series of Essays upon painters. *Rossetti*, by FORD MADOX HUEFFER; *Rembrandt*, by AUGUSTE BRÉAL; and *A. Dürer*, by LINA ECKENSTEIN, have already appeared.

To the *Caxton Series* of illustrated reprints of famous classics (London: George Newnes) have recently been added Fouqué's *Undine* and Aslanga's

Knight, Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde*, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

A pocket edition of *The Poems of John Keats* in a neat leather binding has also been published by Messrs. Newnes.

Poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley is the latest addition to *The Endymion Series* of the works of famous poets issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons (London). This volume, like some of its predecessors, is decorated with full-page and other line drawings by R. ANNING BELL.

The avalanche of children's books which always descends in the autumn shows no signs of diminution in volume this year. A considerable increase of the use of colour in the illustrations is a feature of the new output, and prominent in this respect are the publications of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. (London and New York), whose most successful books include *Objects of the Animal World* (4s.), the illustrations of which would prepare the way delightfully for a visit to the "Zoo"; *The Little Folks Picture Natural History* (4s.), with many illustrations, and descriptive matter by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.; *The Sunbeam* (2s.) and *The Little Folks Wonder Book* (1s.), illustrated by A. J. JOHNSON; *Our Favourite Bible Stories* (6d.), *Our Favourite Sunday Stories* (6d.), *Our Pets* (1s.), *All on a Merry Day* (1s.), *The A B C of Nursery Rhymes* (1s.), *Sunny Hours* (6d.), and a number of others, many of them with their illustrations mounted upon the precautionary untearable linen.

From the office of "Punch" comes *Mr. Punch's Book for Children*, with nimble verses and a large number of grotesquely amusing illustrations in black-and-white and in colour, by Mr. CHARLES PEARS, which cannot fail to win the applause of the "top-story" critics. Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons (London, Edinburgh, and New York) make their appeal with *At the Point of the Sword*, by HERBERT HAYENS, an excellent story of adventure in Peru, well written and full of incident; *The Lost Squire of Inglewood*, by THOMAS JACKSON, dealing with some experiences in a cave near Nottingham; *Stanhope*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD, an interesting romance of the time of Cromwell; *Ralph Wynward*, by H. ELINGTON, a story of Elizabethan times that should become a favourite with youthful readers; *The Friend of Little Children*, a book of Bible stories, with illustrations, many of them carefully printed in colours, by JOHN LAWSON; *Mother Hubbard's Cupboard of Nursery Rhymes*, supplied throughout with coloured illustrations by ROSA C. PETHERICK, and two brightly written and interesting tales, *A Fortune from the Sky*, by

Skelton Ruppord, and *The Last of the Cliffords*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD, both well illustrated by artists whose names are not divulged. From Mr. William Heinemann (London) comes *A Dog Day*, by WALTER EMANUEL, pictured by CECIL ALDIN. Mr. Aldin's skilful and humorous draughtsmanship is at its best in his delineation of the canine mis-demeanant whose day's record of transgressions is related by the author in a manner not consistently refined. Mr. Heinemann has also published *Young George, His Life*, told and drawn by EDITH FARMILOE. Readers of THE STUDIO will doubtless remember the amusing drawings of children by Mrs. Farmiloe which appeared in its pages some time ago. Her subtle appreciation of character and humour, and her power of delineation are remarkable, and the present little work must enhance the reputation she already enjoys as an illustrator of child life.

Messrs. Dean & Son, Ltd. (London), are always to the fore in supplying attractive books for children, and this year they have well maintained their reputation with *Old Nursery Rhymes dug up at the Pyramids*, by STANLEY L. ADAMSON, quaintly bound in strong coarse canvas, with the old favourite nursery rhymes amusingly pictured after the manner of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics; and *An A.B.C. of Every-Day People*, by G. E. FARROW, with coloured illustrations by JOHN HASSALL, in that clever and humorous artist's best vein. L. T. MEADE'S name is always one to conjure with, especially about Christmas time, and her many admirers will have no reason for disappointment with the capital story *Girls of the Forest* (London & Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers), nor with the illustrations by PERCY TARRANT. From the same publishers comes *Gait & Co.*, a collection of excellent stories by G. A. HENTY, GUY BOOTHBY, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, and other favourite writers for boys; and *Denslow's Mother Goose*, illustrated by W. W. DENSLOW, a collection of nursery rhymes illustrated in a bold manner, with broad flat washes of colour calculated to attract the attention of young people. The pictures are well drawn, and are humorous and decorative at the same time. None the worse for reflecting Mr. Anthony Hope, E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S bracing story, *The Traitors* (London: Ward, Lock & Co.), with its illustrations by OSCAR WILSON, is bound to command a large measure of popular approval.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. (London) have done well to issue a new edition of *The Fairchild Family*, by Mrs. SHERWOOD, for, although written in the period of short waists and ringlets, the book possesses qualities that will appeal to children of to-day as strongly as to those of the early

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

nineteenth century for whom the book was written. The new edition contains a number of excellent pen and ink illustrations by FLORENCE M. RUPLAND. *Little Tales of Long Ago*, by MARGARET BLAIKIE (London: Gay & Bird), price 3s. 6d., with its dainty illustrations by LILY DE MONTMORENCY, is intended for quite young children, and will certainly gain their unstinted approval and admiration.

The Adventures of Uncle Lubin, told and illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON (London: Grant Richards), is a remarkably amusing and clever book. The story is good, while the illustrations are particularly powerful, being not only full of genuine humour, but exceedingly well drawn and effective.

From Messrs. Longmans & Co. (London) we have received *The Gollivog's Airship*. Pictured by FLORENCE K. UPTON, verses by BERTHA UPTON. In infantile circles the *Gollivog* is now an acknowledged institution, and there will be joy among the young people at sight of this new volume of adventures. It is a worthy companion to the previous ones which treat of the same hero. *The Book of Romance*, edited by ANDREW LANG, contains many old-time romances, acquaintance with which should be made by all. *The Sword Excalibur*, *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, *Lancelot and Guinevere*, *Wayland the Smith*, *Guettir the Strong*, are among the collection. The illustrations consist of some excellent drawings in black-and-white and in colour, by H. J. FORD.

Mr. John Lane (London and New York) has issued a new edition of that delightful book, *Dream Days*, by KENNETH GRAHAM, which includes some very clever illustrations in photogravure, from drawings by Mr. MAXFIELD PARRISH. It is a book to buy and to preserve. In *A Romance of the Nursery*, Mr. L. ALLEN HARKER treads somewhat closely in the steps of Mr. Kenneth Graham; but he is no plagiarist, his work being singularly fresh and wholesomely unconventional. The book deserves a great success.

Mrs. DEARMER is best known for her quaintly extravagant illustrations of such books as "A Noah's Ark Geography" and "Roundabout Rhymes." *Noisy Years* (London: Smith, Elder & Co., price 6s.) is in a more serious vein than this author's previous work, though humour is by no means wanting, and the story of Robin and Toby will not fail to win the hearts of the junior public to whom it is intended to appeal. In the illustrations EVA ROOS proves herself apt and skilful in the use of lead pencil, and her drawings have been well reproduced.

Messrs. Charles Goodall & Sons have just published some playing cards from designs by Mr. FREDERICK D. WALENN, in which a praiseworthy and successful effort has been made to produce something which will serve an artistic as well as a commercial purpose. Mr. Walenn has drawn inspiration for his designs from various Japanese sources, and has carried them out as far as possible in the style of coloured prints. They should become popular with those who desire a pleasant change from the cards in common use.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(A XXXII.)

DESIGN FOR A SMALL SUMMER-HOUSE.

THE awards in this competition will be made known at a later date.

(B XXIII.)

LANDSCAPE IN LEAD PENCIL.

A number of excellent drawings have been submitted, but owing to the exigencies of space only three illustrations can be given.

THE FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Help* (Gerald Warren, "The Studio," Anlaby Road, Teddington).

THE SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*), to *Pecker* (Chris. Adams, 15 The Arcade, Reading).

Honourable Mention: *The Boy* (Mary C. Rotheram); *Windswept* (coupon mislaid); *Student* (T. J. Dadson); *Cayton Bay* (Harry Wanless); *Dax* (Nellie Harvey); *Soberstides* (E. H. Compton); *Thistle* (Ada Tait); *Stargrove* (William Redworth); *Dabchick* (Ernest Warner); *Juteopolis* (E. J. Smith); *West* (W. E. Sprout); *W'ycombe* (William Redworth); *Duffer* (Claud Cooper); *Wind* (Alfred Proessdorf); *Hopper* (Miss J. H. Dickinson); and *Truth* (H. J. Thompson).

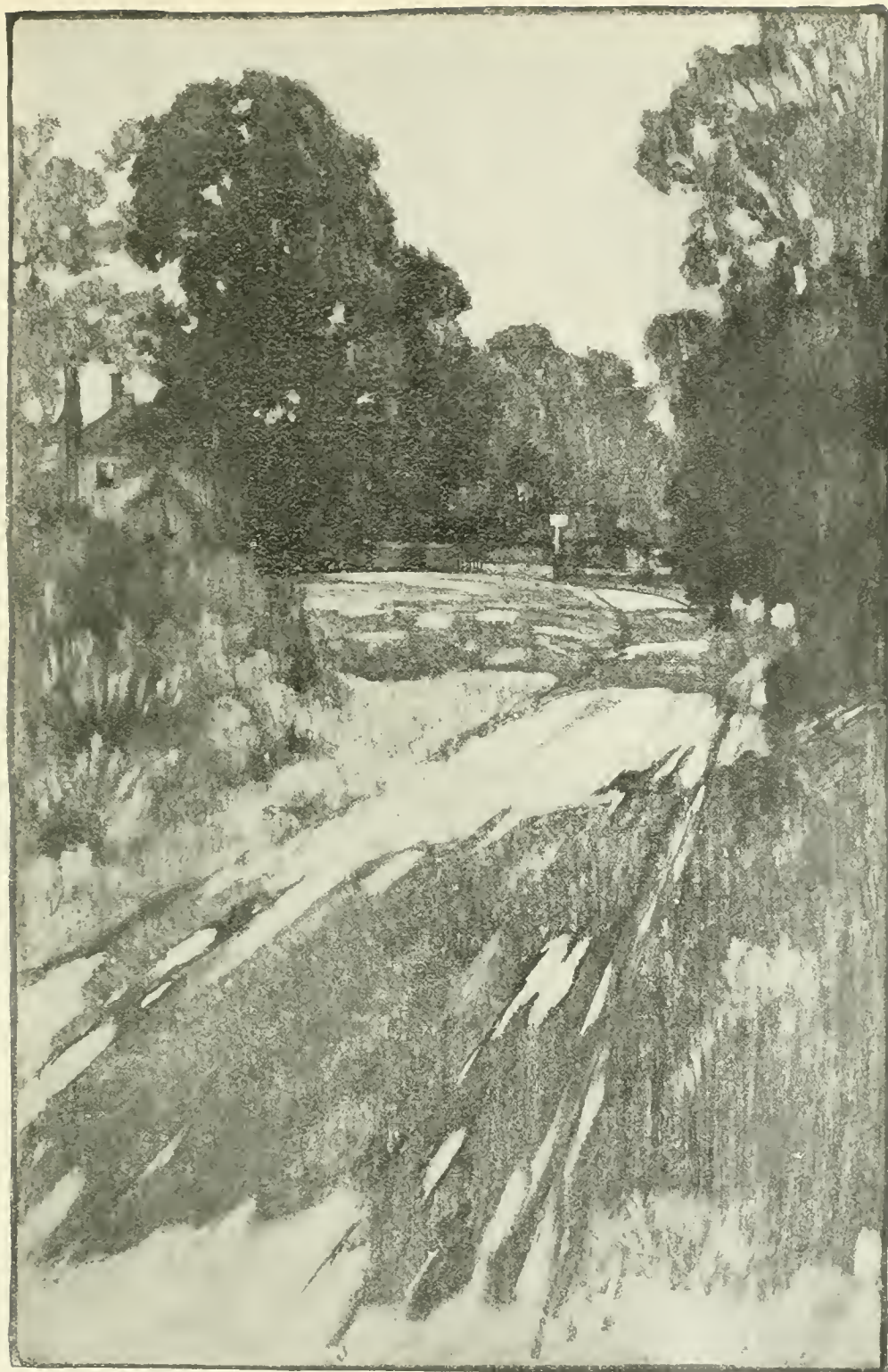
(CXXIV.)

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

THE FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Hydrocrinon* (Alberto Grosso, 7 Via Roma, Turin, Italy).

THE SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*), by *Obelisk* (J. Bell, jun., Edwalthorpe House, Notts.).

Honourable Mention: *Rameses* (Norah Binnie); *Forwood* (H. J. Abbey); *Welterhorn* (W. C. Crafts); *Axholme* (J. Tonge); *Ed. A.* (E. Adélot); *Cam* (C. A. Mitchell); *Zandplaats* (M. Moxham); *Musette* (M. Gorot); and *Quinol* (F. L. Brown).



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FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B XXIII)
"HELP"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B XXIII)
"PECKER"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. B XXIII)

"WINDSWEPT"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B XXIII)

"THE BOY"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXIV)
"HYDROCRINON "

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XXIV)

"OBELISK"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XXIV)

"RAMESES"

THE LAY FIGURE: THE OLD
ARTS VERSUS THE NEW.

"DURING the past few weeks," said the Critic, musing, "the impassioned followers of the old in art have been very busy and belligerent. Two or three of them have also migrated from the serious weekly journals into the most popular daily papers, adding their peevishness to the multitude of little miseries chronicled every day. Poor fellows! They ought to be spiritualists, so vehement and so unreasonable are they in their concern for the dead. But I should like to know what useful purpose they hope to serve by ridiculing the contemporary arts?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the Journalist, "you must think of the vested interests which many dealers and collectors wish to safeguard. If you, my friend, had a mass of capital invested in old pictures and bric-à-brac, I fancy you might look with a jealous eye on every favour shown to the contemporary arts, and might try to sneer into disfavour any change of taste in the least at variance with your own speculations. Then, if approached in a tactful manner, the newspaper press is not unsusceptible to influence, and you may be sure that this fact is not unknown to those who keep mortuaries for the relics of dead men's work."

"Mortuaries?" cried the Reviewer, hotly. "Why do you speak of mortuaries? To collect works of art is a fine thing, and to sneer is to provoke unnecessary opposition. Besides, the defenders of the present-day arts and crafts should not imitate the bad manners of many of their opponents. Let us keep cool and speak reasonably."

"Yes," said the Critic, "I'm with you there. It is better to be amused than indignant. There is something very comical in the belief that the new arts are necessarily hostile to the old, for what great master of the past has ever been attacked by any leader of the modern movement? Not one example can be cited. Indeed, all the leaders of that movement have been careful students of their great predecessors; their originality was not such a poor thing as to hide itself in ignorance from the stimulus of earlier greatness. You will find, indeed, that the man of true originality, like Turner or like Millet, has the historic sense—the passion for history—very largely developed in his love of art. Why, then, should the work of such original men be looked upon as hostile to the earlier masters? And if I believe in their work and give it my sympathy, why should I be accused of 'booming eccentricity'?"

The Reviewer chuckled with amusement

"'Booming eccentricity,'" he repeated. "Yes, a dozen critical pop-guns fire out that phrase every week. You see, the word 'eccentricity' denotes a certain something that we all fear more or less, and hence it is an excellent missile, a really good weapon for an attack in earnest. Age after age it has been hurled at the man of genius, and in every age the man of genius has been badly wounded by the sting of it; but in the long run, nevertheless, his genius has won the day, after familiarity had bred respect for its unusual merits. Take one example. In 1863, at the Paris Salon, the Committee of Selection refused the work of Whistler, of Manet, of Harpignies, of Legros, of Braque-mond, of Fantin-Latour, of C. Pissarro, of Vollon, and of Chintreuil, and the excuse given was the old one of eccentricity. Well, the Committee of Selection had its day, and now we laugh at the blindness of its self-assurance. Is not that sufficient revenge? What more do you need?"

"I don't mind laughing," said the Man with the Briar Pipe, "and yet, in 1863, I might have been on the side of the Committee of Selection. Work of original talent is an acquired taste, and whenever I forget this fact I am pretty certain to babble out some absurd remark or other about eccentricity. Perhaps, then, I might have been amongst those who jeered at Whistler and Daumier, who scoffed at Millet, sneered at Manet and Degas, ridiculed the exquisite art displayed in the first importations of Japanese work, and did many other foolish things for want of intimacy with the unusual in art."

"What you say," observed the Journalist, "reminds me of a remark once made to me by an explorer, who told me that whenever he had come upon a rare animal for the first time, he had been struck by something in its appearance that seemed abnormal—eccentric. I turned immediately to a picture-book of animals, and, upon my word, the unfamiliar ones affected me in the same way. We ordinary men cannot appreciate the uncommon in art and nature until we have infused into it through study some of our own commonplaceness. Then it becomes friendly, and we are able to be its students."

"And are we not lucky?" asked the Critic. "It genius did not become friendly to us, if we could not be at ease in its company, we should be overwhelmed by the stupendous minds with which we now have such prolonged intercourse. We should feel what Goethe and Flaubert felt when they thought of Shakespeare—not ordinary pleasure, but an awe akin to fear."

THE LAY FIGURE.



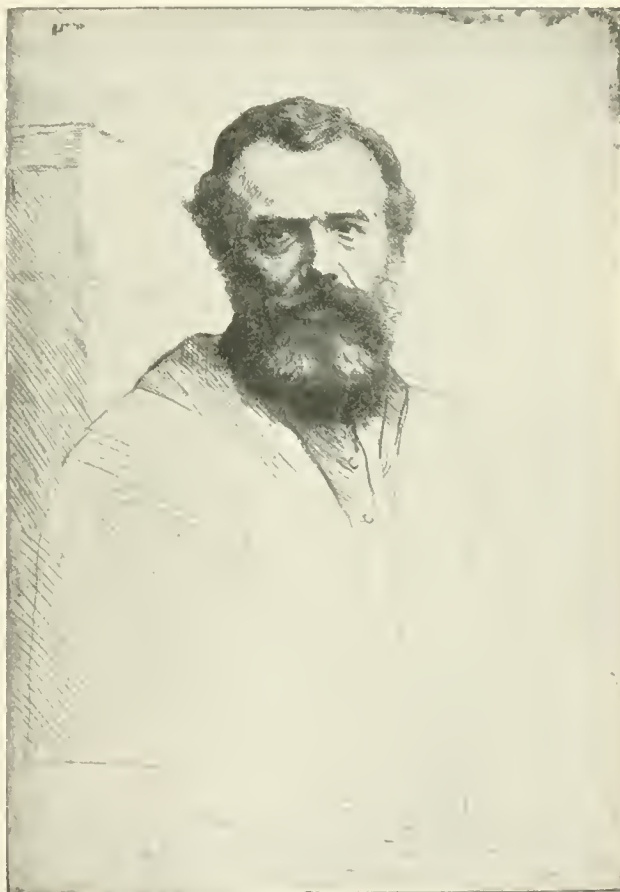
THE ETCHED WORK OF
ALPHONSE LEGROS. BY
WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

THERE are many good anecdotes in the fireside talk of Mr. Legros, and there is one among them that illustrates very well the lack of appreciation that his learned and austere greatness has ever met with from the general public. In 1861, the fourth year of his struggle as a painter-etcher, he called one day upon his printer in Paris, eager to see and to criticise some new proofs; but, if men propose, women dispose. Mr. Legros met the printer's wife, a lady with a good heart, a direct tongue, and a womanly liking for the successes won by men of common-place talent; and this good lady was so pained by Mr. Legros' originality, and so sure of his failing to make a name, that she felt called upon to put him on his guard against the perils of his alleged *faux pas* in etching. She was pleased neither with his subjects nor with his methods; this she told him without the least hesitation, in a sort of thunderclap of sincerity; "And, Monsieur," she added, "I am not certain that anyone in Paris likes your etchings — except Millet, Jean François Millet." "Does Millet like them?" cried the young Legros, astonished and delighted. "Then, Madame, I am more than satisfied, believe me." And the lady did believe him, for she put on an air of reproachful resignation.

This little scene—or one very much like it—took place, as I have said, in 1861, when Mr. Legros was twenty-four years old. That was the year in which, with the help of Cadart, the publisher, he set on foot the Société de l'Eau-Forte, adding to the list of members the names of Bracquemond, Fantin-Latour, Jacquemart, Bonvin, Manet, and Seymour Haden. It was also in 1861 that twenty-four of his etched sketches (*Esquisses à l'eau-forte*) were published together by Cadart, so it is clear that Millet was not the only man who had faith in the young etcher's daring ability.

In fact, Mr. Legros had already found some good friends among the better-judging critics and connoisseurs. It would have been an odd thing indeed had he failed to win some hearty recognition and encouragement, for the genius shown in some of his early plates cannot

be passed in silence by anyone who would deal fairly with the masterpieces of etching produced in the nineteenth century. Baudelaire, a critic of quick discernment, recognised this fact as soon as the etchings appeared, just as he recognised at a first glance the puissant originality of Méryon, of Rethel, and of Daumier. He had always a great admiration for anyone who, in the face of a jeering opposition from the public, kept boldly to a chosen path in art; and it was the joy of Baudelaire's life to be an enthusiastic champion. He took Legros by the hand, cheered him in his poverty, spoke of him everywhere, wrote of him in the Press; and you may be sure that he did not forget to make his protégé an admirer of Edgar Poe's stories, so admirably done into French by Baudelaire himself. Encouraged by all this friendship, Legros worked on with energy and pluck, giving a free rein to his imagination; and he was able to prove that even the horror and alarm in



EARLY PORTRAIT OF A. LEGROS

FROM THE ETCHING
No. 212, Third State

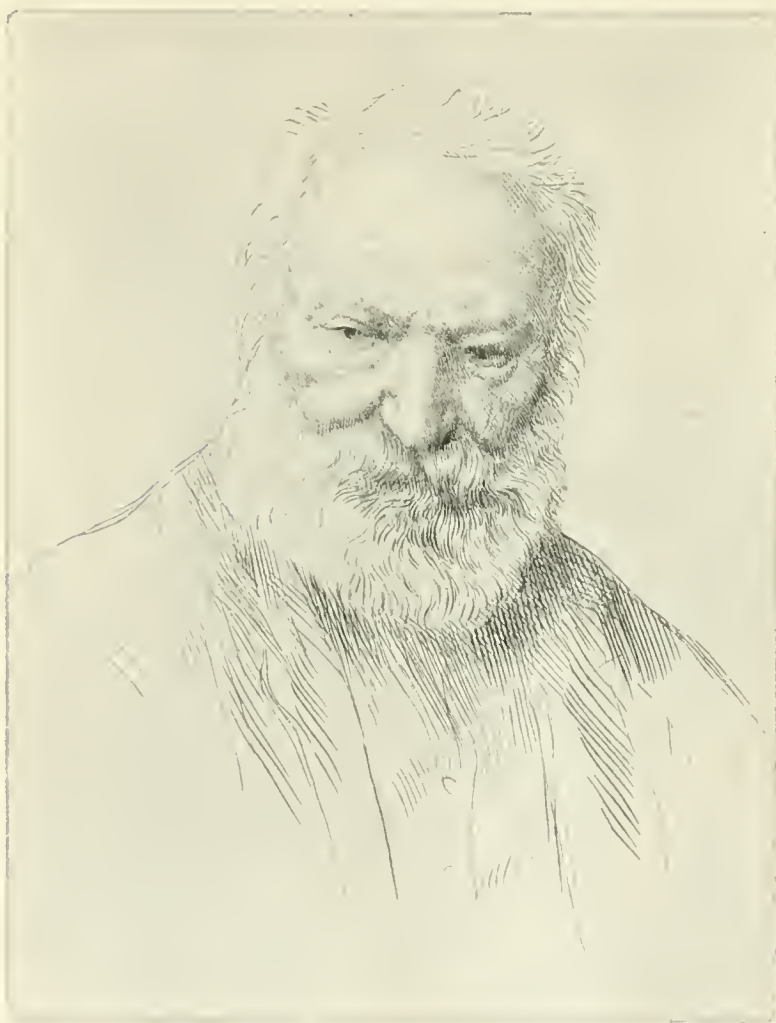
Poe's stories could be transferred from the printed page to an etched plate. Does anyone doubt the truth of this? If so, then he should try to find means of seeing the six illustrations etched for Baudelaire by Legros in 1861. These illustrations were not published, and they are now so rare that I have been able to study them only in small photographs; and yet, in spite of that, they recall vividly to mind the nightmare-like genius of the stories which inspired them. Yes, but something else must be said about these etchings after Edgar Poe. Although astonishingly good in their own way, as interpretations of an exceptional author's haunting merits, they must yet be accepted with some reserve: one cannot quite regard them as unforced products of Mr. Legros' own growth, for

they were undertaken as a *tour de force*, in deliberate rivalry with another's genius; and hence they stand somewhat apart from those of his early etchings which reveal most intimately, in subjects freely chosen for their own sake, the natural bent and development of his mind. We may take the *Death of St. Francis* (No. 56, in three states), the *Spanish Singers* (No. 59, in five states), the *Spanish Choir* (No. 50, in two states), the *Procession in a Spanish Church* (No. 49, in six states), the *St. Jerome* (No. 58), the *Convalescent's Walk* (No. 68, a drypoint in two states), the *Communion in the Church of St. Médard* (No. 54, two states), and the *Procession through the Vaults of St. Médard* (No. 48).

The last work, repeated in seven variants or states, may be described as a kind of bas-relief in

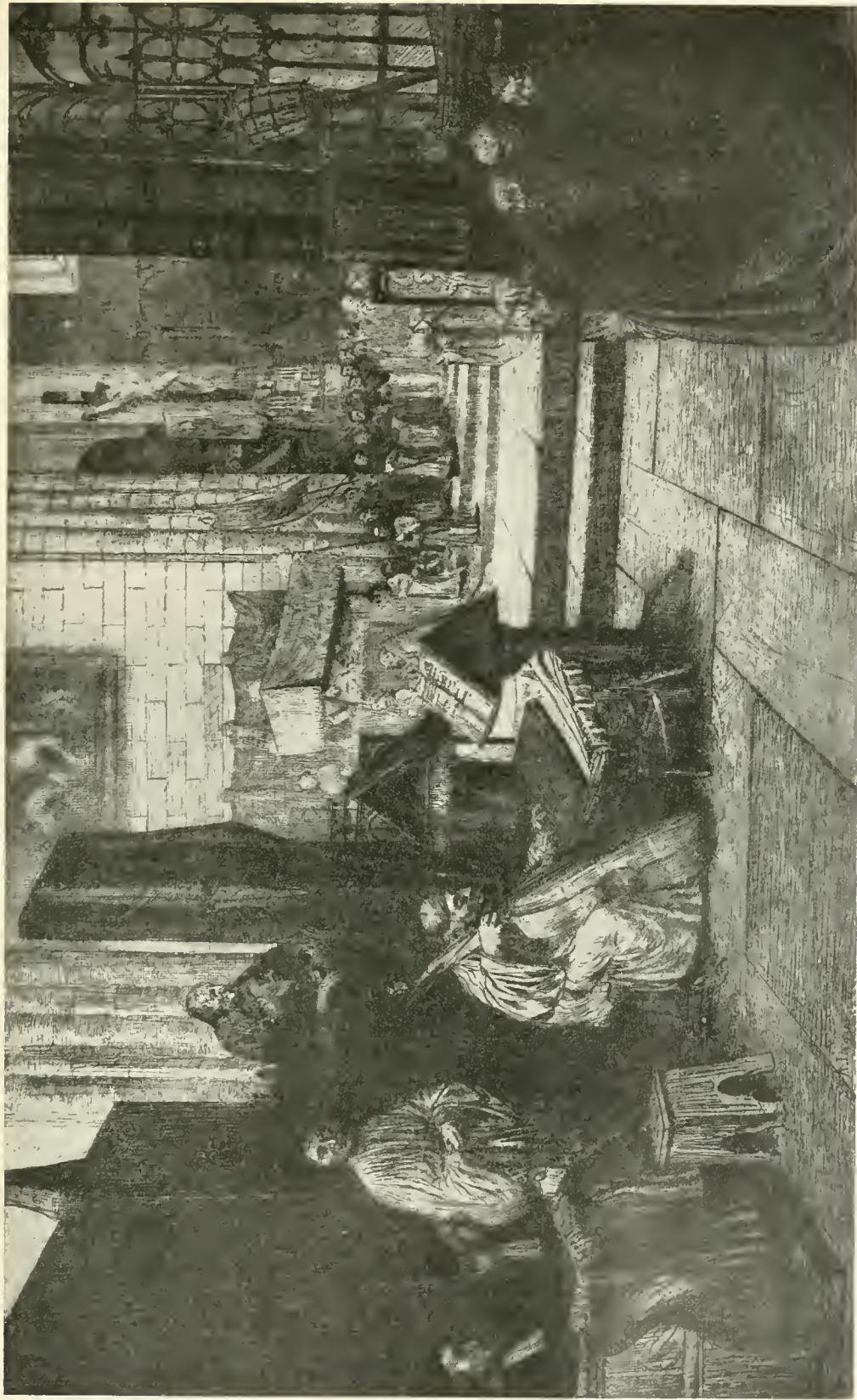
etching, for all the women are grouped in a line on one plane, just as they would be in a bas-relief frieze; and it is to be noted also that this formal arrangement of the design is emphasised by its being brought into sharp contrast with a most careful display of pure realism in the women's stunted figures, in their poor empty faces, in their hideous crinolines and flounces, and their grotesque make-believe of shabby-genteel fashions. All this, put in ruggedly but with a kind hand, is a memorable study from the life of the Parisian poor, pitifully mean, no doubt, detestable in ugliness, yet full of truth and full of pathos. Alas that the dignity of human nature should be thus humbled and lost among the poor in vast cities—cities built by many centuries of progress!

But apart from this, let me note, the *Procession through the Vaults of St. Médard* is remarkable, being the one important etching in the first series



PORTRAIT OF VICTOR HUGO, No. 425, Second State

FROM THE ETCHING
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS



"A PROCESSION IN A SPANISH CHURCH"
FROM THE ETCHING BY ALPHONSE LEGROS
(No. 49, SIXTH AND LAST STATE)

(In the Collection of G. Bellingham Smith, Esq.,)

of plates, wherein a faithful rendering of things seen day by day is the sole aim of Mr. Legros' efforts. The others are all less realistic and more imaginative; that is to say, their subjects are not only less actual, less contemporary in their appeal, but the manner in which they are made real has a style with a creative significance. This applies, above all, perhaps, to the *Death of St. Francis*, to the *Procession in the Spanish Church*, to the *Spanish Singers*, to the *Spanish Choir*—four etchings of great vigour and distinction, wherein a new earnestness of purpose, austere, rugged, persistent, imaginative, dramatic, is blent with a deep and true sympathy for the early masters. Thus there is something of Giotto in the *Death of St. Francis*. To be sure, one cannot localise it, cannot say precisely where it is, this Giottoesque influence having been absorbed into the individuality of the etcher; but yet one feels it everywhere in the composition, and it brings one much closer in fellowship to St. Francis and his four kneeling disciples than any rendering more modern in spirit could succeed in doing.

In truth, there is no question here of imitation, nor yet of a student's wish to be primitive and archaic for the pleasure of the exercise. Mr. Legros, deeply moved by the character of St. Francis, desired to treat his subject in a manner well in accord with its historical atmosphere; it was a subject, that is to say, which he desired to understand and to represent as though he were contemporary with it in feeling, a moved spectator of its drama: and in this difficult aim of his he did not go far astray from a complete success. Indeed, not in technical matters only, but in religious fervour, and also in the naïve grouping of the figures, the *Death of St. Francis* should be received as a successful attempt to treat a mediæval theme historically, and therefore in a spirit and a style that harmonise with its mediæval character.

There is only one way in which you can teach yourself to conceive adequately of past ages and their arts. You must learn to live in them as children live in story-books; you must think in accordance with their thoughts, must feel and act



"FISHING WITH A NET—EVENING"
No. 90, *Second State*

FROM THE MIXED ETCHING AND
AQUATINT BY ALPHONSE LEGROS





"A SHEPHERD RESTING"
(No. 555, SECOND STATE)
FROM THE ETCHING ON ZINC
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS

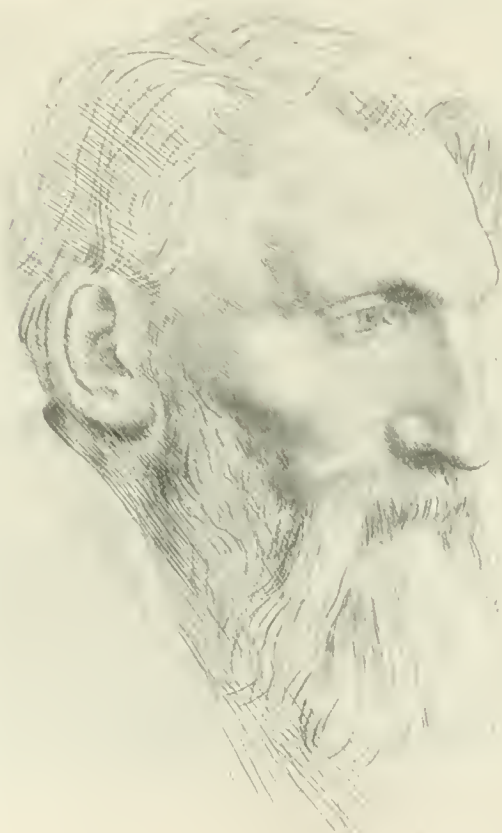
Alphonse Legros

in accordance with their ideals, and so become imaginatively their kinsman, their contemporary. But this way of studying the past is so difficult that it has only a few devotees. It requires from all who would follow it such histrionic gifts of imagination as must needs be very rare, so enslaved are we ordinary men by the habits of mind peculiar to our own brief time. And this is partly why one has dwelt so long on the historic feeling expressed with dramatised truth in the *Death of St. Francis*.

The same qualities are to be found elsewhere, in many of the best etchings produced by Mr. Legros; and hence we must either be content to misunderstand the master's aims and results, or else we must

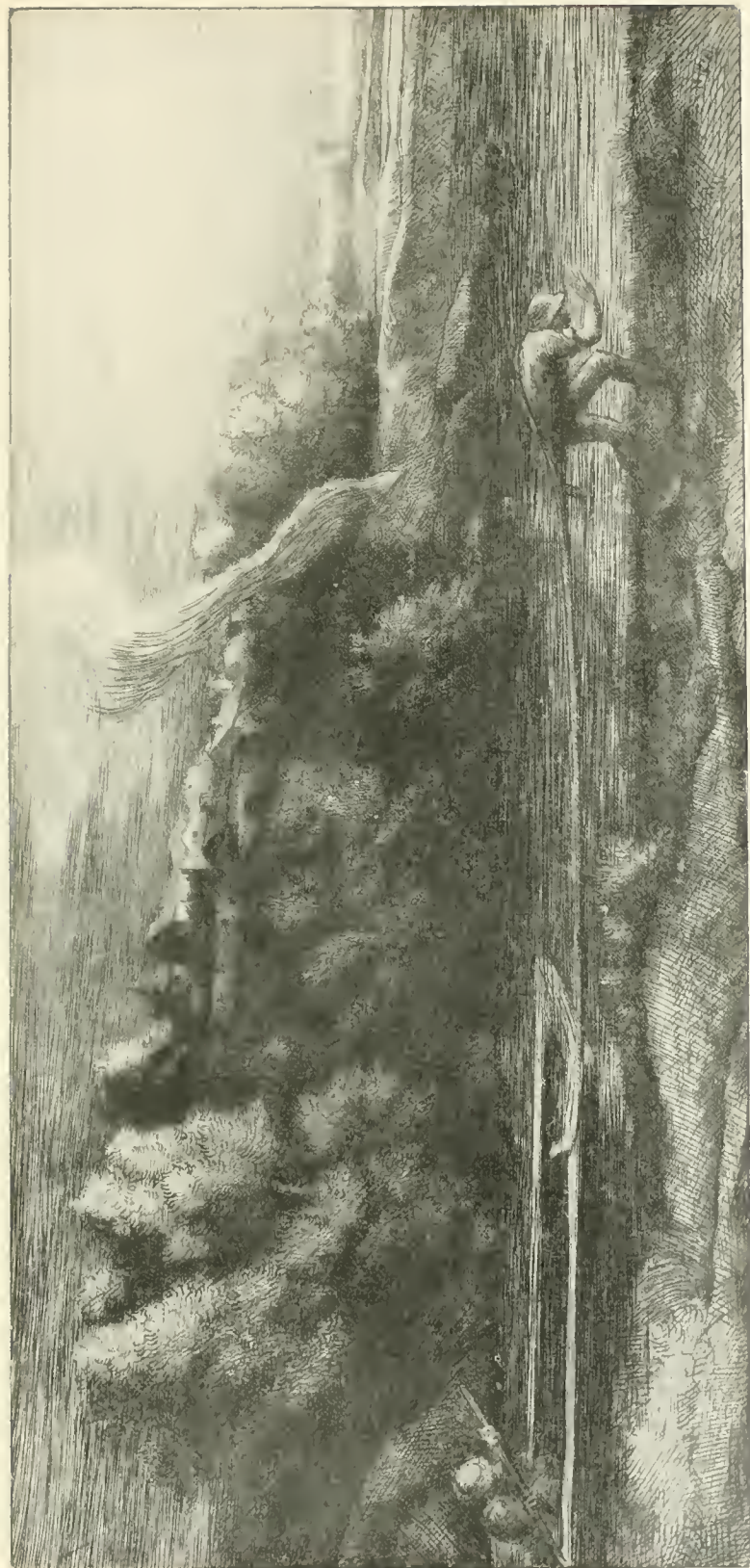
feel with him in his handling of subjects which are far remote from our everyday experience. His point of view must become ours, and we must never for a moment hold the conceited opinion that it is a part of his business to please us at a first glance. To him all prettinesses of style, all kickshaws of boudoir sentiment, are detestable—as detestable as they were to Holbein, to Dürer, to Michael Angelo, to Titian, to Ingres, to J. F. Millet, and to all the other men of genius whom he loves best, and with whom he dwells in the upper regions of art. Men of this dominant and austere trend of thought are rarely to be found among artists of British birth; indeed, to find a parallel to Legros among our

British countrymen of the nineteenth century, we must pass from the history of art to that of letters, and find in Carlyle the very man we need. They have certainly much in common, these two, Carlyle and Legros, not merely in a certain kinship of style, but also in their habit of dramatising everything, and of intensifying pity and terror and pathos with contrasts of humour somewhat grotesque in kind. Both, again, speak to us in many voices not their own, yet the work of each can never be called an exercise in the ventriloquism of art. Always intensely individual, it is known at once; no critic could ever mistake it for the work of anyone else. Last of all, Mr. Legros is like Carlyle in his isolation among his contemporaries—an isolation caused by stern convictions, which to most people seem out of date; but Mr. Legros does not lose his temper over it, as Carlyle did frequently. Never once has he departed from the austere dignity and calm of his favourite masters.



PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTE RODIN, No. 237

FROM THE ETCHING
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS



"THE BARGE, EVENING"
(No. 499, THIRD STATE)
FROM THE ETCHING BY
ALPHONSE LEGROS

Alphonse Legros

You will find, indeed, that even his most vigorous etchings have a weighty repose, a masterly self-restraint, a tranquillity full of dignity and force. The figures, though agitated by strong emotions, never bustle; their movement is one not of tumult but of ordered rhythm and of carefully planned simplicity. Any break in the rhythm of the design, any flaw in the distribution of the lights and shades, causes Mr. Legros to renew his work in a different "state"; and there are times when his discontent lasts until as many as nine variants of the same etching have been pulled. Remember, it is the general effect of his design, the dramatic unity of his impression, that occupies his mind through all these changes. That he should be no less self-critical in things of minor account, that he should be distressed by little awkwardnesses of drawing, little carelessnesses in the handling of details, may be true enough; but there are times when such small blemishes get into his work and remain unnoticed. As Sir Walter Scott passed many a slip in grammar, so Mr. Legros, in his achieving of a well-constructed unity of impression, has proved from time to time that a great draughtsman can err in trifling ways noticeable to all of us.

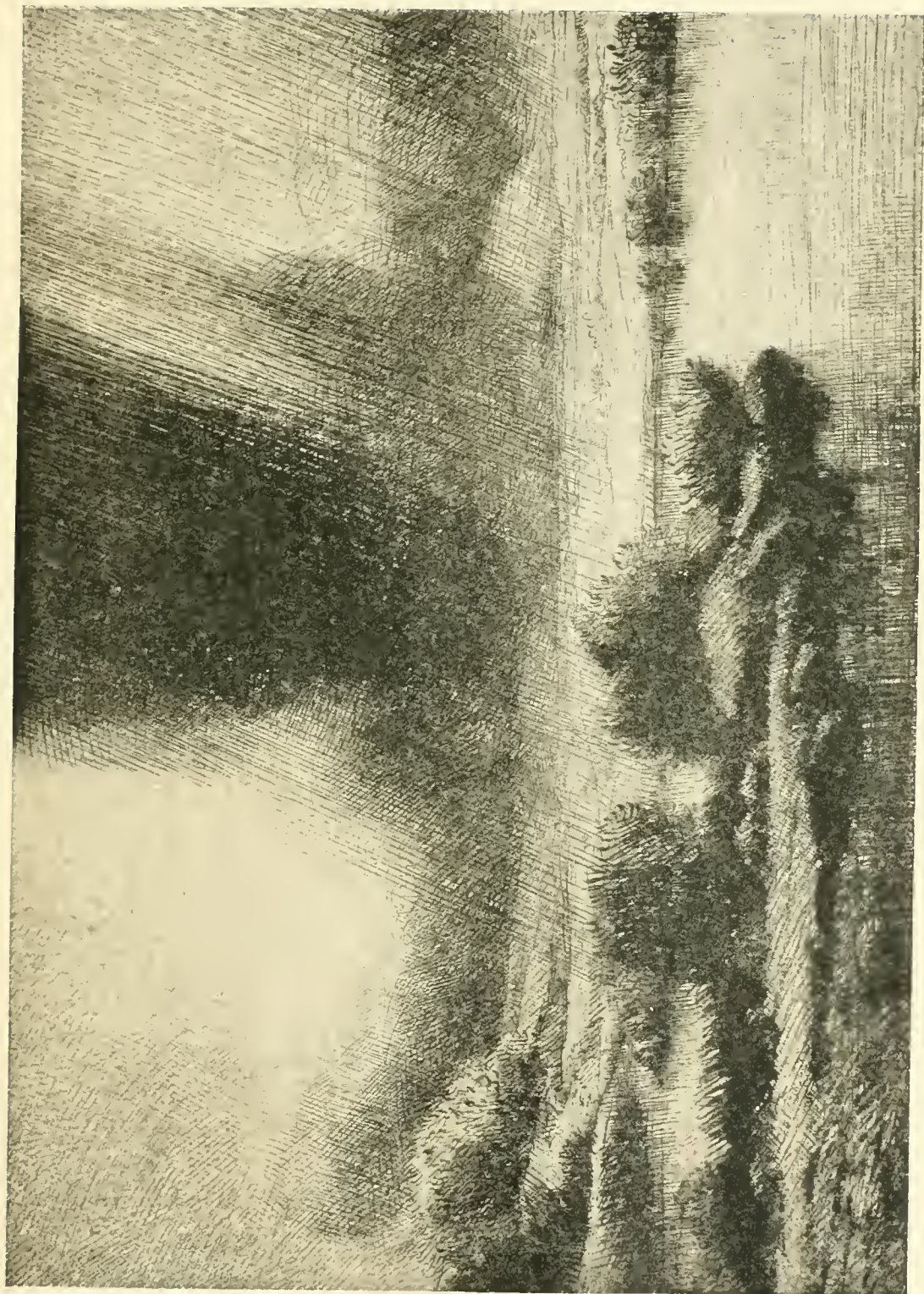
Then, as regards the general character of his

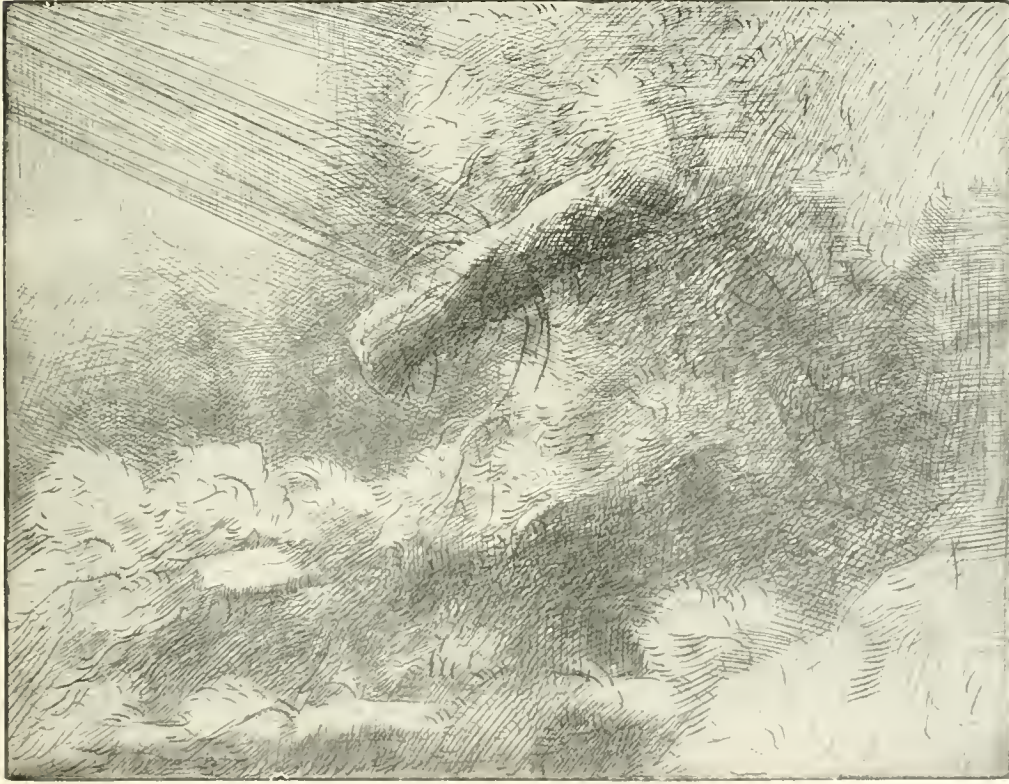
technique, that may be studied in the excellent illustrations which accompany this article. It varies much, but always in response to the effect required by a given subject. Mr. Legros has in etching no rule-of-thumb methods, and (as the late R. A. M. Stevenson remarked) he troubles himself not one whit about new schools and new dodges of treatment. "He never stops to think whether he is before or behind the fashions of the moment." It is enough that he should think of the realisation of his chosen subject; and in this creating act of thought he is always guided partly by his fidelity to his favourite masters, and partly by his dramatising instinct, the true magician among all his gifts. But for it, one thinks, Mr. Legros might easily have become the slave of the old-time traditions which he now handles largely as a master. Constant intercourse with the great has turned many a man of talent into a mere phonograph; and it is true also that only minds of exceptional ability have ever infused a new life and a new character into existing forms of commanding greatness. This is what Mr. Legros has done for us, after much intercourse with the greatness of other times: and assuredly it is a great achievement, well worth studying with delight and gratitude.



"A SUNNY MEADOW," No. 340

FROM THE ETCHING BY A. LEGROS





"SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU"
No. 343, *First State*

FROM THE DRY POINT
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS



"SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU"
No. 343, *Second State*

FROM THE DRY POINT
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS

Alphonse Legros

In the *Death of St. Francis*, we have already studied it, and we may study it once more in differing aspects, by thinking of those fine "states" in which the ecclesiastical life of the Spanish priesthood is represented so impressively. All the etchings in this series, simple in majesty of conception and stern in grandeur of appeal, are so true in what one may describe as the local colour of Spanish art-tradition, that they associate naturally, as though by lineal descent, with the genius of Zurbaran and Ribera. This, no doubt, is dramatisation in the use of appropriate traditions, traditions best fitted to enhance the emotional value of a subject well in keeping with them. But still, if Mr. Legros in his Spanish etchings owes much to his dramatising genius, he is indebted also, I believe, to his racial temperament. A native of the ancient province of Burgundy, he has inherited the outward gravity and the inward fire of his countrymen; and these qualities are Spanish as well as Burgundian. The gravity of the Spaniard has a different character, to be sure: it is not only haughtier, but less easily moved by wit; it seems to wear the toga of the Roman Conquest over the hauberk of the Middle Ages. And I venture to think that unless we bear this curious gravity in mind we

cannot fully appreciate the Spanish plates etched by Mr. Legros.

A few words now concerning the number of the prints. In 1877, A. P. Malassis and A. W. Thihaudeau published their "Catalogue Raisonné de l'Œuvre Gravé et Lithographié de M. Alphonse Legros," giving descriptions of 168 pieces. Seven years later, in 1885, H. Bérardi added 90 others to the list, raising the total to 258. Since then Mr. Legros has brought to completion a mass of work; and when I say that the number of his prints at this moment is precisely 607, I mean *at this moment of writing*, for the general catalogue will contain several new things before this article will be read in print. Among these 607 prints there are three engravings, thirty-three lithographs, and four crayon drawings: the rest belong to our present subject, and include eight aquatints, fifty drypoints, a few mezzotints, and more than five hundred etchings.

As might have been expected, this great mass of original work contains many trivialities, rapid notes and sketches thrown off hurriedly in odd half-hours; and one must say also that a good many efforts of a more serious kind miss their aim, and should not be fired at by the sharpshooters of the Press. Mr. Legros himself is of opinion that quite two-thirds of his etched work should be destroyed;



"IN THE FOREST OF CONTEVILLE," No. 352, *Second State*

FROM THE ETCHING BY ALPHONSE LEGROS



"IN THE FOREST OF CONTEVILLE"
(No. 352, THIRD STATE) FROM THE
ETCHING BY A. LEGROS

Alphonse Legros

but in his critical attitude to his own art he is far too drastic, much too ruthless; here judgment and execution go too often hand-in-hand, as in the Vehmie tribunals. For my part, I should like to be able to publish an illustrated catalogue of all those etchings of his which mark either a period in his life, or a fortunate day of inspiration; and I believe that their number would not fall far short of two hundred and fifty.

When treating of a versatile and prolific artist, it is always a good thing to find out whether his achievements have in them some dominant note of feeling, some connecting-link of purpose and of emotion, by which they are brought *en masse* into the field of criticism: and this is why one feels called upon to say that Mr. Legros' etchings ought never to be looked upon as separate and detached pieces, united only by their producer's individuality. If you seek with care, with care accompanied by good judgment, you will find unmistakably a unifying purpose common to a large majority of them; and you will find it in Mr. Legros' virile recognition of the fact that man's life upon earth is not in any sense a life of peace, but a life of unceasing conflict, of perennial war. Most of us, obedient to a silly custom, shut our minds upon this fact, and think we are virtuous and wise when we chatter sentimentally about Peace. Meantime the news-

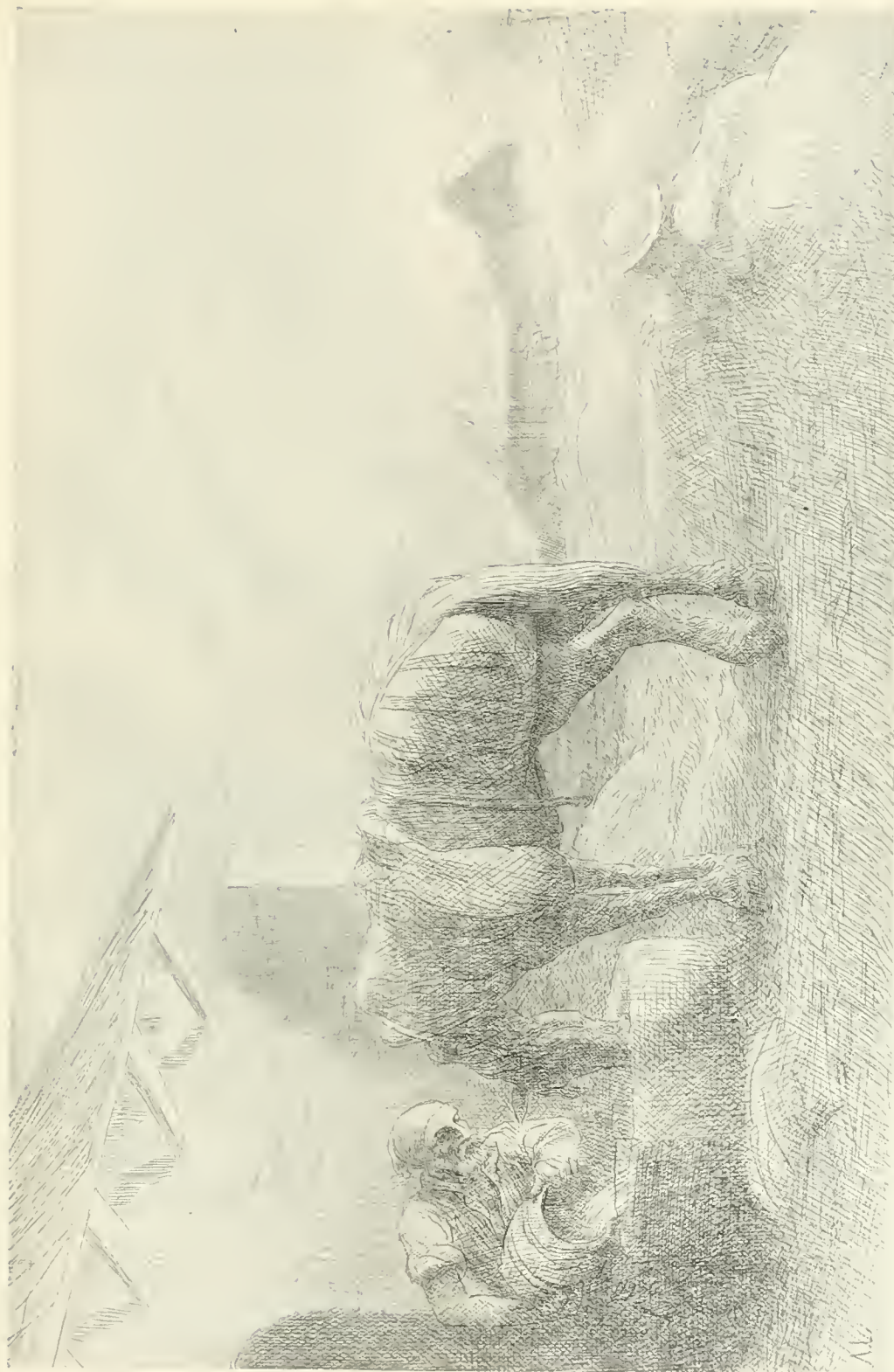
papers day by day are filled with a wreckage of tremendous tragedies—tragedies that bear witness to the eternal warfare that man must always carry on against hunger and thirst, against poverty and sickness, against the winds and the sea, the havoc of fires, the miscarriages of legal justice, the devouring slum-life of towns and cities, the canker or hereditary disease, the competitions of trade, and the preying of strong, unscrupulous minds upon the weak and upon the poor. In addition to this, all trades and all professions, all games too, every sport and every pleasure, exact from us, throughout the year in all countries, their battle-toll of victims, of killed or of maimed and wounded. Peace, you may be sure, is the hallucination of minds that do not think intelligently. Hence, no doubt, the perennial war of life should be recognised for what it is, namely, as an immense series of ever-recurring conquests and defeats in every domain of human effort and of human suffering and heroism; and as such it is recognised by Mr. Legros in dozens of his more noteworthy etchings.

Note also, as a thing eminently characteristic of the man, that in his attitude to his tremendous subject he is always manly, always strong and courageous; and thus there is no whimpering, no cheap sentimentalism, in his etched dramas. The British public may find fault with him on this



"THE PLAIN," No. 362, *First State*

FROM THE DRY POINT BY A. LEGROS



"AFTER THE DAY'S WORK"
FROM THE ETCHING, No. 559
BY ALPHONSE LEGROS



"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH—
OUTCASTS FROM THE CITY."
FROM THE ETCHING
RETOUCHED WITH SEPIA



"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH—
THE COMBAT."
FROM THE ETCHING BY A. LEGROS
No. 533, Third State



"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH—
AFTER THE COMBAT."
FROM THE ETCHING BY A. LEGROS
No. 483, First State



"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH—
THE DEPARTURE."
FROM THE ETCHING
RETOUCHED WITH SEPIA

account, for the British public is a singular Hercules indeed, with a much-pampered taste for trifles of weak sentiment. But to those of us who have held intercourse with the severer masters of the arts, the etched dramas of Mr. Legros must needs be fascinating, whether they take us through a sinister and tragic set of plates like the symbolistic one of *The Triumph of Death*, or simply make real to us some ordinary tragedies of life, like the burning of a homestead. In these subjects—take the *Burning Village*, as reproduced for this article by photogravure—the terror of peasant women is sometimes represented with a truth that Millet himself could not have excelled. The terror is really that of peasant women; and you may notice also that no attempt has been made to give traits of national character to the figures represented. The women are simply peasants, types of their class. They belong to a country discovered by Mr. Legros and never to be colonised by Great Britain!

One set of dramas in Mr. Legros' etched work is known by him as his "garden of misery," for in it he loves to show his deep and tender sympathy for all pariahs, all outcasts, all tramps and beggars. These poor creatures, the dilapidated camp-followers of life's war, receive alms from his kind genius: this may be seen, not in a few good prints, but in many; and there is one among them—namely, *The Dying Vagabond*—that takes rank at once as a work of transcendent pathos and strength. In it Mr. Legros achieves an effect of aweing tragedy more original and more memorable than any other similar effect produced by a painter-etcher. It is a print that stands alone—a masterpiece unique in its own way, and therefore without a rival of its own kind.

But Mr. Legros has gentler moods also; tragedy alone does not occupy the whole of his attention. He can be Coroteseque, as in the twilight study called *Fishing with a Net*; and in some mid-day landscapes, like the *Sunny Meadow*, his art has flashes of pure sweet sunlight. There are rural figure-subjects also of a restful kind, like the etching entitled *After the Day's Work*: and among the portraits there are some fine prints, in which the pain of incessant thought is not the chief thing to be studied, as it certainly is in the masterly and pathetic portrait of Auguste Rodin.

But although these gentler etchings are very refined and very charming, I cannot think that they give us the least perishable part of Mr. Legros' etched work. Some of them, no doubt, are perfect to a detail; but most of them lack those dramatic and austere qualities which cause Mr. Legros to

stand apart from his comrades of to-day—a lonely classic. The late R. A. M. Stevenson spoke of him as "the most lofty and severe of all the classic-romantic artists now living"; it is, I believe, by virtue of his sterner work that Mr. Legros will live on in English art, and continue his strong professorship, fostering always a wholesome detestation for those prettinesses of style for which many Englishmen have long shown a weak partiality.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

MODERN ENGLISH PLASTER- ING—MR. G. P. BANKART'S WORK. BY ERNEST RAD- FORD.

THE art of plastering, according to Mr. Bankart, falls naturally into two groups, and what he seeks to revive is the English kind, not that which had its origin in Italy. Stucco duro played a far more important part in the past than the plaster we are concerned with here, and I would not have anyone suppose I am inclined to think meanly of it, but Mr. Bankart discovers in England the germs of an indigenous art with the breath of life in it, and argues, not unfairly, that it is our duty to keep it alive.

We read of lime, the essential ingredient, being sold by the bagful and hundredweight in the thirteenth century, and we hear a good deal about plasterers at that epoch. There were regulations providing for the inspection of work, and so important had they become that a charter of incorporation was granted to plasterers in 1501. It seems to have been primarily as one of the busiest building trades that plastering received so much attention, for there was little of art in it then, and the decoration of the earliest examples I have been shown is classical in its intention. History tells us of the discovery in manuscript of Vitruvius on the Five Orders (including his recipe for the compounding of plaster), and what a sensation it caused in Italy. It tells us, moreover, when the first English translation appeared, and mentions by name the Italians, plasterers all, who came at the bidding of Henry VIII. to make his Palace of Nonsuch the vainglorious thing that it was.

There were mirrors of plaster in classical times, showing to what a pitch it was brought, and the name the Italians gave it, "stucco duro," seems to differentiate it exactly. The art that reached England from Italy was that of a country politically, morally, spiritually bankrupt, but the people possessed this

craft all the same, and from the fact that it had reached the degenerate stage, it ought not to be argued, I think, that the art itself was ignoble.

The law for the artist is in the potentialities of the material, and once understood there will be nothing surprising in the quality of the achievement, or, what is more to the point at the moment, in the differences, here so marked, between Italianised-English plastering, and English pure and simple. Because absolute surface-smoothness was the hall-mark of excellence then as now, is it fair to compare the art practised by Raphael with the debasement of that art under conditions of which he knew nothing? I gather from what news reaches me that money has never been more immoderately spent than it is at the present day, and I should be delighted to hear of its helping somebody to do something great in this way. "Better spend it on good things than bad," said Morris, many a time. The argument, if such I may call it, is that there is work for the stucco-durists and the rough plasterer too. There is a particular interest in the revival of the Englishmen's method, however, and the excitement of seeing things growing; whereas that which is classic by virtue of age and excellence has helped to illustrate volumes which can be studied at leisure.

Mr. Bankart is understood to be writing an entirely new book upon plastering, which will supplement without superseding Mr. Millar's exhaustive treatise, a work dealing almost entirely with technical matters, and meant for the plasterer's library. Mr. G. T. Robinson, the author of the introduction to that volume, has laid a burden of debt on the general reader by his scholarly summary of the historical matter, making one feel that plastering in classical times, and during the golden age of its revival in Italy, was nothing if not a fine art. The alliance between architecture and the subordinate arts is nowhere so close as here, and it is to be hoped that they will never be parted. If the rich man's house were always his own, and man always inherited taste with his money, there would be no mutable substitutes like shiftable ceilings for the work of the plasterer's hand.

Mr. Robinson attributes Raphael's death to the assiduity with which he practised the re-discovered and known to be dangerous art, and quotes Spenser's descriptive lines:

Gold was the parget, and the ceiling bright
Did shine all sealy with great plates of gold,

words which convey an idea of splendour in the achievement, and of a noble calling.

"During the latter years of Elizabeth's reign the



PLASTER CEILING AND CORNICE IN THE MORNING-ROOM
AT "ASHWELL'S," PENN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

BY G. P. BANKART



DRAWING-ROOM CEILING AT
"ASHWELL'S," PENN, BUCKINGHAM-
SHIRE. BY G. P. BANKART

Modern English Plaster Work

plasterer was the supreme decorator, uniting in fact the provinces of both sculptor and painter. External walls were sometimes covered entirely with pargetry string-courses, and cornices and other architectural features all claimed his attention in turn." This suggests what we know to be true, namely, that there was a deal too much of it sometimes. Because Nature abhors a vacuum, it does not follow that space should not be respected at all. "I would have a bit of the firmament about everything dear to me," says a writer.

"In fact," Mr. Robinson says, "there is hardly a house in England which does not retain the evidence of his artistic powers," and those who have had the pleasure of seeing the whole matter illustrated by Mr. Bankart himself during the course of his lectures have had all the proofs they require.

"In the old half-timber houses, the want of truth in the carpentry compelled the plaster to be laid on with the trowel, not plastered with rule and float." There are many who will not have even this laid against those merry old middle ages, and more who think it merit to have a lot of nails out of line, but these would-be friends are really the enemies we have in our camp. I saw a sweet little folding triptych in Bond Street the other day, the doors of which opened upon . . . *Cab fares!* And the price of it!

"Shall no beauty but the beauty of words be produced by man in our times?" It is always a pleasure to quote Morris's gospel rather than what is written in the same strain by the hypochondriacs among his disciples. There are hundreds nowadays who will go any distance in reason to hear a man speak of his pleasure in the craft he has mastered, and expound the principles of it. We had this delight some

little time ago while Mr. Bankart was lecturing, and so doubtless will those at whose invitation he proposes to visit America.

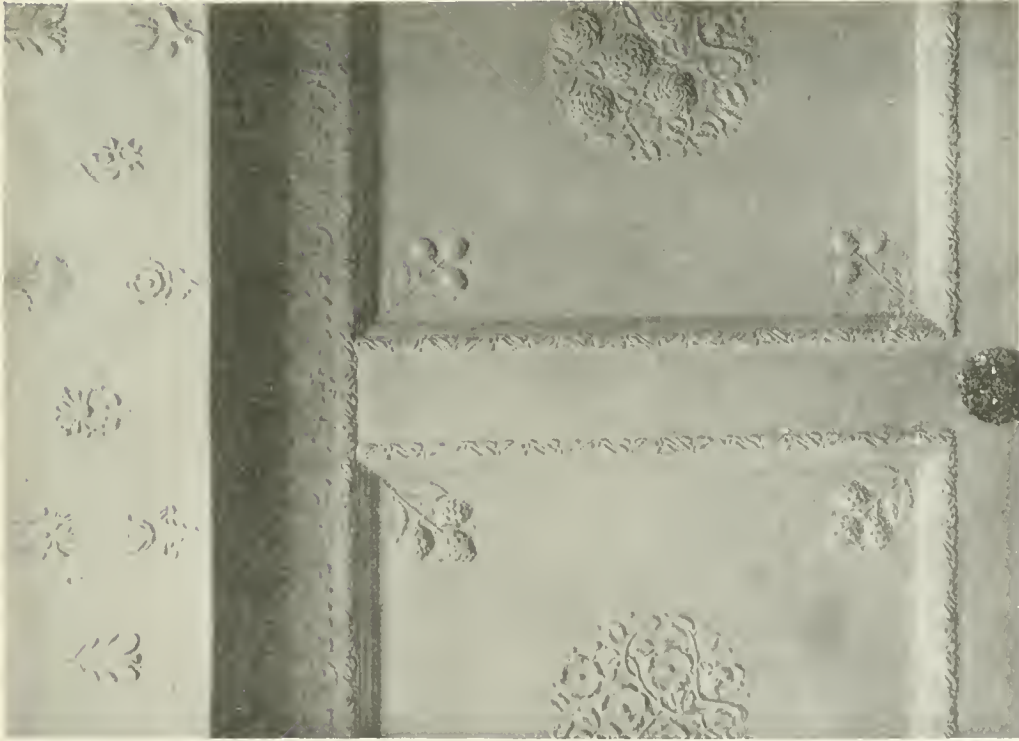
There remains little for me to do but lead the reader along the path Mr. Bankart has cleared for workers in this material, and the accompanying illustrations should help me. The material mastered, the lesson is easily learnt. Let stucco duro be put out of our minds altogether, as well as any idea of submitting a softer substance to the same treatment as that. "The cobbler should stick to his last." This sturdy old saw contains the essence of Lessing's treatise in brief, and has helped many a time to give a particular artist his due, and is here pressed into service again.

Mr. Bankart referred in his lecture to Mr. Gimson's work as the best he knew of this kind, so there are already two able men in the field, and



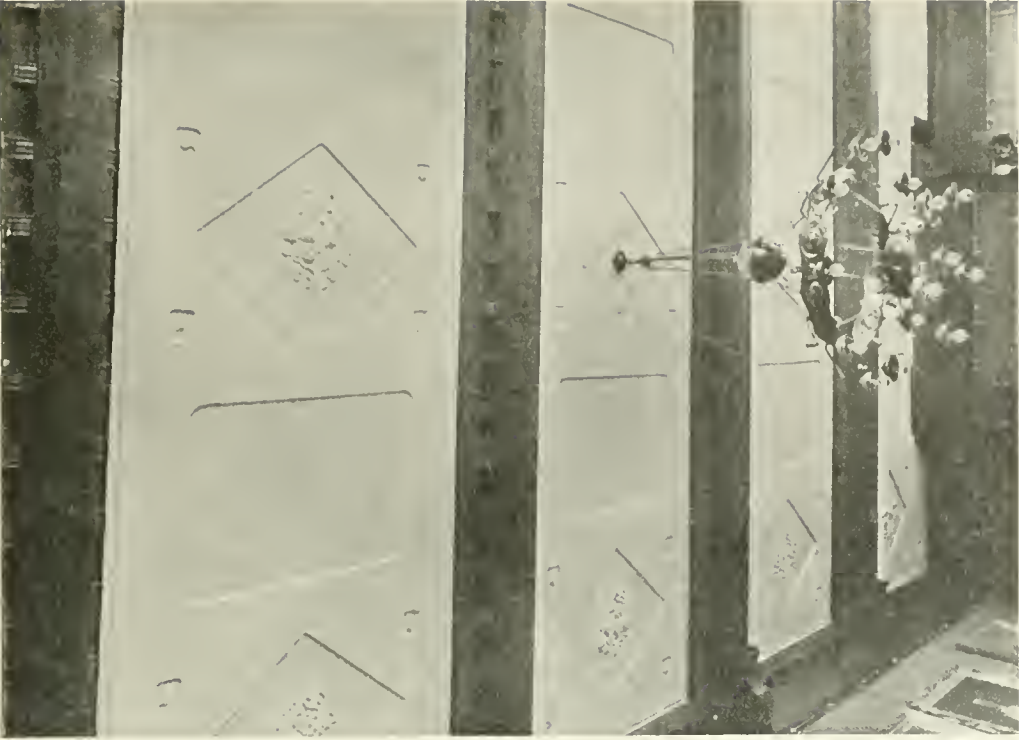
PORTION OF DRAWING-ROOM CEILING AT
HARTFEURY HOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

BY G. P. BANKART



PORTION OF CEILING AT 3 CADOGAN SQUARE, LONDON

BY G. P. BANKART



HALL CEILING AT RAWCLIFFE HALL, GOOLE

BY G. P. BANKART

Modern English Plaster Work

since, where there are walls and ceilings, there will always be work for the plasterers to do, it is certain that more will be wanted.

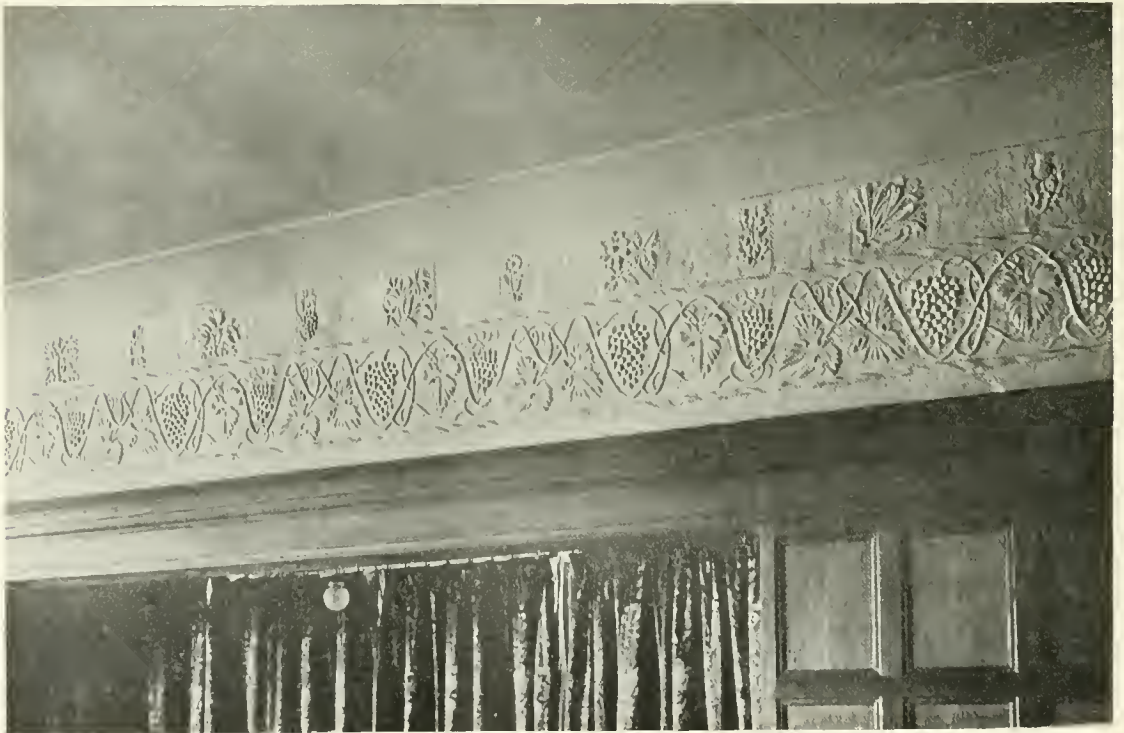
I could add one, making twelve, to the list given me of the houses he has decorated, and having had in this case the advantage of seeing the work in its place, the present opportunity is taken of saying that no fair idea of its value as decoration can be obtained from perspective views. To be appreciated, the design should be set forth on the plane it covers and the scale of the work indicated. Besides, one wants to be told what the surface is and what point of view to take. The individual element, much as the designer may value it, I think to be unimportant. It should at any rate be over-lorded by the architectural sense of propriety, which will account for all that is abstract, restful and unobtrusive in decorative work of this kind. Compare in St. Mark's the Byzantine mosaics, immutable as mountain peaks, with the biblical series, which would be held to disgrace the building if they had not the historical interest pertaining to everything of their date.

At Knowle, in the Cartoon Gallery, the vine, pink, honeysuckle, columbine, lily, all enter into the design, and a long list could be drawn from the

past of English examples showing nature in the design, and leaving nothing to be desired. When modesty suggests self-suppression, he who treats of this matter can point the moral of his discourse by showing what has been done, and this course, persistently pursued, has kept Mr. Bankart's own work out of sight hitherto. There seems to have been any amount of such work in the days of half-timber building in England, and, more generally speaking, in buildings of stone requiring the protection of plaster.

As for the style of the future, it is, at any rate, not to be stereotyped. There is a renewal of Nature's gifts in the seasons of every year. What the artist takes from her lap does not impoverish her, and there should be signs of her gladness and wealth in the Englishman's home everywhere. This, or something like this, seems to be what Mr. Bankart would say; but more to the purpose than speech is the work we have of his hands, and the promise of more to come.

I have seen a child, who should have been sleeping, looking up from her cot at one of these plastered ceilings and have heard her told what it cost her father. Clearly, no one would want to spend such a sum on any but his own house, so the



PORTION OF FRIEZE AND CORNICE AT "CALDERWOOD," CHISLEHURST

BY G. P. BANKART



PORTION OF A DRAWING-ROOM CEILING AT YORK

BY G. P. BANKART

"We must be familiar with the capabilities of that material—have served a pupilage with the best works of past ages, have held constant intercourse with them, and learnt how and why things were done in this way. We must also be in touch with Nature, and take from her what is for our good, our refinement, our inspiration. There must be actual finger-ing of the material, and per-severance in the working of it; and as for the design, we have in that the expression of this delight conveyed in the most harmonious man-ner according to the limi-tations of the material we have selected."

In conclusion, a hope may be expressed that in his endeavours to uphold the best traditions of the plasterer's art Mr. Bankart may receive the support and encouragement due to his enterprise and artistic talents.

field may seem to be limited; but wherever there is absolute property in buildings, public or private, there should be a call for work of this kind.

Provided there be no violation of the conven-tions controlling such work, there seems something in Mr. Bankart's suggestion that the plasterer's "thought-stuff" should be localised to some extent. "Our decorations," he thinks, "might be made suggestive of places and their surroundings, per-haps of a particular industry. A village club-room, or other rural building, might be made suggestive of country life." Inexpensive is the word here, and if only to ensure that it seems better to follow the English tradition. "Examine a piece of old plaster from one of these ceilings," he says, "and it will be found to be coarse and rough, containing little bits of gravel and other inequalities, which would doubt-less be condemned in these days of mechanical skill. In the old ceilings the planes are not die-level and smoothed to a polish, but are, on the contrary, full of slight undulations and unevennesses."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBI-TION OF DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN.—THE ITALIAN SECTION. BY W. FRED.

THE idea of an International Exhibition on Italian soil was at first startling, for in the Exhibi-tions of recent years, and especially in Paris in 1900, Italian applied art had made no such display as might induce high hopes of its success. It may, however, have been the feeling that Italy had a large blank to fill that led to an exceptional effort on the part of a few patriotic lovers of art. They could not indeed be blind to the danger of the superiority of foreign contributions, both in quan-tity and quality; but they understood that such a public competition would prove the best spur to the torpid industries of their native land, fettered as they have been by the enfeebled survival of once great traditions. For, since the period of noble and homogeneous decorative art in Italy—the XVth

and XVIth centuries—not only has there been a stagnation of artistic crafts but also, and more recently, such changes in social life and habits, and in the general conditions of existence, as seem to have undermined the very demand for such work. It is no mere tourist's exaggerated view to say that Italians live in the streets, and so feel but little of that desire for the graces of domestic life which influences northern nations. Still, it can be seen that the organisers of the Turin exhibition have done their utmost to arouse the demand, and we cannot doubt that they will succeed with a race so instinctively artistic as the Italians; not perhaps immediately, nor till original design has taken the place of imitations of foreign work.

As yet, in fact, we too plainly see that Italy has no modern native school of industrial art: we find a confusion and mixture of styles, and a craving for novelty, out of all proportion to the gift of inventiveness, especially in constructive design, which is subordinated to frittered detail and gaudy colouring, to produce the "modern" appearance which we find in England, Austria, and Belgium. Italian drawing-rooms are furnished with every variety of work which can be comprehended under the designation of "New Style." Thus, we see furniture of plain design, suggesting English influence, decorated with coloured marqueterie in the manner of E. Gallé; or pieces of light scroll work, in the early Dutch style, mixed up with female figures of pre-Raphaelite affectation—all the medley which ensues when art is applied to craft with no sense of purpose, but solely for the sake of novelty, however eccentric it may be.

I need not dwell on the many instances of barbaric misuse of costly materials. The objects shown in our illustrations are free from this fault; hence, they hardly give an adequate idea of the general level of the Italian section, where, though much was attractive, too much was in extravagant bad taste, a mere frantic assertion of originality at any price

Of the complete rooms, decorated and furnished throughout, in the Turin Exhibition, I can praise but few. A young lady's bedroom, by Moretti, is simple, bright, and pleasing in colour. The *Famiglia Artistica* of Milan have made a more serious attempt to provide for the requirements of the middle-class, by showing some furnished rooms of suitable style and price for daily uses, in which the treatment is simple and the colouring restricted to a key of green, blue or red. One excellent room is priced at 680 lire (£30).

Those decorated by Issel are adapted to a more fastidious taste and deeper purse. Here we have a nursery, intended no doubt to train the youthful



"ROSES" STAINED GLASS

DESIGNED BY G. BELTRAMI
EXECUTED BY G. ROVETTA



"IN THE GARDEN." STAINED GLASS
BY G. BELTRAMI AND G. BUFFA



"PRIMAVERA": STAINED GLASS

BY G. BELTRAMI AND G. ZUCCARO



BEDROOM

DESIGNED BY U. CERUTI

Turin Exhibition

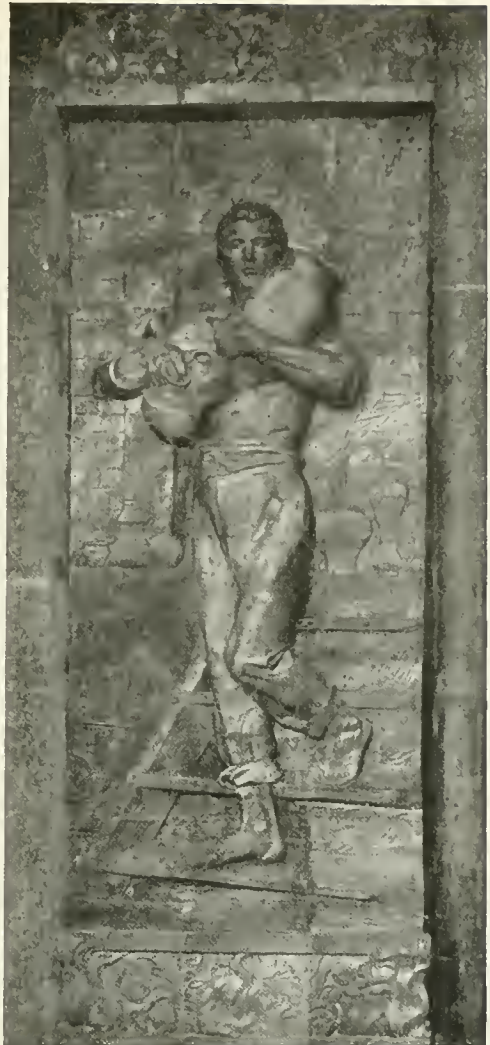
mind in decorative art. The wood in its natural colour is carved with conventionalised flowers. A dining room by the same firm shows a rich but heavy use of wood carving, well executed, and the breakfast room is ingenious and pleasing; the treatment of marine subjects is even poetical.

The most important Italian industry is pottery of many kinds. It has been carried on very continuously since the time of the della Robbias. The constant demand of foreign purchasers has kept up the production of more or less good work of the kind, and the fine old shapes have been perennially



STAINED GLASS

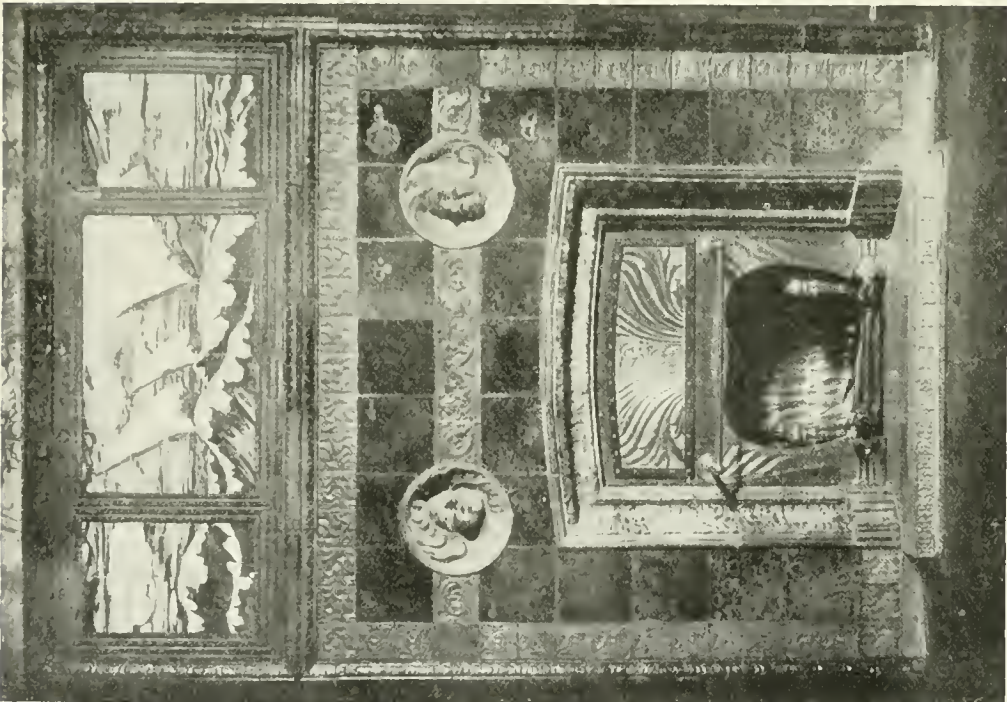
BY G. BELTRAMI



PANEL

BY DOMENICO TRENTACOSTE

reproduced. In Italy, as in other countries, the coarser kind of earthenware lends itself best to the modern taste for effective colour in pottery; the lustres originally produced by the village potter, so far as his means of firing them allowed, are now applied to artistic pieces in the town factories. Conte Vincenzo Giustiniani was the first to check inartistic copying and encourage original design and colouring. Capital examples of his ware were exhibited at the Paris 1900 Exhibition, and attempts are now being made to adapt earthenware plaques and panels, with plain or iridescent glazes, to the decoration of interiors: for instance, large pictured panels, as well as decorative tiles for larders and bathrooms. The old-established factory of the Ginori, in Florence, has



FIREPLACE IN ENAMELED TILES

BY D. TRENTACOSTE



BATH-ROOM

BY RICHARD GINORI



STAINED GLASS

BY G. BELTRAMI AND F. BUFFA

followed the example of its younger rival, a very good bathroom and a variety of dinner services were exhibited by them, of which the simplicity and taste, the rich colour and fine glaze were extremely attractive. Of other *objets d'art* I found few worthy of remark, excepting a case of jewelry, French in its inspiration, by Musi of Turin.

This brief notice cannot, of course, do full justice to the Italian section of the Exhibition. The whole effect of it was that of a huge bazaar, rather than an exhibition of artistic work. Nevertheless, it seems certain that the Exhibition generally, though of no very high order, will have left its mark on Italian industry.

W. FRED.

THE TURIN EXHIBITION THE BELGIAN SECTION. BY DR. ENRICO THOVEZ.

THOUGH the Belgian Section was less in extent and numbered fewer exhibitors than some others, for instance Austria and Germany, it was as well arranged



PLATES

BY RICHARD GINORI

Turin Exhibition

and one of the most distinguished in effect. The committee, of which M. H. Fierens Gevaert, a well-known man of letters and art critic, was chairman, gave the display a stamp of the Belgian style by achieving harmony in the various rooms, by exhibiting the work of artists only, and on condition that the designer's name, and not the manufacturer's, should be attached.

The entrance was through a stucco portico with a vaulted arch, supported by two pillars, decorated with masks and scroll work; within was a vestibule with two stairways, leading to a large room, designed by M. Horta. In the narrow space between the two stairs was a little book-room, where modern books, illustrated by Belgian artists, were displayed. The portico and book-room were designed by Léon Gevaerts, the architect, and plainly showed the influence of the Brussels architect, M. Horta. His large salon was very rich in colour, the woodwork red, the walls hung with gold-coloured silk, and, taking it altogether, it gave a very good impression of this artist's individual style. He also exhibited, in a flat glass-case, various photographs of his more famous

buildings—the Hotel Solway, the Hotel van Eetvede, the People's Palace, and others. In the corners were two complete sets of furniture in light-coloured wood, ash and sycamore, well executed and elegant, in M. Horta's peculiar undulating style. On the walls were two large allegorical panels in body colour on canvas, by M. Fabry, vigorous in movement and modelling, and very decorative in effect. Their ruddy key of colour harmonised well with the red tones of the room.

To right and left of the corridor, on leaving this salon, were two smaller rooms, a dining-room and a study, designed by M. Georges Hobé, of Brussels. They were simple and practical, well arranged, with no such striving after originality as often leads to extravagance in modern decorative work; the plain furniture, devoid of mouldings and scrolls, was certainly among the best in the exhibition. One of the rooms was embellished by a painted frieze by M. Wytman, representing the town and environs of Bruges, a very pleasingly decorative work, in subdued tones and clear-cut outlines.

The next room was dedicated to the use of the



DINING-ROOM

BY A. ISSEL

Turin Exhibition



EMBROIDERED PANEL: "SPRING"

DESIGNED BY ISIDOR DE RUDDER
EXECUTED BY MADAME DE RUDDER

artists of Ghent. The furniture, designed by the architect, M. Oscar van de Voorde, was more Viennese than Flemish in taste, but less capricious and brilliant, massive in outline, with a free use of brass mounts. The glass cases contained leather work of all kinds, stamped and tinted, really beautiful work, by Mme. Voortman, of Ghent; bronzes and plaster casts by M. Georges Minne, remarkable for their expression; pottery by Laig-neul; drawings and etchings, by Dondelet and others, were on the tables and walls.

Next to the Ghent room was a studio for an artist, designed by M. Léon Sneyers, a pupil of the late M. Hankar and of Adolphe Crespin. This was the most original room in the Belgian section, showing a healthy and inventive modern spirit. Still, while the furniture, the staircase and the door were commendable for sound, plain design and happy details, very unlike M. Horta's sinuous

inventions, the green linen panels embroidered with flowers well conventionalised by M. Crespin, were perhaps a trifle fatiguing to the eye. Some posters by Crespin, and superb lithographs by Khnopff, some masks by Isidor de Rudder, and bronzes by Victor Rousseau adorned the studio. In the five next rooms were collected the architectural drawings and bronzes, and M. Wolfers's various work, with the educational exhibition from the schools. While the photographs of buildings erected by Hankar and other architects showed the visitor the

progress of their art in modern Belgium, the room devoted to the graphic arts rejoiced the eye: here were the charming postcards by Henry Meunier and Lynen, the interesting designs and *ex libris*, by Khnopff, the little bronzes by Paul Dubois and Georges Morun, and, above all, the wonderful posters by Henry Cassiers, marvels of decorative design and brilliant but harmonious



EMBROIDERED PANEL: "SUMMER"

DESIGNED BY ISIDOR DE RUDDER
EXECUTED BY MADAME DE RUDDER

Turin Exhibition



IRONWORK

BY PAUL DUBOIS

of the interest taken in the matter by M. Horta; he it was who studied the plan of the section and arranged the colouring, besides contributing his co-operation.

An interesting departure was made at the South-Western Polytechnic, Chelsea, in the session 1901-2, by the introduction of a course of lectures on "The History of Architecture," given by Mr. Banister Fletcher. The success of the experiment has induced the authorities to arrange another series, which will commence on Monday, Jan. 19th, when the subject dealt with will be "Gothic Architecture in Europe."

colouring. But particularly worthy of notice was the embroidery on two large panels by Mme. de Rudder, from designs by her husband. These large compositions, *Spring* and *Summer*, in a style suggestive of Botticelli, were in exquisite taste as to colour, and the needlewoman's skill was simply astonishing: she had achieved what had always been thought possible only to the Japanese. M. and Mme. Rudder have not wasted the ten years devoted to this wonderful work.

M. Wolfers's show was in two divisions, silversmith's work and jewelry; the second far superior to the first. Among the ornaments—some reminding us of Lalique's work, but more massive, and some German in character—a few were quite admirable.

There were also some fine stands designed by Sneyers, and a handsome pentagonal case by Hankar.

The last room contained the work of pupils in the industrial schools, and it was satisfactory to see that the modern style has found its way into their training, with very good results. Though we had to lament the absence of M. Van de Velde, fully occupied in Germany, we had, on the whole, a fairly representative show of Belgian Art. This was partly the result



AN ARTIST'S STUDIO

BY LÉON SNEYERS



POSTER: "A MOTOR-CAR IN HOLLAND"

BY H. CASSIERS

(See article on the Belgian Section, Turin Exhibition)

DESIGNS FOR SUMMER-HOUSES. SOME REMARKS UPON THE RESULTS OF COMPETITION A XXXII.

THERE seems to have been, with respect to this competition, a considerable diversity of opinion as to what is implied by the term "summer-house." Indeed, in some cases there is shown an absolute misconception with reference to the meaning of the word. Some of the foreign competitors, for instance, have submitted complete sets of drawings for country houses, evidently under the impression that by "summer-house" is meant a house in which one could eat, drink, be merry—and sleep—and enjoy that period of the year which we English are accustomed to call summer. We regret the mistake, especially in the case of the competitor who sends us from Austria a set of drawings under the motto "My home is my castle." Apart from the plan, which is perhaps more Continental than English in its arrangement, the elevations are interesting, and are set forth

in a series of drawings in which the landscape, background, and surroundings are very charmingly indicated. But, unhappily, this design, like some of the others, rules itself out of court by not supplying the particular class of building demanded by the terms of the competition. We imagine that a practical working definition of a summer-house would be a small house built in a garden, and intended for the purpose of sitting in, more particularly on the hot days of summer, though, at the same time, it should afford some protection, by

means of screen or wall, against the wind.

The competitors show (and rightly enough) a great divergence of choice in the materials they propose, relying upon wood or stone or brick, or, usually, a combination of stone and brick. Two very pleasing examples of the union of stone and brick are given in the designs of "Brush" and of "Blues," but it seems a pity that the latter has not given the occupants of his summer-house rather more opportunity of enjoying the view than is afforded by the very small bay windows, and the window in

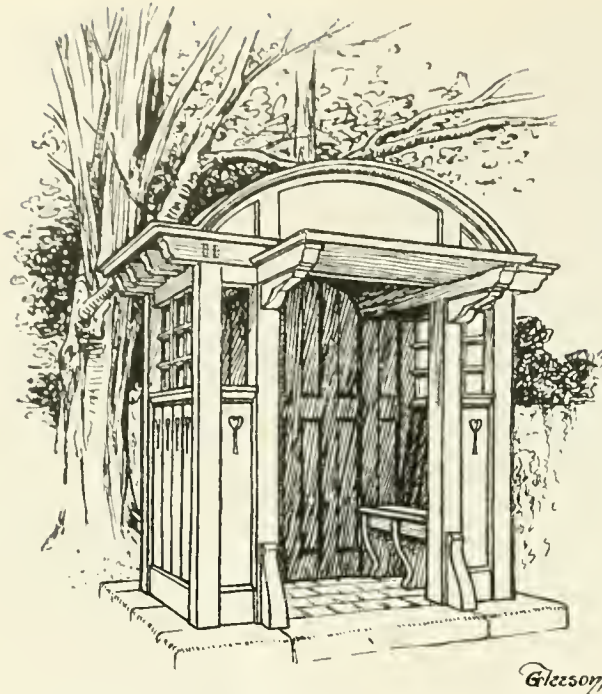


DINING-ROOM

BY GEORGES HOBE

(See article on the Belgian Section, Turin Exhibition)

Designs for Summer-Houses

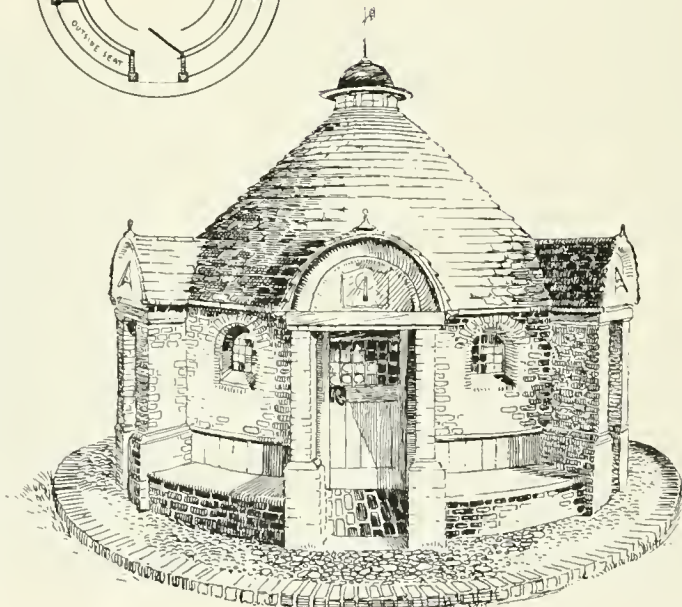
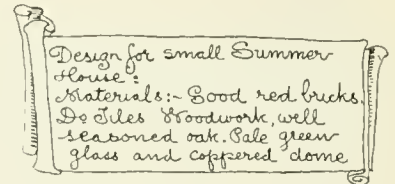
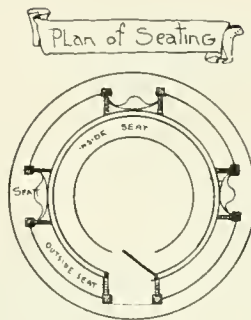


DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "GLEESON"

cast walls with circular windows. The three-step terrace gives his simple and well-proposed building a further interest and importance. The plan of "Curlew" — a pentagon — is a pleasant and original feature, and we imagine that the design (though we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the carrying up of the corner posts for no particular purpose) would come out better in execution than it appears in the sketch submitted. "Mamar-bashi" sends a pleasantly simple design of a light structure, octagonal in form, and wholly built of wood. Its overhanging roof would be a picturesque feature if only he could assure his client that he could build it in such a way and of such a material as not to warp out of all shape under the action of a long hot summer. Pecksniff's design explains itself better and to more advantage in the little plan and section than in the not very effective perspective sketch. We are afraid it would be rather difficult to seat oneself with any comfort between the small

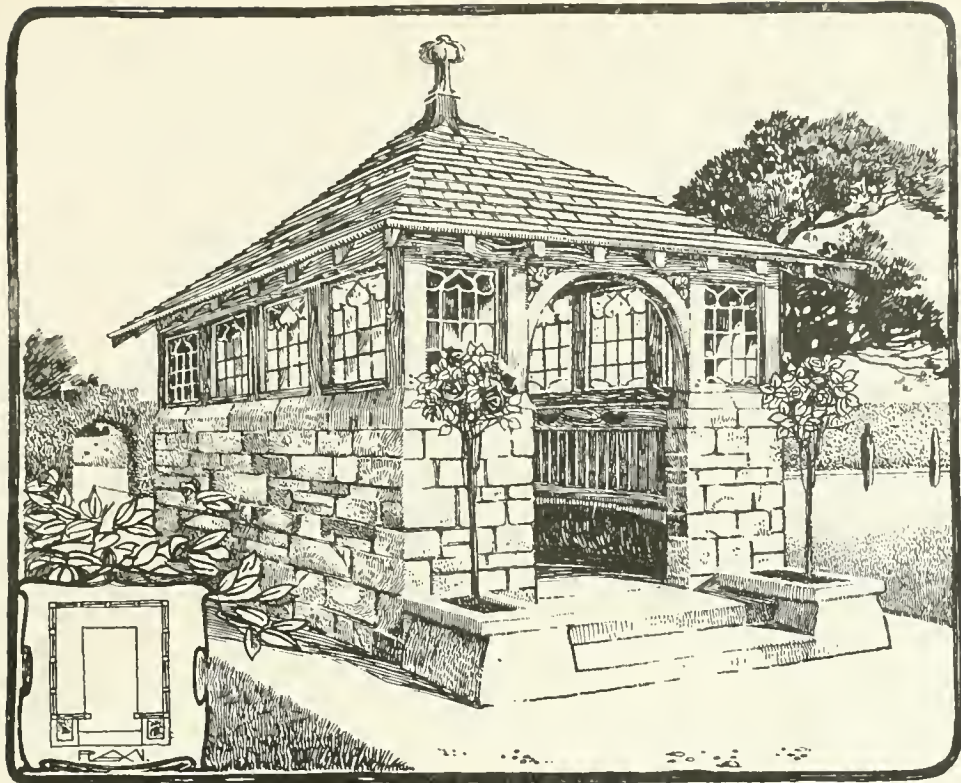
the north-east wall. Those sheltering themselves in "Brush's" house have, at all events, the open archway through which to look, though we are afraid the sill line of the windows is so high as to prevent their profiting much by the rest of their surroundings. "Jim the Penman" sends an interesting design which would have explained itself much more clearly with the help of a sketch plan. The gardener digging in the foreground gives a fallacious idea of the height and size generally of the structure. "Kenelm" submits a small and effective design in red brick and tiles. These materials are also employed by "Chapenga," whose circular plan allows spaces between the porch and other projections for external seats — an excellent feature. "Cigarette" sends a pretty drawing, showing, we imagine, rough-



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "PECKSNIFF"

Designs for Summer-Houses



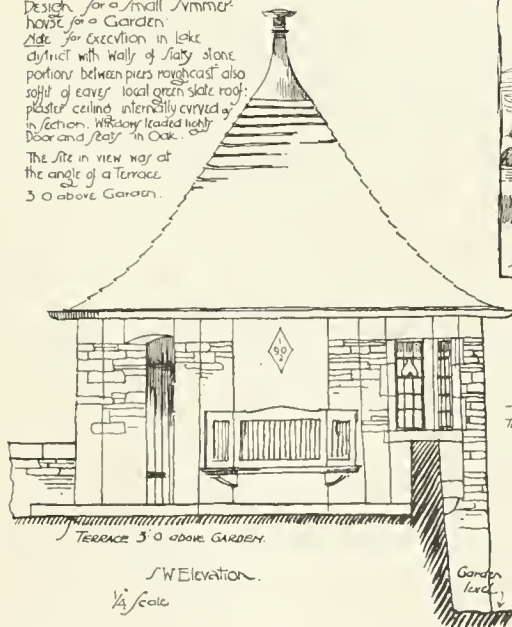
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "BRUSH"

STUDIO COMP. AXXXII

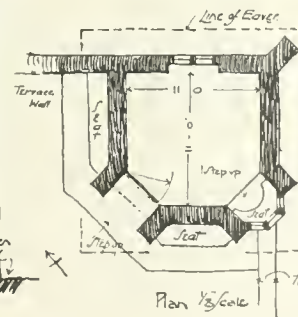
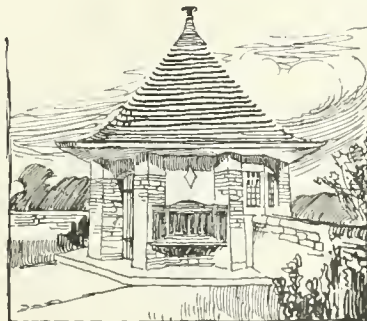
Design for a small Summer-house for a Garden.
Site for execution in lake district with walls of flinty stone portions between piers roughcast also soffit of eaves local green slate roof plaster ceiling internally curved in section. Windows leaded light Door and /rals in Oak.

The site in view was at the angle of a Terrace 3' 0" above Garden.



BLUES

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE



BY "BLUES"

Designs for Summer-Houses



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

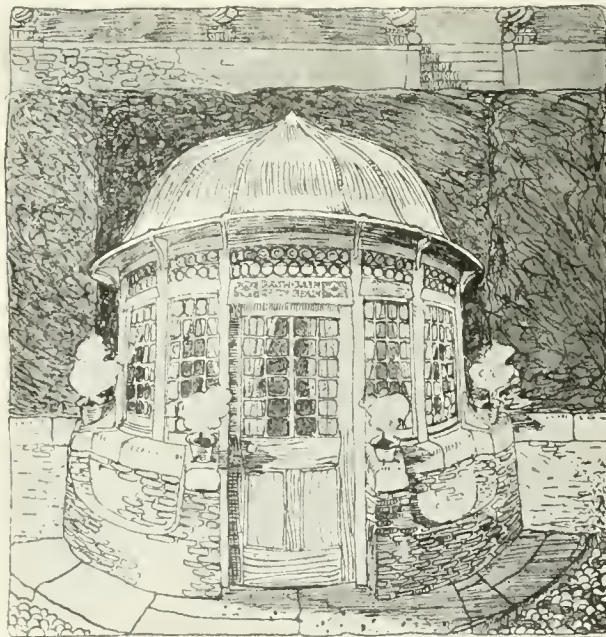
BY "CURLEW"

piers carrying flower pots, it, indeed, the dipping down of the walls here is meant to provide sitting space. "Gleeson" sends a sketch of a wooden building, but here again we have to regret the absence of a scaled plan. It is impossible to assure oneself as to the size of the building even, if taking the floor tiles as giving a scale for calculation. "Abt Vogler" has a distinctly interesting design, which we think would have been none the less so if the square corners had not been carried up, but had been covered by the overhanging of the roof. He does not state what his material is: we imagine rough cast, with the tree ornament in stucco, but of course, material is of prime consideration. "Chelsea" sends a strong and vigorous drawing of an effective and simple design, in which a difference of level allows him to introduce a tool-shed below the terrace summer-house.

"Veo" sends a plan (without a scale, unfortunately). We can hardly see why one should leave a presumably beautiful garden and immure oneself in a room the windows of which are so high that not the slightest view of the surroundings could possibly be obtained from them.

"Onyx" sends a capital drawing of an excellent design. A second design, illustrated on page 291, this time of a more architectural character, by "Mamarbashi," shown in a sepia drawing, is full of merit; but we would ask him not to cover his dome with gold mosaic, as he proposes. No external gold tesserae have the least chance of lasting more than a year or two in England. "Pooh-Bah" seems to have an excellent scheme in his head, and we can only regret that he did not help us to see its points to better advantage by submitting a detailed plan with it.

Altogether, the result of the competition has produced evidences of considerable ingenuity, invention, and perception of the picturesque, and, fortunately, a comparatively small amount of striving after the eccentric has been observable in the designs sent in.



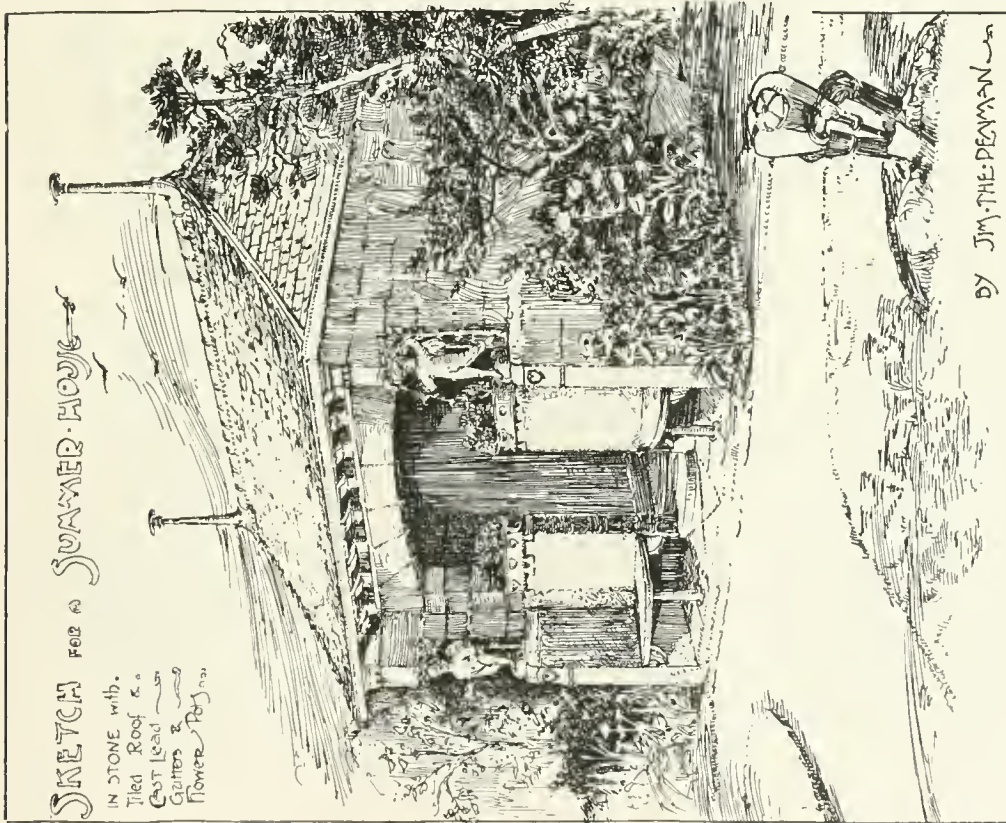
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "PECKSNIFF"



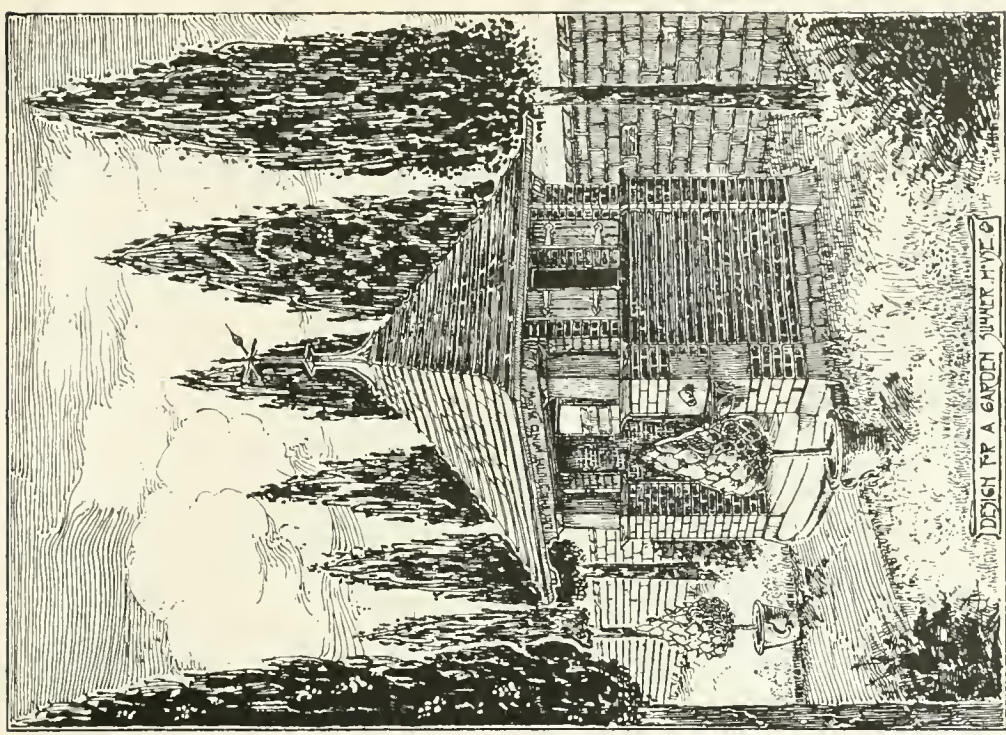
DESIGN FOR A SMALL SUMMER HOUSE FOR A GARDEN.

PECKSNIFF



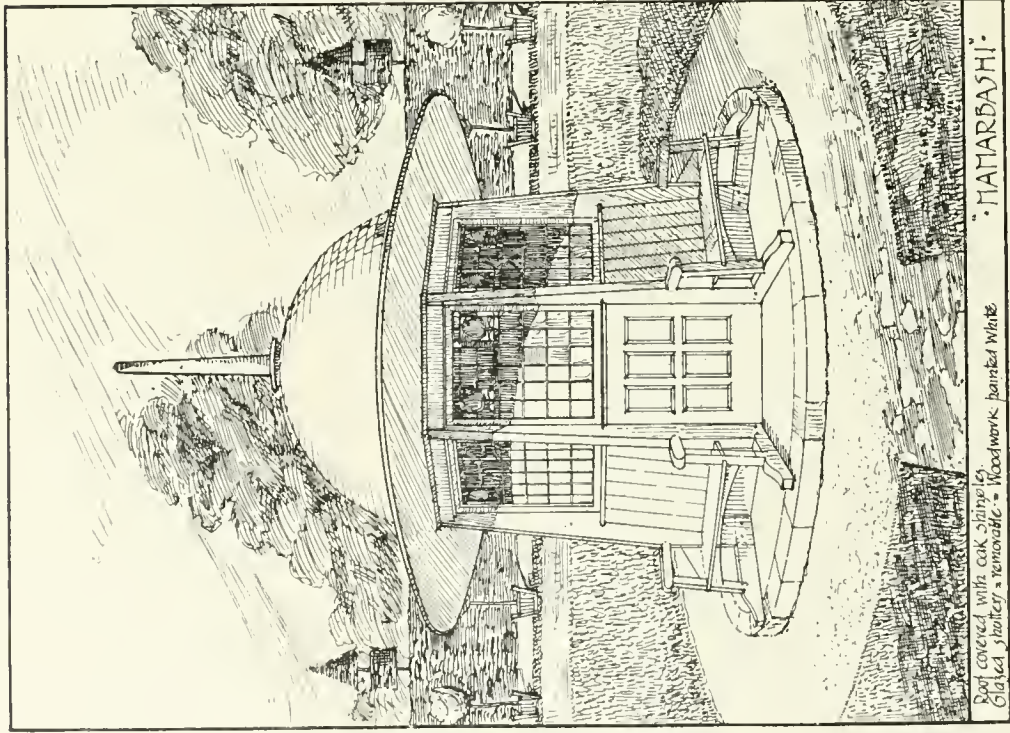
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "JIM THE PENMAN"



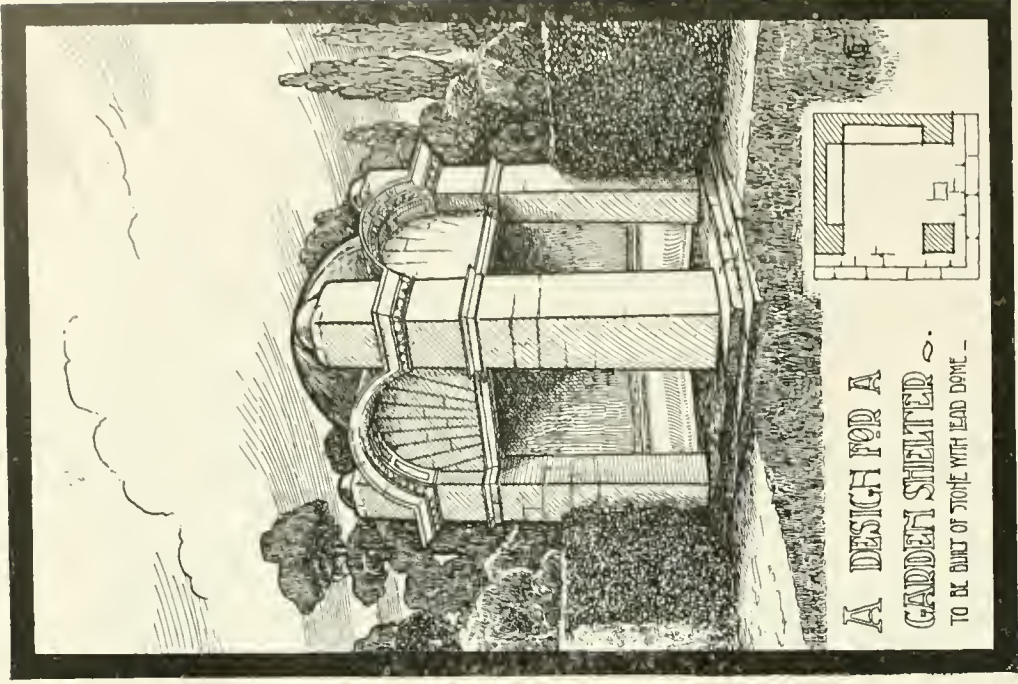
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "KENELM"



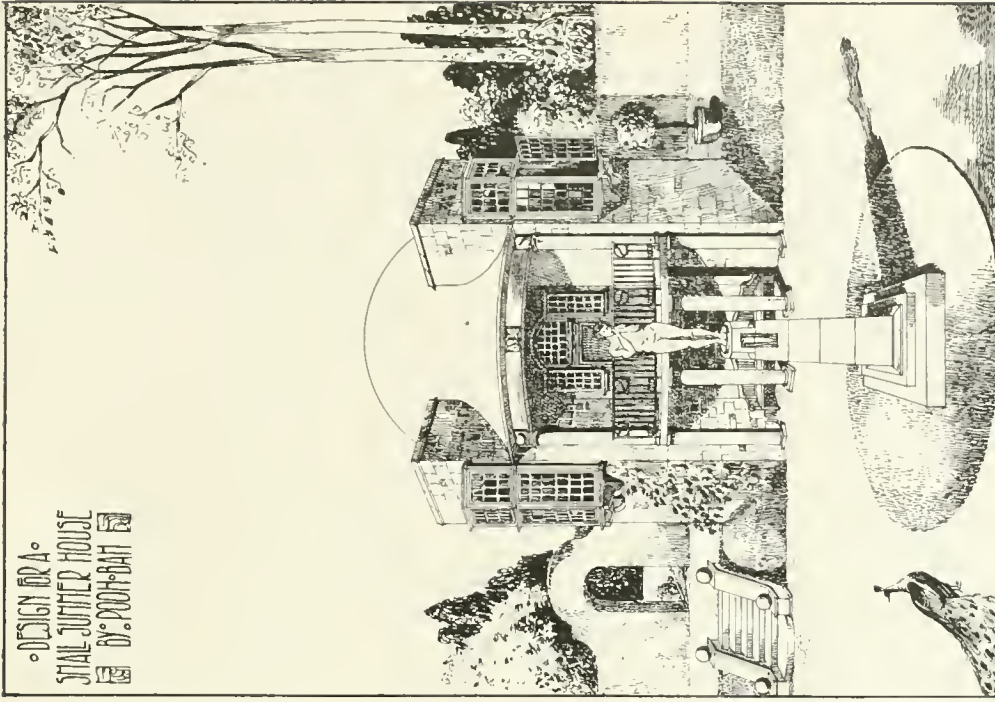
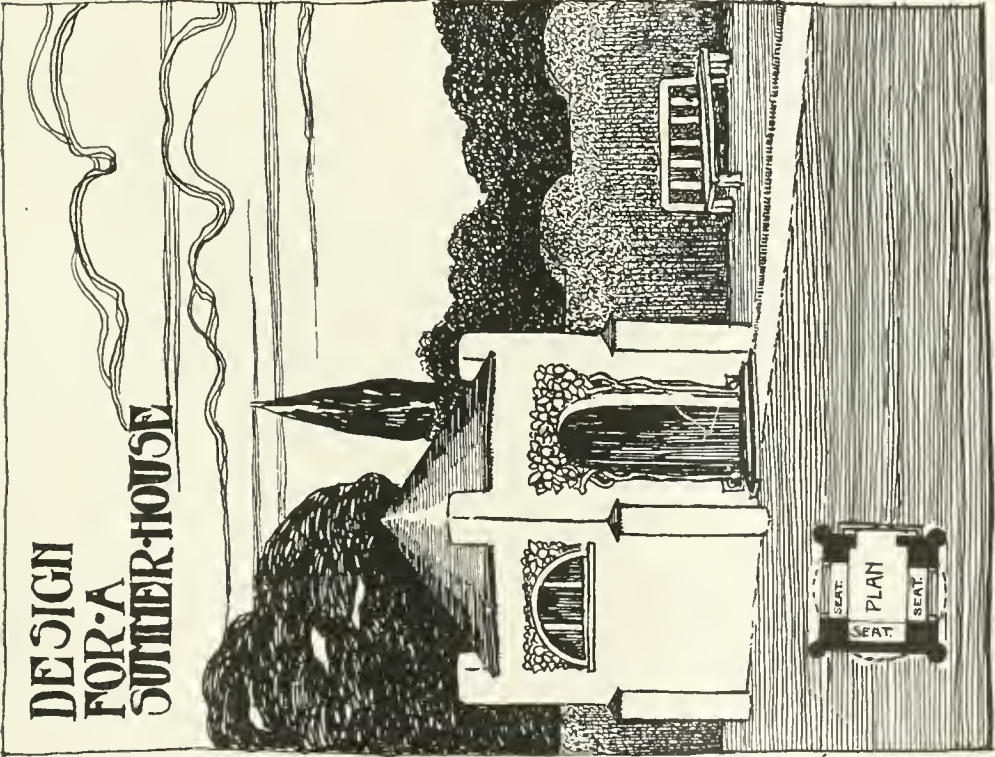
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "MAMARBASHI"



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "ONYX"



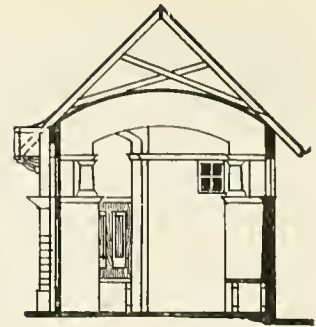
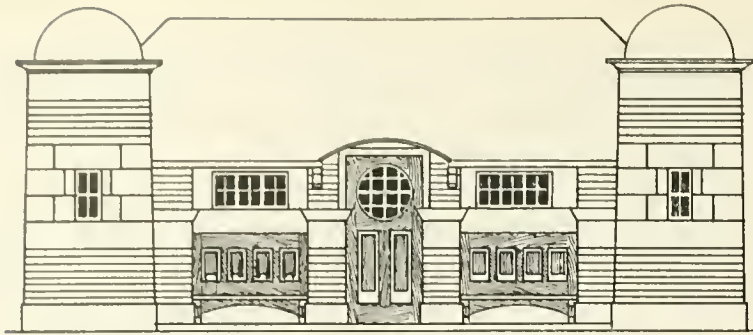
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "ART VOGLER"

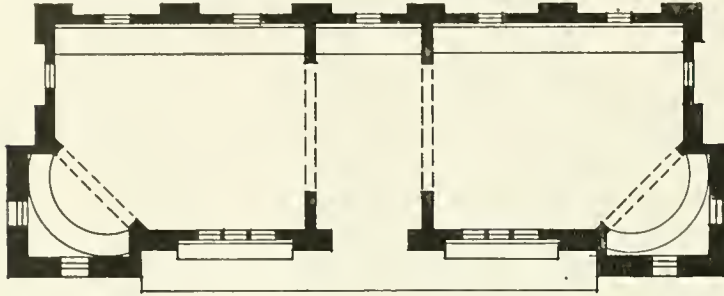
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "POOH-BAH"

Designs for Summer-Houses



SECTION

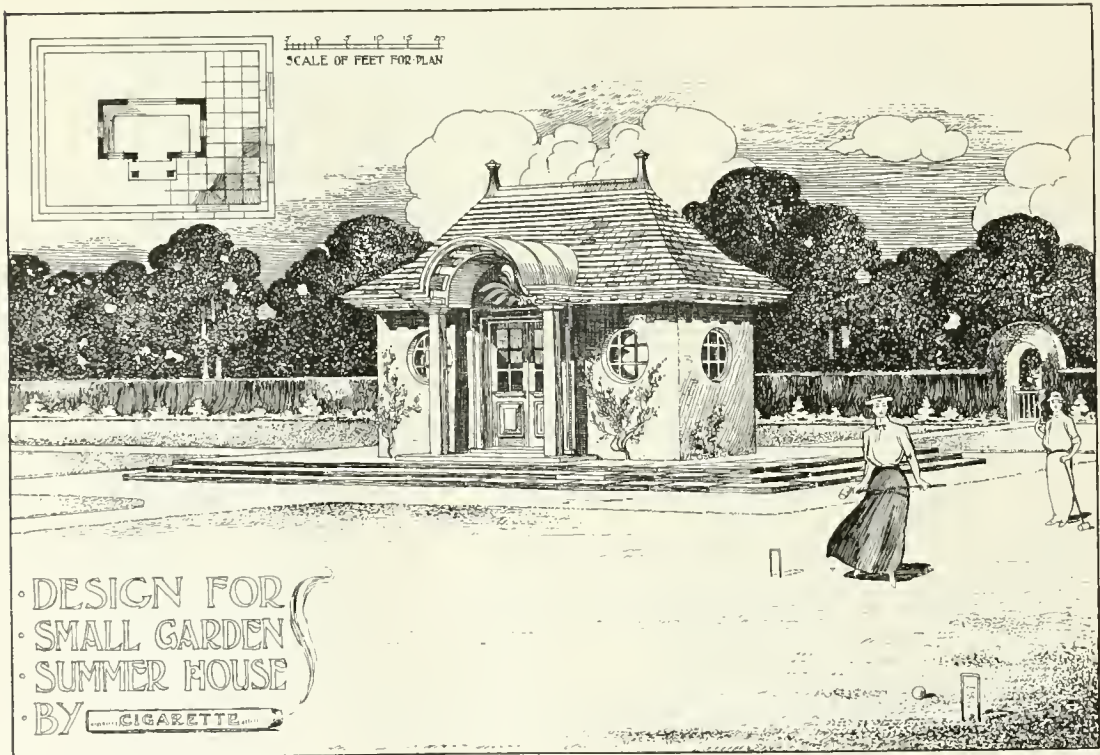


DESIGN FOR A
SUMMER HOUSE
BY YEO.

PLAN.

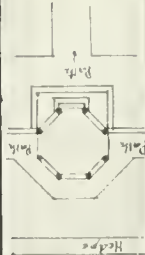
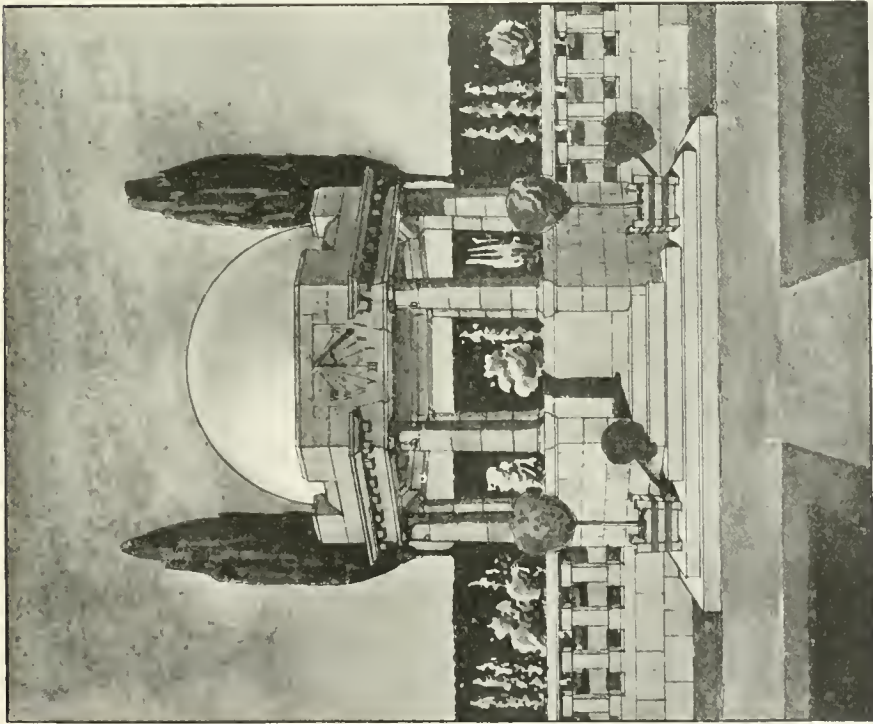
DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "YEO"



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "CIGARETTE"

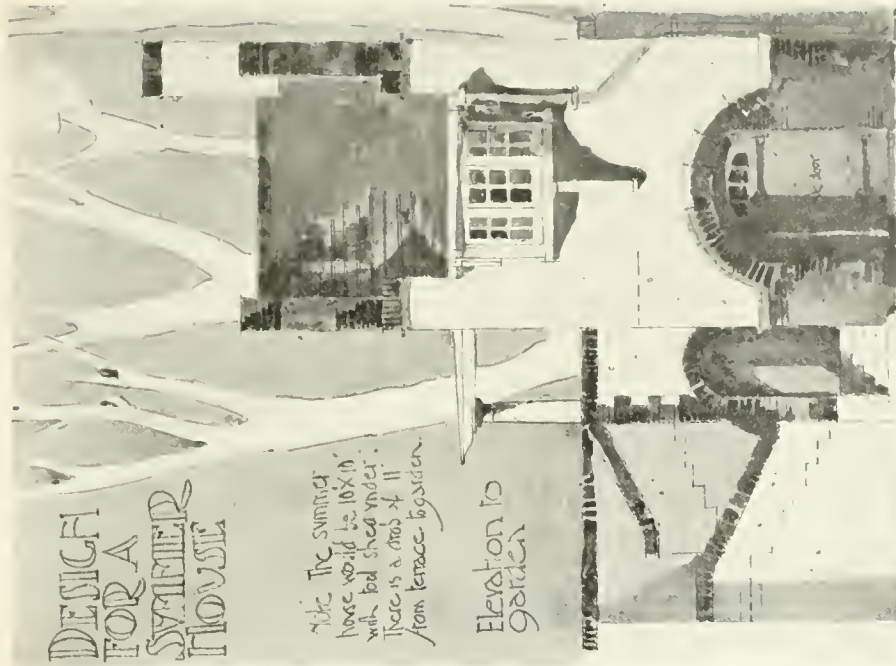


MATERIALS
Summer House in
Yellow Limestone
Dome formed in concrete &
covered with Oak Plaque

"TIATARDASHI"

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "MAMARASHI"



by [Signature]

July 1913

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER HOUSE

Note: The summer
house would be 10x11
with bed shed under.
There is a shed of 11'
from terrace to garden.

Elevation to
garden

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

BY "CHELSEA"

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON. The Art-Workers' Guild is to be heartily congratulated upon its election of so able and so individual an architect as Mr. C. Harrison Townsend to the post of Master for the present year, in succession to Mr. George Frampton, R.A. We have pleasure in giving a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Townsend recently painted by Mr. Alphaeus P. Cole.

In his portraiture—or rather in his brilliant portrait sketches—Mr. J. H. Bacon shows an uncommon sympathy for people of all ages and conditions. Most artists are bound by the limitations of their talents to but one class of portraits :

only a few are equally at their ease whether they represent women, men, or children. Mr. Bacon's skill as a sketcher of male portraits has been demonstrated several times in THE STUDIO; and that he is no less happy in his portrait-studies of children is proved by a charming sketch of his own daughter, here reproduced in colours.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is more than usually interesting. The collection which it presents of various types of artistic production is particularly well-balanced, and it cannot be reproached, like so many of its predecessors, with a want of figure work of good quality. Mr. Anning Bell's finely-designed and robustly-painted *Rosewater*, Mr. J. R. Weguelin's daintily-imagined *Captive Dryad*, Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's dignified and serious composition *The*

Three Daughters of Time, and Mr. J. Walter West's pretty fancy *The Silver Mirror*, are all memorable drawings; and there is a specially characteristic study, *A Woman Navy of Bavaria*, by Professor von Herkomer. The best of the landscapes are Sir E. A. Waterlow's graceful drawing *The Upland Road*, Mr. Robert Little's vigorous *Carsethorn*, Mr. J. W. North's pretty fantasy *The Golden Bough*, Mr. Lionel Smythe's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Mr. Albert Goodwin's *Lincoln and Venice*, and *The Salmon Leap* by Mr. Thorne Waite. Mr. Napier Hemy's *Bound for Brixham* is a sea piece of exceptional strength, without any touch of exaggeration; and Mr. R. W. Allan's coast subject, *The Ebbing Tide*, is a very good record of an effect of grey atmosphere. *The Reaper*, by Mr. G. Clausen, and some drawings by Mr. Crane, Mr. J. Walter West, and Mr. A. Rackham must not be forgotten.



PORTRAIT OF C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ESQ.

BY A. P. COLE

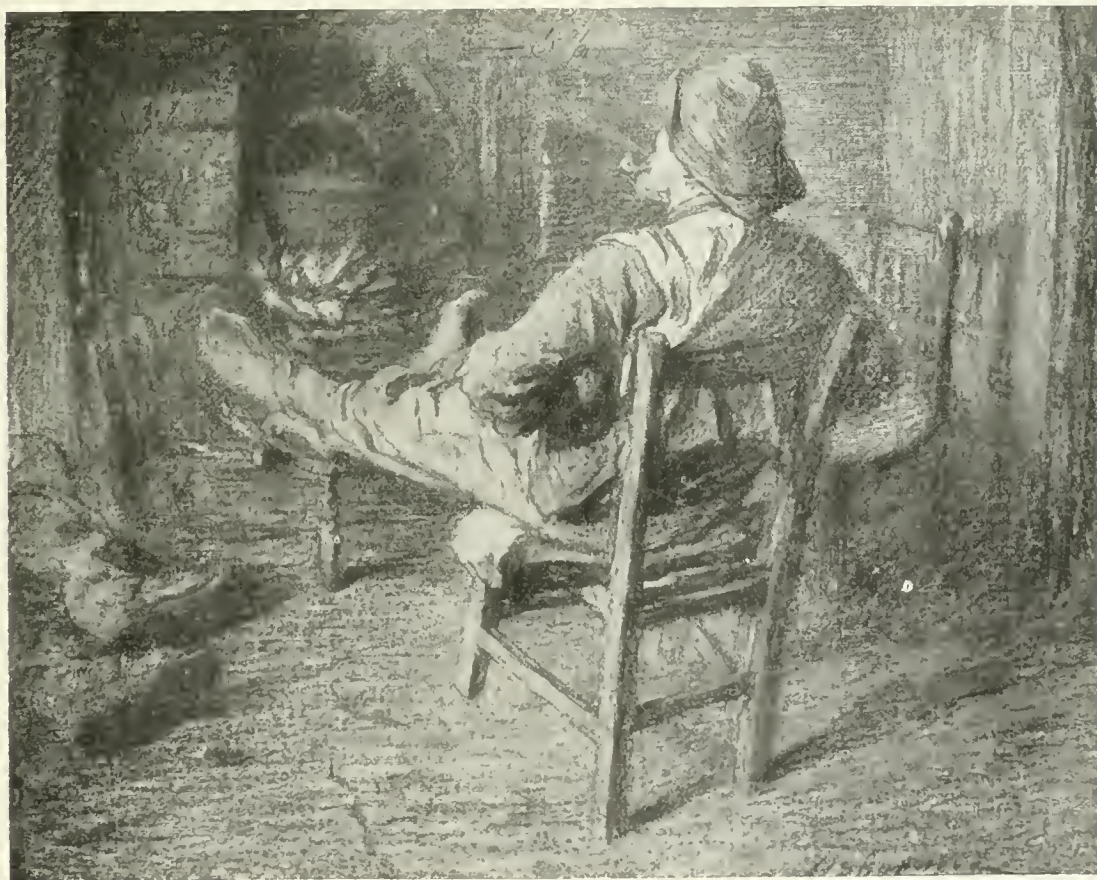


"PORTRAIT STUDY." FROM THE SKETCH IN OIL COLOURS BY J. H. BACON

The exhibitions of drawings and paintings by Mr. Bernard Partridge and of charcoal drawings by Mr. H. S. Hopwood, which were opened in the galleries of the Fine Art Society at the beginning of December, must be noted as possessing somewhat unusual features. Mr. Partridge is widely known as one of the cleverest of the artists on the staff of "Punch," and his cartoons and comic drawings have long enjoyed the greatest popularity. But he has had so far only occasional opportunities of proving that he is not less worthy of notice as a colourist than as a draughtsman; and it is because this exhibition gave him one of the best of these opportunities that it claims to be specially recorded. He showed in it a large series of the originals of his "Punch" drawings: but with these there were many charming pastels and water-colours, handled with delightful vivacity and marked by very attractive qualities of well-harmonised colour. Mr. Hopwood's drawings contrasted definitely with Mr. Partridge's dainty performances. Their rugged strength, and their expressive statement of effects

of tone, made them most persuasive: and the knowledge displayed in them of the capabilities of the medium could not be questioned. As illustrations of the value of a material which has been little used, except for slight sketches, by artists in this country, they made a show of real educational importance.

GLASGOW.—It is customary in Glasgow on the retirement of the Lord Provost from his three years' term of office for his portrait to be placed in the city collection, while a replica is presented to his lordship. On the last occasion the commission was given to Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A.: this time the *doyen* of Glasgow artists, Mr. Joseph Henderson, was selected, and has fully justified his choice. An official portrait may either be planned as a sumptuous work, in which robes and hoods and chains, and all the other pageantry of civic life, may be made the main features; or it may be treated simply and severely, and show the sitter as he was known to



"CONTENT"

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. HOPWOOD



"HIS ONLY LUXURY"
FROM A DRAWING
BY H. S. HOPWOOD

(See London Studio-Talk)

all his colleagues, and to the world at large : the man, and not his habiliments, being the feature of the canvas. In this case the latter course seemed best both to the artist and the sitter ; and so Lord Provost Chisholm elected not to be depicted in the uniform of the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Glasgow, but rather chose to stand as in the councils of the city, with his robes of office worn over his ordinary morning dress. In the portrait here reproduced (page 299) the pose is characteristic, the likeness is most excellent, and the expression of the face is finely caught ; for Mr. Henderson possesses to the full the faculty some portrait painters lack of making a portrait like the subject. The colour scheme of the whole work is sober, the ermine of the trimming repeating the high note of the Provost's white hair and beard, and contrasting with the quiet purple of the robes and the sombre black of the workaday garb beneath.

The exhibition of pictures of *Winter in Teneriffe*, by Mr. James Paterson, A.R.S.A., was of a remarkable character. Mr. Paterson is a painter of great technical skill. He is a colourist by instinct, but, more, he is an individualist. He is no imitator of other men's methods, nor is he content to see things from another painter's point of view ; and his Teneriffe drawings, while conveying to the beholder an excellent idea of the charm and beauty of that favoured spot, are no mere bald transcripts of scenery ; rather are they artistic creations, revealing much of the painter's mind.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. James Guthrie's selection as President of the Royal Scottish Academy has given the liveliest satisfaction wherever the needs and possibilities of the Academy are fully appreciated and Mr. Guthrie is known. He seems to possess all



"WHITBY JET WORKERS"

(See *London Studio-Talk*)

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. HOPWOOD

the qualities one hopes for in a president but does not expect to find combined in one man, and his election is a happy augury for the future of the institution which has honoured itself in electing him, and for the art of Scotland as a whole.

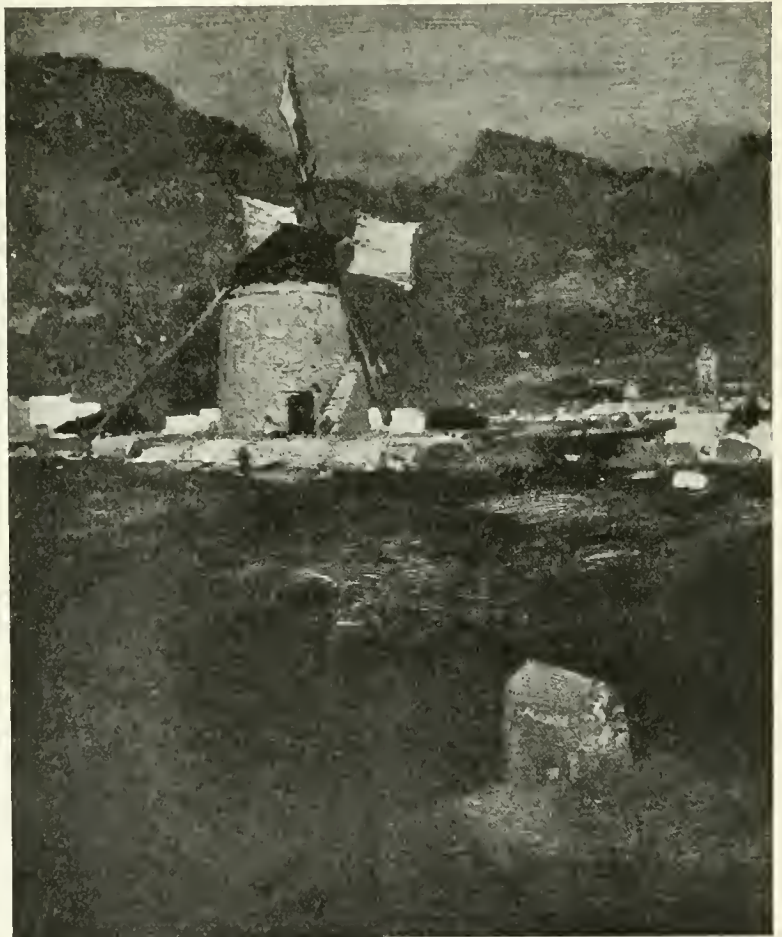
To say that the work of none of the younger Scottish artists excels that of Mr. Edwin Alexander is to give no indication of the individuality and beauty of his outlook and method. At a time when the general tone and tendencies of painting in Scotland have been influenced profoundly by the art of the leaders of the Glasgow group—whose work, if it is only now beginning to be recognised in London, has been accepted and acclaimed both in Scotland and abroad for more than a decade—Mr. Alexander, while not uninfluenced by the finer qualities of that movement, has not only maintained his independence, but has achieved a really distinguished personal style.

The forty-six water colours by this young artist which were on view at Messrs. Dott's gallery for some weeks in November and December, afforded an excellent opportunity for gauging the qualities of his art and the range of his achievement. Variety of subject was a notable feature. Not only were there drawings of the birds and animals usually associated with his name, but charming glimpses of landscape, sketches in the East, and studies of flowers, showed that his sympathies are quick in many directions. The most important drawings belonged to the first class, and were marked by great mastery of drawing and firm yet delicate handling. The Egyptian studies, again, though not the best he has done in that particular direction, expressed another side of the East and a far more intimate acquaintance with life in the desert

than the work of any contemporary; and the Scottish landscapes, especially a delicate vision of sheep feeding on a bare upland, and two or three twilights over ebb-tide sands, were no less personal. But probably the little drawings of wayside flowers, about which bees hum and butterflies flutter, were the best things in the show. In them he joins a daintiness of touch and a delicacy of colour spacing and design, quite Japanese in charm, to truth of structure and searching draughtsmanship.

To some these wonderful drawings may seem to be lacking in strength of tone and splendour of colour, but they have the rarer strength of delicacy: the tone is refined, the colour exquisite in its quiet and subtle harmony. In some cases, however, despite charm of drawing and colour, intensity of study seems to have been allowed undue prominence, to the loss of direct emotional appeal.

J. L. C.



"THE WINDMILL AT SANTA CRUZ"

BY JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.
(See *Glasgow Studio-Talk*)



"SAMUEL CHISHOLM, ESQ., LL.D."
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY
JOSEPH HENDERSON, R.S.W.

(See Glasgow Studio-Tall)

PARIS. The painter J. F. Raffaelli made some months ago a discovery which has been much discussed in the world of art. By a new process he has succeeded in making *solid oil colours*, which can be used in the form of a pencil, and produce effects as rich and firm as brush-work. I need not enlarge on the many advantages offered by this new mode of painting, or the practical results to be obtained : indeed, the exhibition got up by M. Raffaelli sufficiently proves the value of his discovery.

In the Durand-Ruel galleries we find collected about 70 works, all executed by well-known artists with the Raffaelli oil-pencil. It brings no new painter to the front, and it is noteworthy that in every style, and in every hand, the new practice gives equally satisfactory results, as far as the texture is concerned.

M. Raffaelli, as is but fair, is most largely represented. This painter, who records so delightfully the rather melancholy poetry of the environs of Paris, shows us some suburban road with a perspective of tall poplars, or some river bank bright with sunshine, or chill with



"BUTTERFLY"

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER, A.R.S.A.

(See *Edinburgh Studio-Talk*)



"PIGEONS"

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER, A.R.S.A.

(See *Edinburgh Studio-Talk*)

snow. His *House by the Water*, and *Village by the Water* are charming works; but his crowning achievement here is the *Demonstration in Front of Victor Hugo's House on his Eightieth Birthday*, painted by M. Raffaelli from sketches made for the Victor Hugo Museum. M. Besnard has also tried these oil-colour pencils. His *Portrait of a Young Man* strikes us as over strong in the effects, but the painter's full mastery is seen in *La Source*, where, against a background of verdure, we have a graceful female figure stooping to draw water : the light falls



"DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF VICTOR
HUGO'S HOUSE ON HIS EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY" BY J. F. RAFFAELLI

tenderly on the figure. Another colourist, Jules Cheret, exhibits two female studies, one in yellow the other in pink, rendered with the grace, the sparkling incisiveness which show Cheret to be the successor of the French artists of the eighteenth century.

Thaulow's manner again expresses itself readily by the new method. In fact, next to M. Raffaelli, he is, I think, the artist who has best succeeded with it; its chief use, no doubt, will be in landscape painting. His *Le Canal Saint-Martin* (belonging to M. Montaignac) is one of his finest works. Among other interesting examples we must mention a *Woman's Head*, by M. Prouvé, treated with the breadth in which this capital decorative painter excels; some good *Flowers* by M. Mangeant; the very truthful sketches by M. Steinlen; a *Morning Effect* by M. Wahlberg, another clever Scandinavian artist; and four pictures by M. Hollebeke, who there shows himself a good colourist. M. Louis Legrand, on the contrary, does not make goods

progress; his picture, *The Fan*, is heavy and unpleasant.

The American Art Association, which includes many English as well as American artists, has opened in its rooms, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, a small exhibition in anticipation of a more important show at a later date. I noted there some glowing "impressions" of *Venice*, by Mr. Faulkner; some portraits by Mr. Comyns and by Mr. George Aid, who also exhibits some engravings; landscapes and marine pictures by Mr. Lionel Walden and Mr. Gibon; some etchings by Mr. McLaughlan, and a very fine portrait by Mr. Garrido, a colourist, and one of the keenest students of character who exhibit at the National Society of Fine Art. Mr. Bartlett sends an elegant and spirited head in sculpture.

In the Silberberg rooms, Rue Taitbout, a young artist, M. Caro-Delvaile, for whom I have ere now predicted a brilliant career, has a little exhibition of



"LE CANAL ST. MARTIN"

(By permission of M. Montaignac)

BY FRITZ THAULOW



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very remarkable works, on which I have not space to dwell more particularly to-day, to my regret, for his gifts of insight and execution combine to admirable effect.

H. F.

BERLIN.—The season of the Berlin Salons opened with good average shows, but without any particular artistic features. Schulte's Salon was filled with pictures by Swedish painters. There was, besides, a decidedly striking portrait by Ernst von Flotow-Grëessow, a young German artist (a pupil of Carl Marr), who appears likely to follow a line of his own. His portrait of a Russian gentleman betrays a resolute hand in grappling with his subject, as well as original powers of observation. At Cassirer's we have had some work by Josef Israëls and a number of exquisite examples of Japanese applied art. At Keller and Reiners' we have had a painted reproduction of a room fitted by Melchior Lechter at Cologne—one

more of that artist's attempts to put into colour Wagner's music. Interesting and decidedly original as they may be, to the genuine lover of Wagner they appear somewhat weak, notwithstanding the unconventional effects obtained by the artist in his composition of groups of figures. Somehow it would seem as if there was less backbone in Lechter than in Wagner. Lechter's work subsequently made room for Klinger's *Beethoven*, the work that has aroused many differences of opinion amongst critics in Austria and Germany. As always with Klinger, the giant, there is a conflict of Klinger the philosopher and Klinger the artist. Then, again, the artist in him is half-sculptor, half-painter.

The artistic presentation of any complex conception such as this will always show some parts that to the superficial art amateur appears merely "ugly." This, perhaps, is the reason of the divided feeling of the public concerning the *Beethoven*.
L. H.



"LA SOURCE"

BY A. BESNARD

MUNICH.—An exhibition is now open in the Print-room of the Old Pinakothek, of the works of Emil Lugo. This artist, who was born near Konstanz, in Baden, died on the 4th of June last. He was one of the originators of the "Secession" in Munich, though his training, under Schirmer and Preller, a yet older man, would have led us to expect of him anything rather than an ultra-modern development. And, in fact, Lugo never adopted the fashion in art set by the Secessionists; he always went quietly on in his own way, and finally reached a stage much akin to that where Thoma has taken his stand. Landscape was the principal object of his study. Whenever he introduced figures into his primæval forests or solitary country scenes, or tried to suggest the poetic affinities of man and nature, not only was he far inferior to Thoma, but he did not come up to his own artistic standard. This exhibition gives an interesting view of his development; shows that he gradually advanced from laborious transcripts of nature to full mastery of natural form; and, after evident striving



"A LADY IN ROSE"

BY JULES CHÉRET

(See *Paris Studio-Talk*)

for pictorial effects, acquired a style of landscape-drawing full of genuine individuality. E. E.

VIENNA.—The "Manes" Exhibition, which the "Hagenbund" has recently given, affords us the opportunity of judging of the work of the youngest Czech society of artists, who have done well in calling themselves "Manes," after the celebrated Bohemian artist Manes, who died some thirty years ago but whose works still live in his native city, Prague.

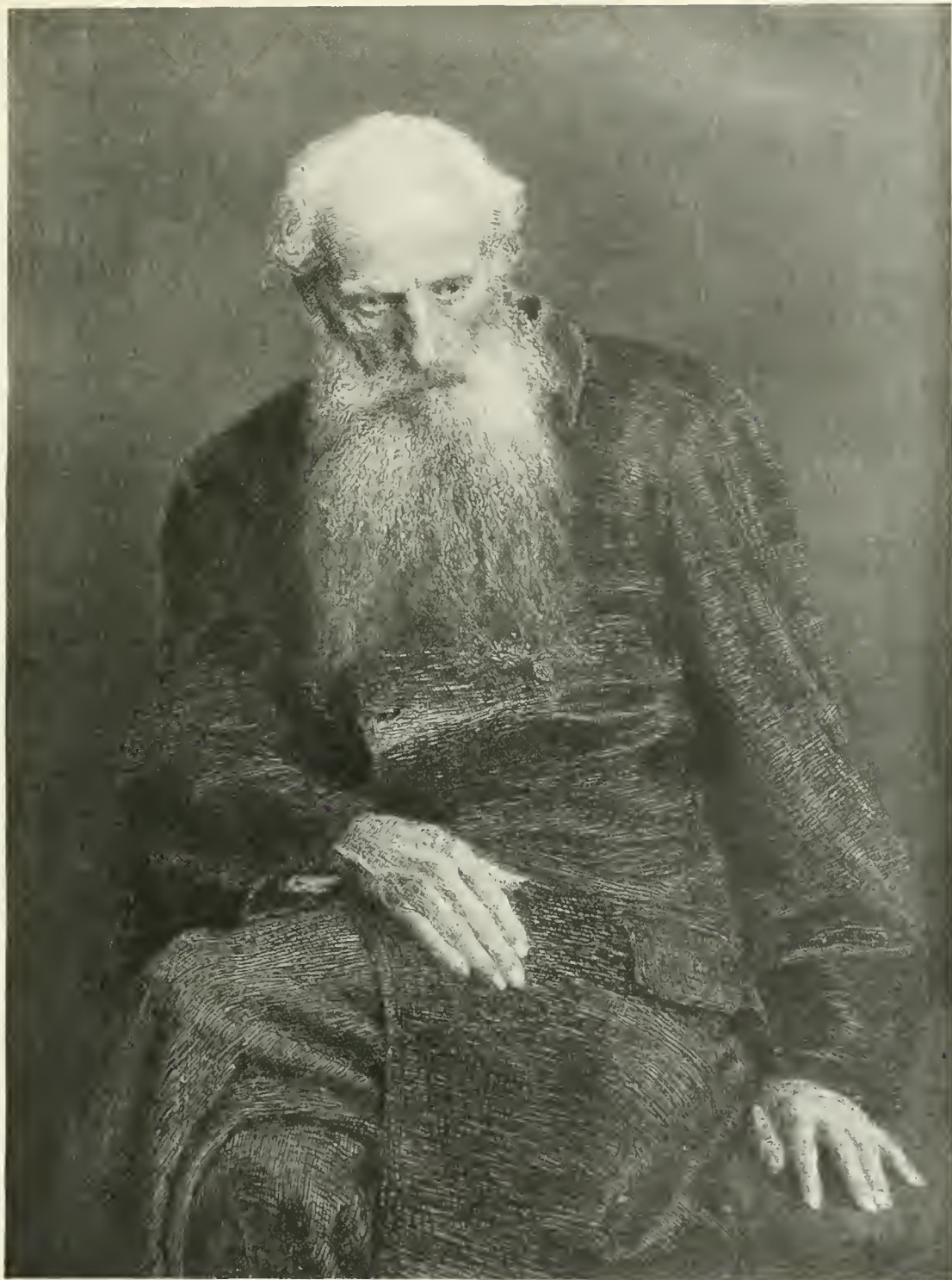
Among the many portraits exhibited, those by Max Svabinsky, by their vigour, freshness, and

truth, and by the thought and originality of technique they display, place him in the foremost rank of portrait delineators. He does not work with the brush, but with the pen, and when his drawing is finished he just touches it with water-colours. Among the artist's best work is the *Portrait of an Old Man*, here reproduced; a sketch of the artist's wife sitting on a sofa; and the life-size half-length picture of a woman dressed in a Scotch plaid gown. When Rodin lately held his exhibition in Prague the Manes Society brought out a special work in his honour, the dedication page being



"BIT OF OLD PRAGUE"

BY Z. BRAUNEROVA



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN
BY MAX SVABINSKY

done by Max Svabinsky. It represents Rodin in his favourite attitude, hand in beard, and is a masterpiece of Svabinsky's art.

Jan Preissler, Prague, is not what one could strictly call "national" in his work, though his *Sunburnt Boy* and the *Fairy Princess* show us that he is full of the poetic phantasy of his native country. Victor Stretti's etchings show great promise and much talent, and Z. Braunerova exhibits a fine *Bit of Old Prague*. Antonin Slavicek and Antonin Hudecek, both of Prague, have sent many examples of their art, lovely bits of colour. Slavicek favours bright tones, poppies, sunflowers, cornflowers, etc., while Hudecek chooses soft tones—his *Evening on the Sea*, with its sea-greens and blues rippling into one another, gives us a delightful sensation of the sea on a calm evening. Slavicek's *Night* and *A Rainy Evening* are amongst the best of this artist's work.

Joza Uprka's (Knezdub) *Virgin* is national in character, the face being of Slavonic type. A crowd of country folk surround the image of the Virgin; they are dressed in the brightest of colours, such costumes as one sees in Moravia, worn by the peasants. These the artist has lovingly dwelt upon, and he has repeated the tints with fineness and delicacy. Frantisek Kupka, who is now living in Paris, has sent some admirable etchings and coloured drawings.

There are many other promising members of "Manes," among them three sculptors, Frantisek Bilck (Chynov), Stanislav Sucharda (Prague), and Bohumil Kafka (Prague).

Franz Simon's (Prague) *In der Loge* shows great promise; Jan Honza (Bestovice) gives us some fine cloud effects, while Rudolf Bém has some good portraits done in pencil and chalks.

A. S. L.

SWITZERLAND.—Those who desire to familiarise themselves with some of the best work which has been accomplished in etching and engraving by living artists of Swiss-German origin will not fail to turn to the achievements of Balmer and Welti. Possessing in common the depth of feeling of the Swiss-German nature, these two artists are in other respects widely different—the former positive and



"QUARTIER LATIN, PARIS"

BY VICTOR STRETTI



(See Switzerland Studio-Talk)

FROM AN ETCHING
BY W. BALMER



DECORATIVE PANEL

FROM AN ETCHING BY W. BALMER

direct, not, however, without a fund of imaginative invention, apparent in such decorative panels as the one here reproduced; the latter allegorical, philosophical, as enamoured of the idea as of its artistic expression; and each of them aiming at the transcription of his *sense* of things and of life. Perhaps since Stauffer no modern Swiss etcher, in dealing with the portrait, has employed the etching needle with more sensitive sureness and vital effect than Balmer.

Basel has had the honour of giving to the world several of the most distinguished modern Swiss artists, amongst them Boecklin and Sandreuter. Balmer also hails from Basel, where he began his studies, devoting himself at first to architecture. Soon, however, his predilection for painting made itself felt, and he betook himself to Munich. After this he travelled in Italy, France, England and Holland, spending one winter in Rome and another in Paris. It was to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters that he was drawn more than to any others, and these he studied with ardour and enthusiasm. But he shrank from the risk the specialist runs of losing himself in the mere virtuoso. His aim has ever been to bring to the subject-matter of art an untrammelled individuality, to see with his own eyes, and to give as adequate an utterance as possible to his own artistic sense of things. His achievements as an etcher are a precious contribution to this branch of art in Switzerland.

The project for a monument in honour of Frederic Amiel, which the Swiss sculptor Mr. de Niederhausen exhibited a short time ago in Geneva, is worthy of special mention. This small rough model is of rare beauty and simplicity, and reveals a development in the sculptor's talent. It symbolizes the popular song "Roulez, Tambour," which was composed by the Genevese philosopher in a moment of patriotic emotion. The monumental value of the central figure is at once apparent. Flying, as it were, against a rugged mountainous background, a woman-warrior bears the Swiss flag, the folds of which are floating in

the breeze. The beauty of this figure and of its gesture, and the life and movement the sculptor has put into it, are admirable. At the summit of the monument the frontier of Switzerland is indicated by a rugged bounding-line. On the opposite side of the model is the figure of a drummer-boy, who is beating the call to arms. The whole work, which is at once expressive and decorative in conception, seems to soar from the calm block on which it reposes, and strikes us as an admirable symbolic expression of that inspiration which seized upon the pensive author of the *Journal Intime*, and made him for a moment the living voice of patriotic feeling.

R. M.

REVIEWS.

Pintoricchio. By CORRADO RICCI. Translated from the Italian by FLORENCE SIMMONDS. (London: Heinemann.) £5 5s. net.—It appears to have been reserved to the twentieth century to dispel the general ignorance with regard to the beauty and significance of the work of Bernardino di Betto of Perugia, or, as he is generally called, Pintoricchio. Although he was, of course, fully appreciated from the first by his fellow artists, he has suffered, as did so many others, from the fact that he was the contemporary of the great galaxy of Italian masters who in the fifteenth century brought painting to such perfection in Italy. Pintoricchio's work in the Sistine Chapel would have received more attention if it had not been brought into direct contrast with that of such a mighty genius as Raphael, and had his fine frescoes in the Appartamenti Borgia been the only mural decorations of the kind in the Vatican they would have been universally recognised as the masterpieces they undoubtedly are. A little volume published a year ago by Messrs. Bell did something towards giving the neglected artist his true place, and paved the way, as it were, for the sumptuous publication just issued by Mr. Heinemann, the illustrations of which are admirable. The photogravures are the most successful, but the coloured plates render satisfactorily the delicate and subdued tones of the originals, bringing out the dryness of the plaster ground, and the crisp

freshness of the fresco work on it, so unlike the soft liquidity of oil painting. It is a pity, in view of the great success of the illustrations, that the translation should be wanting in style: such expressions as "square on plan," "trecentist modesty," "impudent benches," "first decorations of rooms" (instead of early mural decorations), are but a few of many far from happy renderings of Italian idiom. Moreover, there is a want of uniformity in spelling: the patron Saint of Siena, for instance, appearing sometimes as St. Bernard, sometimes as St. Bernardine, and occasionally as S. Bernardino.

Rariora: Notes of some of the Printed Books, Manuscripts, Historical Documents, Medals, Engravings, Pottery, &c. &c., collected, 1858-1900, by JOHN ELIOT HODGKIN, F.S.A. Three vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) £5 5s. net.—It is quite impossible within the scope of a review to do anything like justice to this remarkable work, certainly one of the most noteworthy ever issued from the modern press. It is not only an admirably lucid and eloquent account of a unique collection of rare and valuable relics of the past; a scholarly record of the work of forty years, bearing on every page the impress of an acute and cultured intellect; it is a revelation of a deeply interesting personality of one who would gladly share with all the world the results of his own toil. Although Mr. Hodgkin is a collector in the best sense of the term, able to discriminate between the true and the false value of the rare and the old, he is something far more than that. He realises, as few of the brotherhood have done, that a man's wealth does not consist in the abundance of his possessions, but in his power of appreciating beauty and adding to the happiness of others. The motto of his book is *Sibi et Amicis*, and in it he sounds the keynote of his character. He longs, he says, to afford to his readers "some share however slight in the enjoyment which has soothed many a weary moment of his own life and added brightness to many a happy hour." He dwells on what he calls "the insidious, the enthralling, indomitable joy of collecting, which can tinge with its rosy glow the hill-tops at least of existence, if it may not suffice to chase from its gloomy valleys the spectres of disappointment, sorrow and regret. . . . To a true member of the Guild of Collectors," he adds, "the greatest concern will be with the proper *present* use of what he has won with his sword and his bow, rather than with that which shall happen to them when his sun shall have set for ever."

Each of the three volumes of this costly publica-

tion is complete in itself, with its own index or indices, proving how well its author knows how to economise the time of the student, though he is so generous with his own. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give even a summary of the contents of these three wonderful volumes, which should be in the hands of everyone desiring reliable information concerning the subjects dealt with.

Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with other contemporary Saints. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. (London: George Bell & Sons, 1902.) Price 14s net.—This volume is far removed from a mere compilation or from a picture-book with appropriate explanatory letter-press. It is an elaborate and discriminating study of a great and fascinating subject. The enthusiasm of the author is evident in almost every paragraph, but her enthusiasm is always kept in check by her critical sense. To those who in ancient days depicted the lives and legends of the Hermits and Fathers of the Church the subject-matter was undoubtedly of immense importance, and we think that Mrs. Bell does wisely to devote much of her space to the elucidation of that subject-matter. Even to a man who cares little for the graphic and plastic arts her pages will be found curiously interesting. She brings before us an age when men of acute intellect believed in events the most startlingly improbable without a suspicion of incredulity. We are shown the dawn and growth of scepticism, and the rise and fall in the estimation in which particular hermits, saints and fathers were held. Mrs. Bell, of course, discusses the work of the old masters at great length, but she brings her survey down to our own times. Thus, among the illustrations, we find reproductions of *The Martyrdom of St. Dorothea*, by Burne-Jones; *The Dedication of St. Geneviève*, by Puvis de Chavannes; and *St. Jerome in the Desert*, by Lord Leighton. Modern frescoes in French churches and stained-glass windows in English cathedrals are also referred to in the text, while the sculptures of mediæval churches—English and Continental—are not overlooked. For the most part the paintings are well reproduced, especially when we consider the difficulties with which, in many cases, the publishers were confronted. The book is beautifully printed, and the white linen cover, with a charming design in crimson and gold, is in very good taste.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited by SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, ARTHUR T. HADLEY, LL.D., and HUGH CHISHOLM, B.A. Vols.

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

XIX. and XX. (London : Adam and Charles Black, and *The Times*.)—These two volumes (the fifth and sixth of the new issue), which carry the work from GLA to MOR, contain a great deal of interest to all concerned with the Fine and Applied Arts. Mr. Harry J. Powell contributes a lucid and instructive article on Glass; Mr. Lewis F. Day brings the history of Stained Glass down to the present day; Mr. Austin Dobson writes delightfully of Hogarth; Mr. F. G. Stephens analyses the art of Frank Holl; Illustration receives attention from Mr. Laurence Housman; Mr. E. F. Strange deals with Japanese Lacquer and Illustrated Books, and the technical developments of illustration. Informing articles on Lord Leighton, Holman Hunt and Sir J. E. Millais are from the pen of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; Mr. D. S. MacColl brings the force of careful study to bear upon Impressionism, in an article which should do much to dissipate the all-too-prevalent ignorance of the subject. Captain F. Brinkley writes on the Applied Arts of Japan, and an article on the General Pictorial Art of that country is from the pen of the late Professor W. Anderson. Mr. Starkie Gardner is responsible for an extremely valuable contribution on the subject of Metal Work; and other items of interest include articles on "Jewellery," by M. H. Spielmann and Léonce Bénédict; "Lace," by Alan S. Cole; and "Cecil Lawson," by Laurence Binyon. There are also articles on Alphonse Legros, Franz von Lenbach, Josef Israëls, Kyôsei and Charles Keene. The illustrations are numerous and well produced.

Companion to English History (Middle Ages). Edited by F. PIERREFONT BARNARD, M.A., F.S.A. (Oxford : Clarendon Press.)—The Mediæval period of English history affords diverse material of a peculiarly fascinating interest to students. The twelve sections into which this volume is divided are devoted severally to Ecclesiastical, Domestic, and Military Architecture; Costume, Heraldry, Shipping, Town Life, Country Life, Monasticism, Trade and Commerce, Learning and Education, and to Art. Without any attempt to treat exhaustively upon these subjects, the writers of each section have succeeded in bringing together much useful material in a readable form. The volume is well illustrated, and it contains a glossary of terms and an index.

Our Antediluvian Ancestors. By F. OPPER. With fifty illustrations. (London : C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.) Price 7s. 6d.—Mr. Opper, the author and illustrator of this highly diverting book, has based his philosophy on a conviction that, in that

dim and distant time which we call Prehistoric, the ordinary man's mind worked as it works to-day, and was occupied with the same interests, desires and emotions. This belief he embodies in a number of amusing pictures of sayings and doings of "Our Antediluvian Ancestors" which will be heartily welcomed by everyone who can enjoy genuine fun and satire on the lines of Mr. E. T. Reed's "Prehistoric Peeps."

Too late for notice in the December number we received from Messrs. Hills & Co. a parcel of Christmas and New Year's cards, which display a laudable and successful attempt to break away from old methods.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(A XXXIII.)

DESIGN FOR A LACE DRESS YOKE.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*) has been awarded to *Beta* (Amelia B. Wright, Oakdene, Horsforth, Leeds).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) to *Squib* (Emily Draper, 26 Grosvenor Road, Rathmines, Dublin).

Honourable Mention : — *Keith* (Mary J. M. Skues); *Louise* (May L. Buxton); *Boreen* (G. A. E. Mackinlay); *N. E. R.* (H. Bellamy); *Emac* (Ethel Campbell); *Owl* (Maud C. Fisher); *Pearl Maiden* (Margaret Anstey); *Nora Kildare* (Nora G. Evers-Swindell); *Ivo* (May Groves); *Maimie* (Mary G. Simpson); *Derby* (Miss Shakespeare); *Ryna* (Lydia Hammett); *Swallow* (Miss Ekoniter); *Anno Domini* (Annie Dobby); *Artifex* (T. C. C. Mackie); *Mohawk* (Beatrice Large); *The Gollywog* (Lottie R. Whitehead); *Jumbo* (Alice Scott); *Jabberwok* (Mabel Highatt); *Joe* (Josephine Telford); *Karâte* (Emmeline Everitt); *Milton* (Miss Harty); *Scarab* (Miss Carruthers Gould); *Twigs* (Edith Osborne); *Defiance* (L. C. Collier); *Despair* (Jessie Russell); *Flora* (V. E. Benoit); *Gargoyle* (Phyllis G. Sachs); and *Kat* (Kathleen M. Madden).

(B XXIV.)

DESIGN FOR AN END PAPER.

The awards will be made known next month.

(C XXV.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Wharfdale* (W. C. Crofts, 9 Northwick Terrace, Cheltenham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) by *Peterman* (J. Jacobs, rue des Bogards 83, Louvain, Belgium).

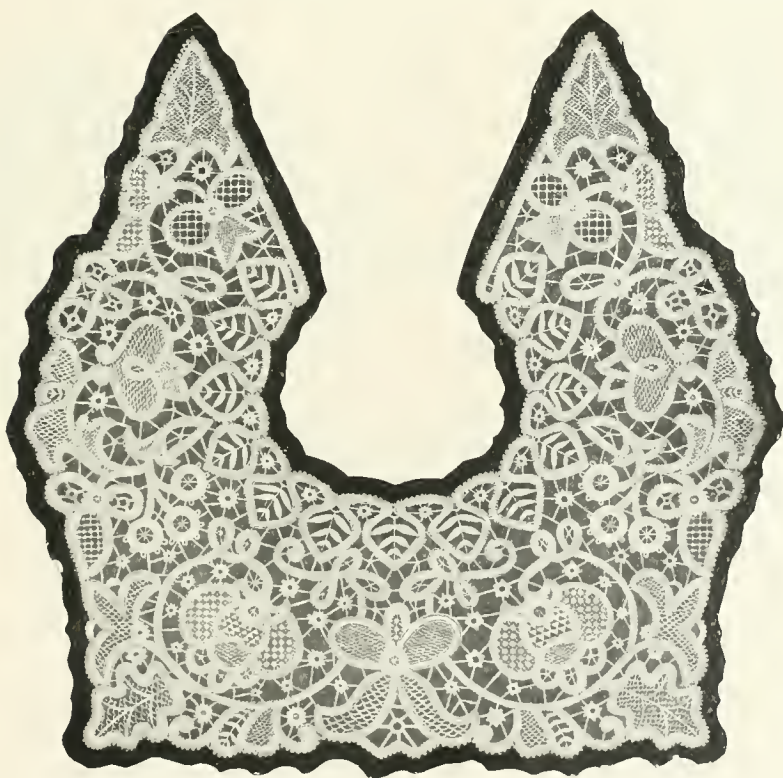
Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A XXXIII)

(In Carrickmacross Appliqué Lace)

"BETA"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Braid Lace)

"SQUIB"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

"KEITH"

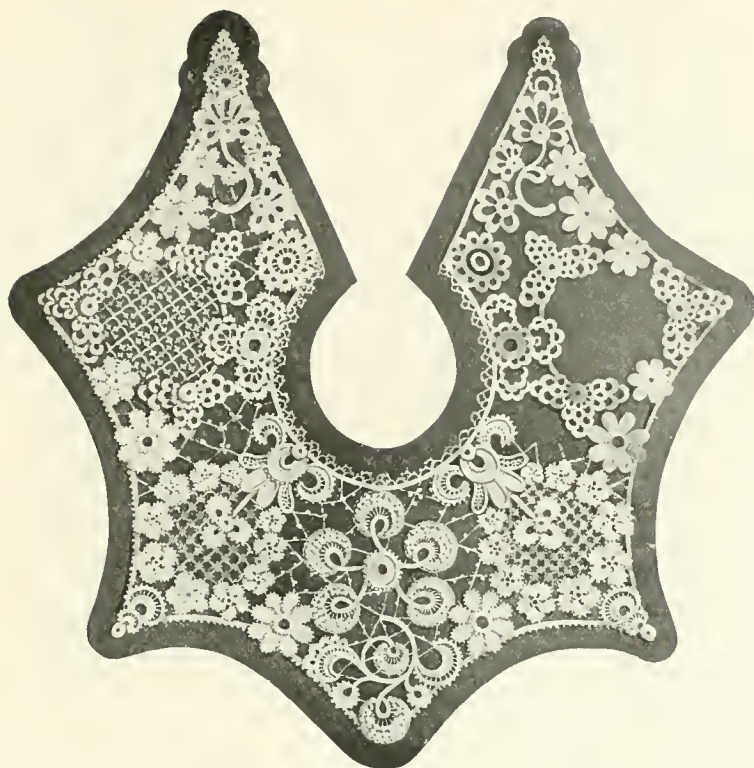


HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Cut Linen and Embroidery)

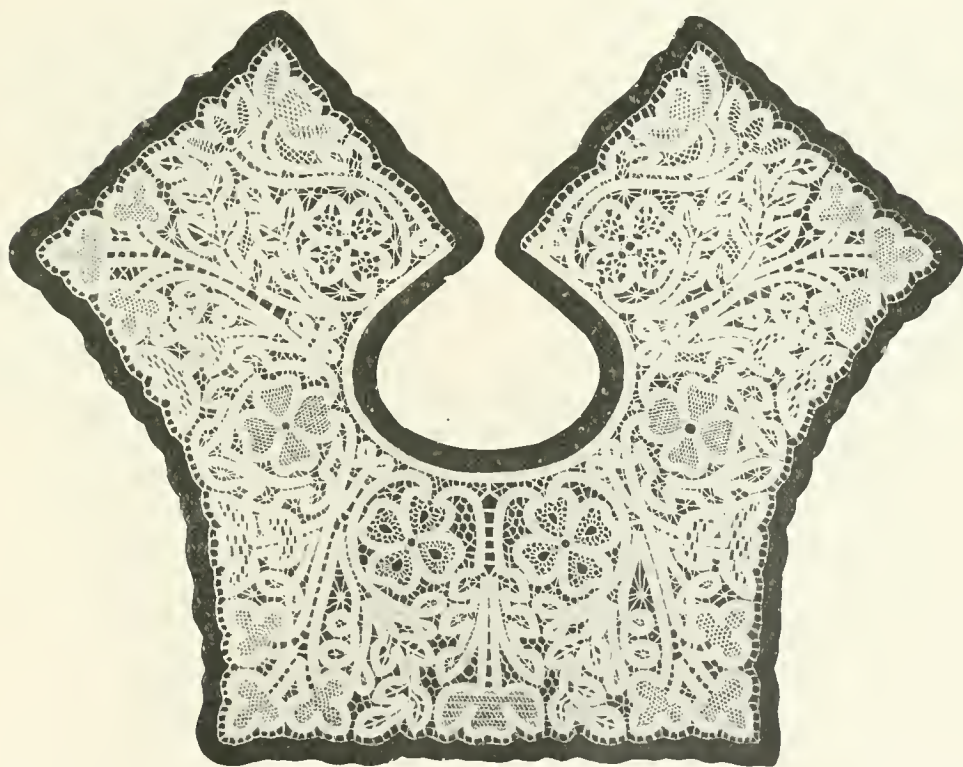
"LOUISE"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

"DOREEN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Point Lace)

"N. E. R."

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

"M 28."

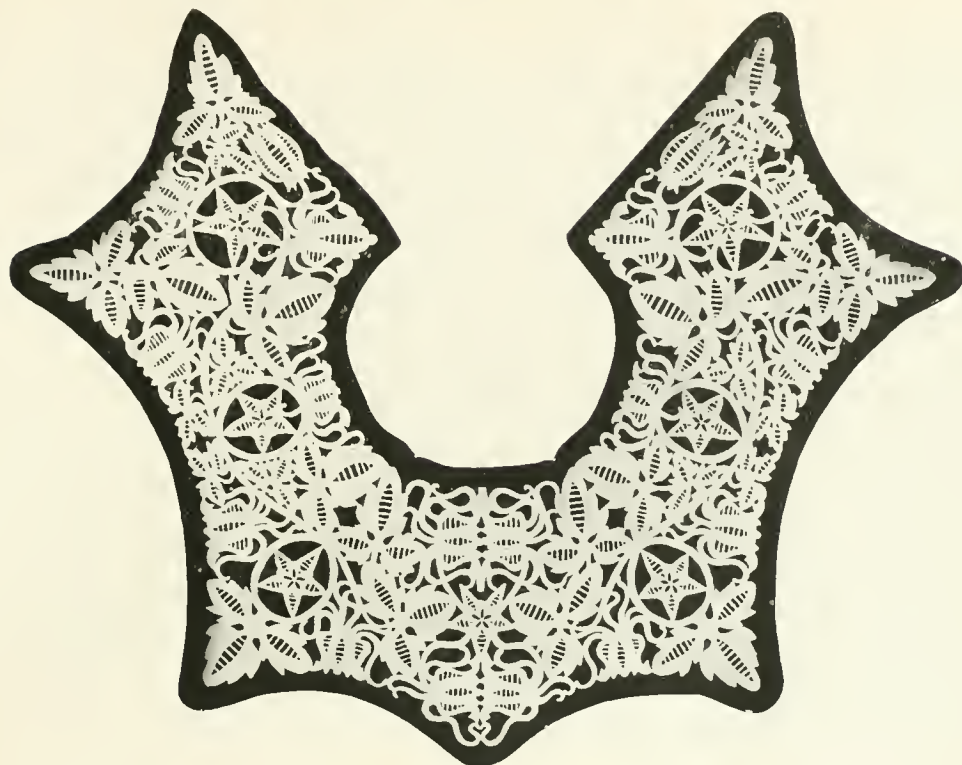


HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Carrickmacross Appliqué Lace)

"OWL."

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Appliqué Lace)

"PEARL MAIDEN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Irish Appliqué and Gilture)

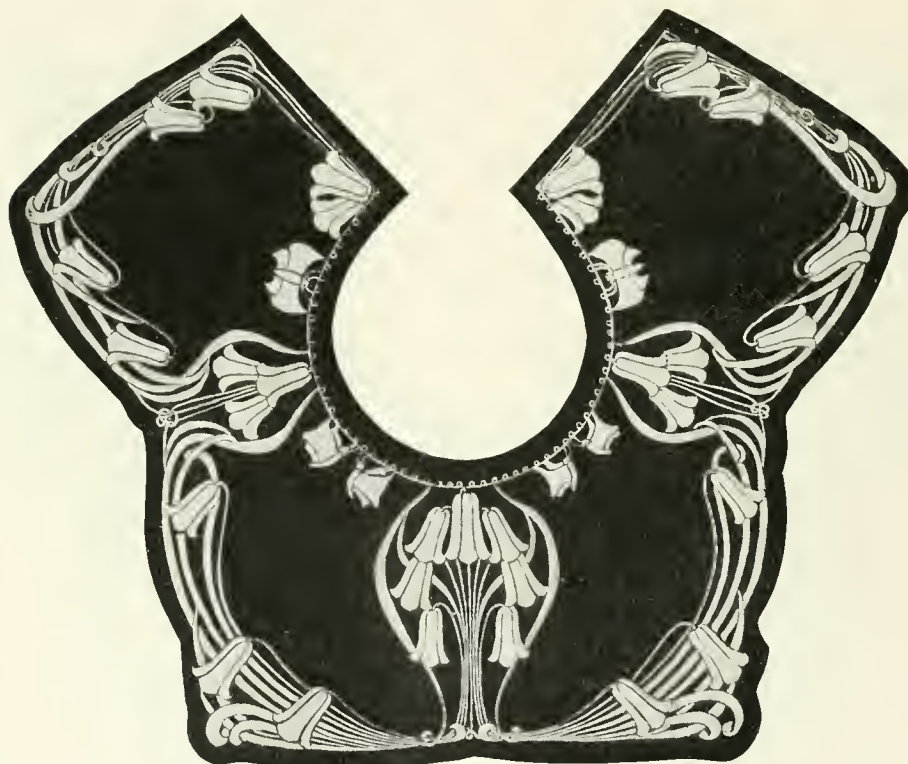
"NORA KILDARE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(Isle of Wight Lace)

"IVO"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XXXIII)

(In Carrickmacross)

"MAIMIE"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XXV)

"WHARFEDALE"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XXV)

"PETERMAN"

THE LAY FIGURE: NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"THE 1st of January is everybody's birthday," said the Reviewer, thoughtfully. "Not only do we date our time from it, but on that one day all the nations of the civilised world have generous thoughts in common. All alike think with tenderness of the bereavements which fell to their lot in the last year; and all alike make good resolutions for the future. It is a day of truce—a day even of universal romance, for does not everyone feel that the 1st of January may be the beginning of something better in his own character or conduct? We speak of the Adam and Eve in human nature. Well, on the first day of the New Year they celebrate the anniversary of their wedding-day, and renew their youth with large hopes chastened with sadness and regret. It was a thought akin to this that caused Charles Lamb to speak of New Year's Day as the nativity of our common Adam."

"Yes," muttered the Journalist, "there's truth in what you suggest, the 1st of January has a transcendentalism of its own in the curious exaltation of mind that comes to all of us when the joy-bells ring it in at midnight. Without the least feeling of immodesty I could write a fine epitaph for myself of New Year's Day—a self in many respects unlike the familiar *ego* that lives in my thoughts and actions during the rest of the year. It is a visitor that comes unbidden and never outstays its welcome. Perhaps one may call it the Genius of Progress, for it would not come to me if I were utterly broken or degraded by the war of life. There is a universal charity in the minds of men on the 1st of January."

"And it is of inestimable value," said the Critic, "even when looked at from the least ideal standpoint. New Year's Day is a blessing when considered merely as a holiday; it rests the mind, warms the heart, and helps us to look at past events in a detached frame of mind—a necessary thing very hard to do at the present time, when even the so-called hours of leisure are frequently hours of labour in the quest of money. Pressed in this way by never-ending work, we get down at heel in spirit, and are apt to regard every set-back as a defeat. The arts decline with our hopes—and then revive with them on New Year's Day!"

"You don't overstate the case," the Reviewer replied, laughing. "In the autumn I was inclined to believe that the revival of the crafts had spent

its force, and that art was becoming once more a thing of auctions, of museums, and of speculative adventures among the Old Masters. But I changed my mind on the 1st of January, after thinking calmly of the last twelve months. The present-day movement in the arts had made way, and the general public had helped its progress by running counter to its excesses."

"Yet there are dangers," said the Critic. "In Europe at the present time, for example, a great many young painters and sculptors, young designers and craftsmen, are being trained at the public expense; but how trained, and for what purpose? If the purpose be a serious one, then their education in the schools should make them fit for the struggle which they must needs face in the world of affairs. They should be trained to business habits as well as to art, just as students were in the ancient Italian guilds. Yet, somehow, there is not (I believe) a single school in which this need of a business training is recognised in a practical manner. This, to my mind, is the greatest danger that menaces the modern arts, for we cannot get the best possible work from any young man who is hampered and harassed by his ignorance of the world outside his studio."

"Good!" exclaimed the Designer. "My own experiences bear out the truth of what you say. When I left the schools I knew nothing whatever about the customs of the manufacturers who might need my designs, and I passed several years of grinding poverty before I had confidence enough to do my business in a businesslike manner. If I were asked for the price of this or that, I stammered, blushed, and looked confused; if anyone tried to get the better of me, I either lost my temper and became abusive, or else I gave way through sheer distaste for haggling over money matters. I was a fool, a simpleton, reared carelessly by the State in a school of art; and you may find scores of clever youngsters who suffer to-day from the same defective training."

"It is pitiful!" the Reviewer cried, excitedly. "To be a raw recruit in the battle of life is never pleasant, not even in the most favourable circumstances; but when young fellows are started on their first campaign without the least knowledge of the warfare awaiting them, their lot is a miserable one indeed. And I certainly believe that this matter ought to be well considered in all countries. A thorough training in the business customs that rule in his branch of art work would be of inestimable value to every art student."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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